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April 18, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Elmer Davis – Hugh MacNair Kahler – John T. Flynn
Don Marquis – Alan Le May – Sax Rohmer

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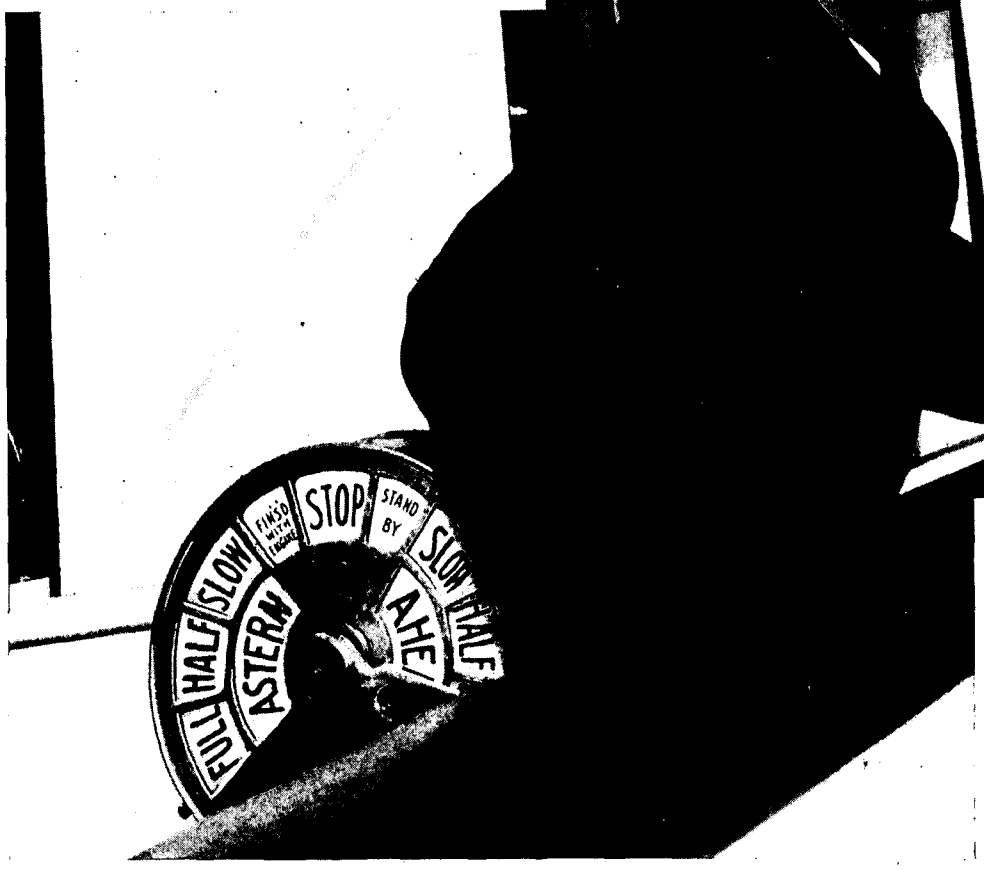
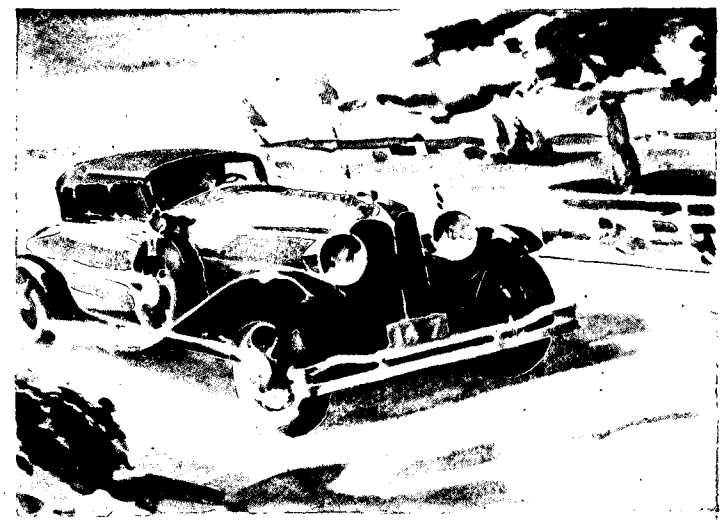
ON THE HIGH-SEAS

DRY STEAM

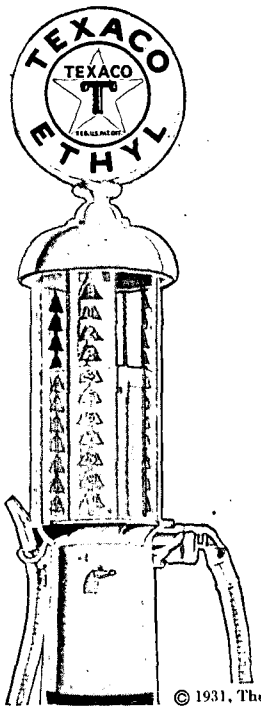
ON THE HIGHWAYS

DRY GAS





EXTRA POWER – *in every drop of* "DRY" GAS



The super-energy of "dry" live steam drives the ocean greyhound to its utmost in flashing speed and power.

And just as dry steam gives a third more driving power on the high seas, so "dry," live gas puts the utmost in flashing speed and power into the engine of your car.

Texaco-Ethyl is the "dry" Ethyl gasoline. It yields every ounce of its potential anti-knock power because it burns completely.

There are no heavy ends—no liquid drops of raw gasoline to clog the engine's action or dilute the oil. Every cylinder is alive, for Texaco flows evenly through the manifold and distributes uniformly an equal mixture of "dry" gasoline vapor and Ethyl compound into every cylinder.

Stop at the Texaco pump for the extra anti-knock power of this premium motor fuel. Use Texaco-Ethyl, the "dry" Ethyl gasoline. Sold in all our 48 States.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO-ETHYL

THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

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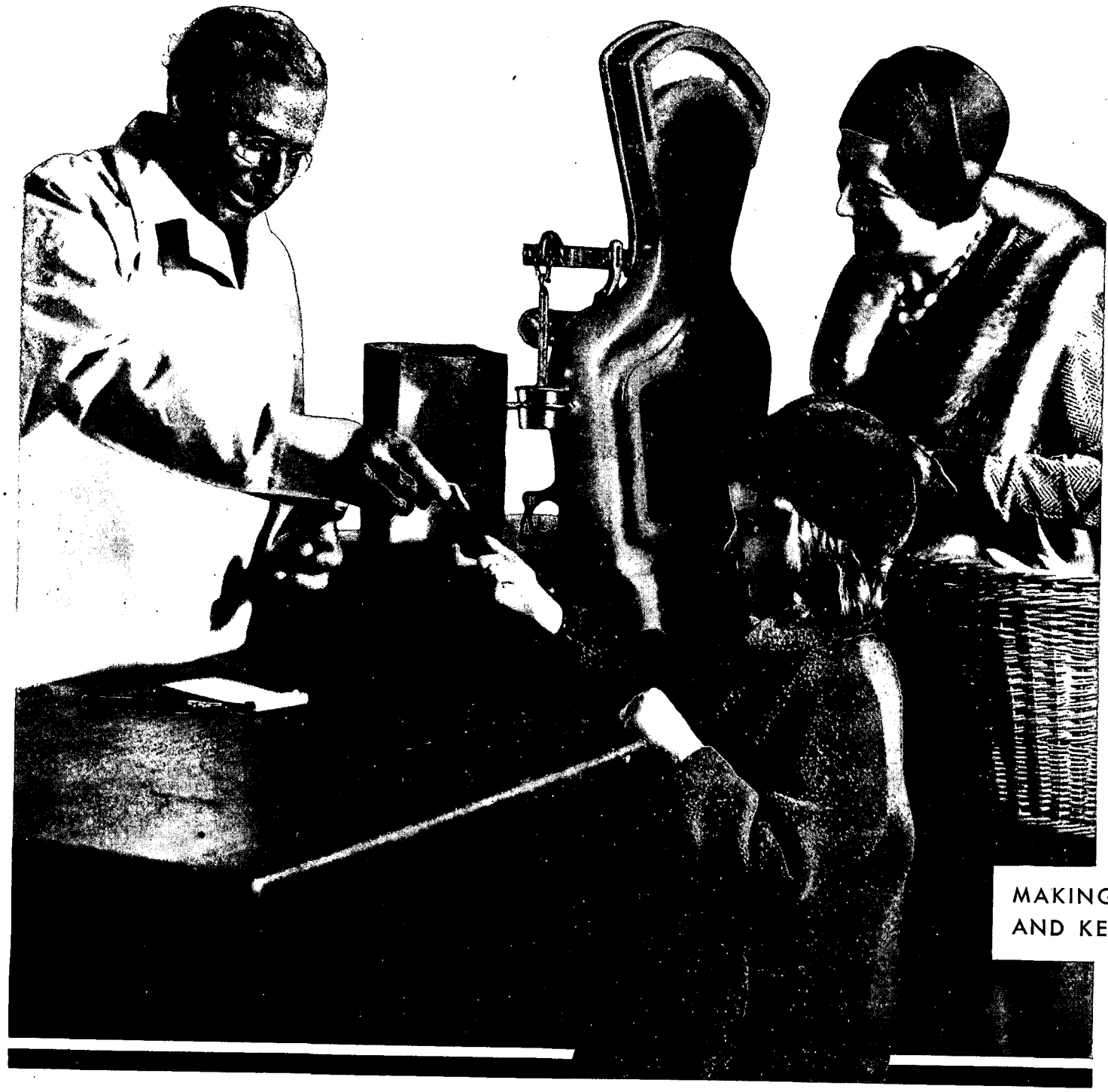


MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

THE KIND OF PEOPLE YOU LIKE TO DO BUSINESS WITH

It is more than likely that in your neighborhood there is some store at which you particularly like to deal. Something about it—perhaps a warmth and friendliness—a natural honesty—an unassuming generosity—seems to set it out from the rest.

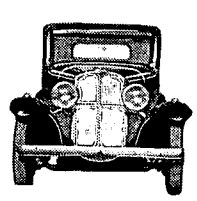
It's the same way in buying automobiles. Of course the value that is built into the car must be your first consideration. But we feel that it is also important that when you meet an Oakland-Pontiac dealer you will feel kindly disposed toward him—and want to deal with him. And so we have surrounded ourselves with the kind of dealers who we know will not only be glad to see you when you come in to look at a car, but will treat you right after you have bought it.

We make the very best car that we can make. We take full advantage of low-cost General Motors group purchasing in order to establish moderate prices. In short, we put into the hands of our dealers values that we can depend on to make friends.

We want you to like to drive our two fine cars and we want you to like to do business with our dealers.

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS



Bodies by Fisher

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

April 18, 1931

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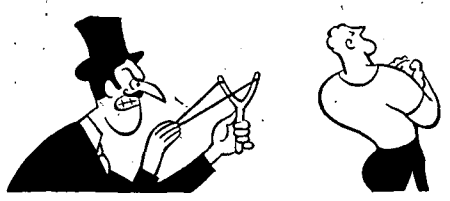
Page 70—Editorial

ROTTEN CITY GOVERNMENT
A LETTER FROM GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM.

Next Week

ONE cold day last month we asked Mr. Shepherd to pack up, go to Cuba and look into the disquieting stories coming from Havana. Why, we wanted to know, were some of the schools closed, freedom denied the press, the right of assemblage taken away and martial law declared? And so Mr. Shepherd took his summer clothes out of the back-room closet and departed, audibly brushing up the Spanish he learned as a correspondent in Mexico.

He spent two weeks in and around Havana in an atmosphere charged with fears and rumors. He talked a great deal with shopkeepers, cab drivers, people on the streets and very little with officials. He kept his eyes and ears open and, after the manner of a Collier's reporter, came away with an interesting and important article, including the popular version of the story about the bomb which damaged the president's bathroom. That version, as is now the Cuban custom, is not at all like the official story.



HAVING resolved to help law enforcement by reducing (if we can control our heroes and villains) the violence in our stories, it is our duty to say that the bomb mentioned above does not explode in the article and that we can't be blamed for it.

Moreover, the pineapple in Damon Runyon's story, "Gentlemen, the King!" does not go off until the very last paragraph, and then off stage. Meanwhile you will be pleasantly diverted by several very questionable characters on business in Europe.

—

AT FORTY-SIX Mr. Willis Perkins quit his job as chief clerk in a downtown bank. For twenty-eight years he had read detective fiction and now, with an income of three thousand a year, he too was ready to become a famous detective. One night, going out for a late supper, the great detective finds the body of a man lying at the foot of the stairs. Violence again, but it was done with a knife and made no noise.

Mr. Perkins took charge, but nobody knew it except Mr. Perkins. And nobody knew how the mystery would be solved, least of all Mr. Perkins. Watch him at work, a slight, pale, ludicrous but wholly appealing figure, in "Mr. Perkins Takes the Case," by Philip Wylie.

—

WHILE love comes to two lesser persons in Mr. Perkins' story, and is therefore a minor theme, it is everything plus in Alexander Williams' "Double Trouble." It began when a tall young man, under arrest for impersonating Mr. Henderson Van Vleck of New York, met Susan Ann on the streets of Landlocked Bay. A tragic attachment is not to be jested at—especially an attachment to an impersonator who cashes bad checks and steals one's mother's pearls—but the truth is that this is a jolly, amusing story and any violence in it is momentary and merely incidental.

—

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, Harris Dickson, Grantland Rice, Katharine Roberts, Alan LeMay, Sax Rohmer and as many others as we can crowd in will be waiting for you to turn the pages. Have you taken your sulphur and molasses?

Any Week

HOW we ever overlooked it, we don't even try to imagine; but we have a fine virtue we haven't mentioned. It is durability. Testimony comes in a letter from Mrs. C. Bonfield of Rutherford, New Jersey.

"We," writes she, "think Collier's is great. Six of us here read it and then I send it home to Australia where five of them see who is going to get it first. When they are through it is put on the Journeymen's Club table and they tell me that when the mail is behind there is a terrible yell for the book."

—

ON THE other hand, Marna Hearn of New York City advises us that "the only thing I liked about this week's Collier's (March 14th) was the short short story and the Lucky Strike bathing boy on the inside cover." We can remember getting even less than that for our money.

WE HAVEN'T the space to set down the names of all our readers who don't agree with Senator Fess, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and his lawyer, Mr. James Francis Burke, that "the American people are suffering from an overproduction of politics."

"As usual," writes Mr. Lloyd H. Lannin from Indianapolis, "they have both missed the point and dodged the fact, which is that, to paraphrase the late Senator Penrose, we're merely tired of Fesses and Burkes, Heflins and Raskobs, Brookharts and Caraways, Smoots and Wickershams, etc., etc."

—

AND Mr. Maynard D. Follin of Detroit, in a letter to Senator Borah, declares that he has reached the point where he doesn't care what a man stands for "just so he stands for something, and we know what." *But*—

"When I see a representative, just retired, who is keen for prohibition in the House and will not pay an eighteen-dollar bar bill for drinks he has had," says Mr. Follin, "I lose my temper."

—

MAKING it about time we tell you that Mr. R. B. Chandler, publisher of the Mobile Press, takes us and Harris Dickson to task for conceding to New Orleans the honor of being the scene of the first Mardi Gras celebration in America.

Mobile harks back to one Michael Kraff, founder of what sounds to us like an organization we'd like to have joined—the Society Cowbellions de Rakin. The date of the first Mardi Gras festival in New Orleans is mistily conjecturable, says Mr. Chandler, but what Michael Kraff did in Mobile in 1830 will never be forgotten.

We'd like to go into details but you can see for yourself that we haven't the room.

—

ANYWAY we had to save a little space for a bright idea from Mr. S. H. Carlton of Kalamazoo, Michigan. "Why not," asks he, "enlist the unemployed to combat crime? Crime will increase as long as it is safer to be a criminal than an honest man."

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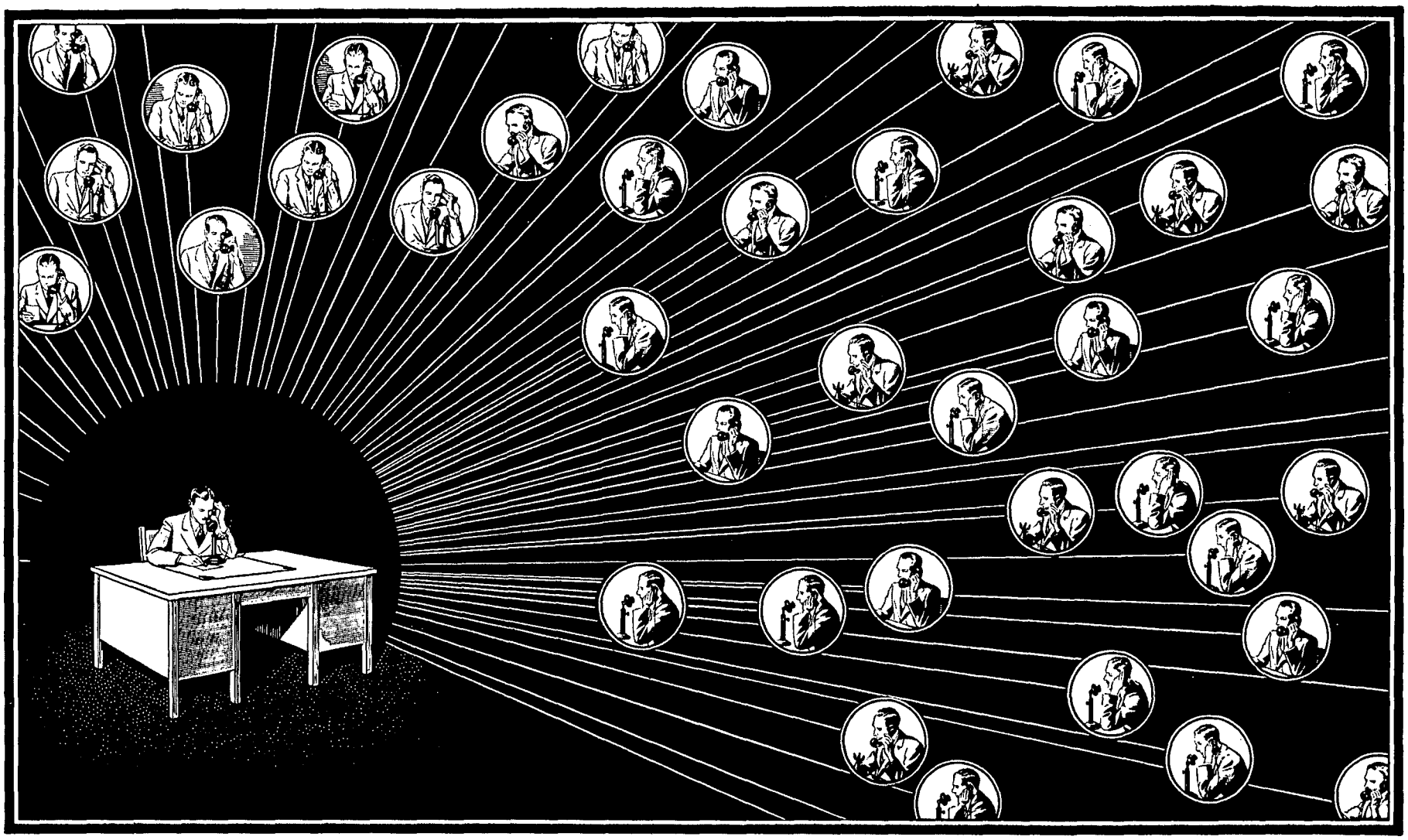
OUT-OF-TOWN SALES INCREASED

Selling cost decreased . . . through this Telephone Merchandising Plan



THE telephone is helpful at all times in transacting inter-city business, but it is especially valuable when a definite plan is followed.

An automobile distributing firm adopted a Long Distance merchandising plan presented by the local Bell Company. This plan included direct selling to dealers in three states by telephone; the use of Long Distance advertising material to cover 2000 potential parts customers; and the training of the firm's personnel on telephone sales work. The general manager writes: "We have been very successful in increasing our sales volume materially since the start of the plan; and our selling cost has decreased beyond our fondest hopes."

A machinery company on the west coast had bought the output of a bankrupt concern. A telephone representative suggested a Sequence Calling Plan to dispose of the equipment. In three days, 256 customers in four states were solicited by telephone, and $6000 worth of machinery was sold at a sales cost of about 1%.

Your local Bell Company has trained men who will gladly help you devise a Telephone Merchandising Plan to fit your particular needs. Long Distance charges are surprisingly low: St. Louis to Indianapolis, $1.10. San Francisco to Philadelphia, $8.75. Cleveland to Pittsburgh, 70 cents. These are station-to-station day rates; evening and night rates are still lower. Develop your inter-city business by telephone . . . *quick* . . . *inexpensive* . . . *most effective.*

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Maxwell House Coffee is today's expression of the good living of the Old South

THEY made an art of good living, in those courtly days of the Old South. So it was not beneath the attention of a fastidious Tennessee gentleman to seek to perfect for his own table the finest coffee blend the world had known. He succeeded. His coffee became famed. It won the approval and praise of friends, travelers, statesmen, even Presidents of the United States. He named it for the stately hotel which first served it publicly—the old Maxwell House, of Nashville. Just try Maxwell House Coffee, and see how modern safeguards to quality and roasting have brought to you unimpaired and even improved, its inimitably rich and mellow flavor, ever satisfying and perennially new.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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Mr. Peters makes his Train

By Elmer Davis

"Don't you think I can take care of myself? Look in the bag," she whispered

WHATEVER you might dislike about Howard Peters, you had to admit this much—if he said he'd do a thing he did it; if he started anything he finished it. So when he accepted, in June, an invitation to address the learned conference at Lake Wiskonka on August 29th, and added that he would arrive that morning by the 8:37 train, the organizers of the conference knew he would be there on the minute. (Nobody could have foreseen, of course, that he was going to meet the blonde in black.)

What people disliked about him was chiefly his success, and the serene way he took it as his natural right. He'd bounced from good jobs into better jobs until, at twenty-nine, he was director of the Gosler Foundation for Social Justice, at twenty-five thousand a year. His married friends, slaving to gain a foothold in business, admitted that you had to hand it to old Howard, who got all that money for doing nothing in particular, and had nobody but himself to spend it on. Only, they said, he needn't be so snooty about it; and their wives said that when you asked him to dinner to meet a nice girl he needn't act as if women were simply beneath his attention.

All of which was unfair. His snootiness was mostly shyness. As for women, he was afraid of them—especially friends of his friends' wives, who were ready to marry and settle down if they found twenty-five thousand a year to settle down with. Also, though justice was his meal ticket, he happened to have a genuine enthusiasm for it. He might never have noticed the blonde in black if she hadn't needed justice.

When she first appeared in the club car—before the first call to dinner—he was the only man in sight who paid no attention to her. She sat down right across the aisle from him and lit a cigarette; he noted a pair of unusually lovely legs, but as impersonally as he had observed that the railroad station in Buffalo is better looking than the station in New York.

He had more urgent things to think about than lovely legs and blond women; for this was the afternoon of August 28th and he was to speak at Lake Wiskonka tomorrow. A governor was going to speak too—a reform governor, who had been getting a lot of publicity for his campaign against crime. Howard knew he'd have to say something good, if he wanted to get more space in the papers than the governor.

But there would be time for that; it was a long trip to Wiskonka, remote in the mountains. After dinner he must change at Ridge Junction from this fast express out of New York to a local that spent all night crawling and jolting up steep grades and around hairpin turns. Not much hope of sleep; lying awake, he could think up his speech for tomorrow.

SO NOW he thought about old Mrs. Gosler, who had come on from the Middle West to meet her brother and his family, returning from Europe; and to talk to Howard about the work of the foundation. She put up the money for it—but she hadn't endowed it. She made an annual grant; and Howard had perceived that unless he kept Mrs. Gosler in a better humor she might stop granting it. She had told him frankly that she thought he was making the foundation too much a vehicle of personal publicity for himself. She didn't say—but he understood, well enough—that she expected him to make it a vehicle of personal publicity for her.

He was worried. Perhaps she was right; perhaps he'd been thinking too little about justice and too much about the success of Howard Peters. He'd have to see that justice got all he could give it. From now on—

Just then the blonde in black lit another cigarette. She meant to toss the match into the ash tray beside her; but it bounced off and fell, still flaming, on the carpet. She stooped to pick it up; five men also stooped to pick it up, leaning from their chairs; but Howard was nearest. He didn't see her bending forward; all he saw was a match blazing on the carpet at his feet. He stooped, his head hit something hard, he heard a startled "Ouch!"—but it was like him that he picked up the match and blew it out before he looked up to see where the "ouch" came from. Then he saw slim hands rubbing a shingled blond head, gray eyes glowering at him.

"I'm sorry!" said Howard. "Terribly clumsy of me!" She shrugged. "Never mind it. My head's thick." She said no more, but went on staring indifferently out of the window. Presently the two conductors came through, taking up the tickets.

"Seat 16 in 52," said the Pullman conductor, handing back Howard's stubs. "To Lake Wiskonka; change at Ridge Junction." Then, looking at the girl's tickets—"Seat 7 in 101; to Ridge Junction."

Absently Howard glanced at her ticket and saw stamped across it the legend, CORPSE ESCORT. He looked back at the girl in sudden sympathy; no wonder she wore black and looked weary and indifferent. A widow? He wished he could see if she wore a wedding ring.

But he forgot her, never noticed when she left the car; he was thinking about justice and Mrs. Gosler.

There's no hotter place on earth than the smelly alley alongside the kitchen of a dining car, where you wait your turn at table. Tonight the train was

Some people could circumnavigate the world without meeting romance. Mr. Peters, who only went to Lake Wiskonka, was not that kind

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crowded; Howard fell in at the end of a long line, edging forward every few minutes as somebody finished dinner and came out.

At last he turned the corner, could see the tables. Only two people were ahead of him now—father and son, apparently; a college boy and a sharp-nosed elderly man who seemed to be used to getting what he wanted when he wanted it and glared at the diners who kept him waiting.

There was a waiting line at the farther end of the diner, too; and at the head of it stood the blonde in black, a little boy with her. . . . So she was a widow, then; a widow and her only child, escorting the remains of the husband and father back to the last resting place in the mountains—the old home, no doubt, from which he had gone forth to seek his fortune. The whole pathetic story was all too clear—

THEN Howard forgot the pathetic blonde again; at a table halfway down the car four people had paid their checks and were getting out, making room for four of those who waited. Howard started forward, and stopped. In all fairness they ought to let in two people from each end of the car; he, the third, must wait a little longer. . . . His heart leaped up, and his stomach too; the sharp-nosed man was going in but his son had turned back, edging past the waiting line. Well, if he'd forgotten something, that was his hard luck; a man who gave up his place at the head of the line would have to fall in again at the bottom.

So Howard walked into the diner, came up to the table where the blonde in black was listening in amazement to the sharp-nosed man.

"I'm sorry," he was saying, "but I've taken this table for my family. A party of four." She looked uncertainly at Howard.

"But I don't understand. There are only two of you—"

The sharp-nosed man looked at Howard with total lack of interest.

"I don't know who this gentleman may be. My daughter and my sister are with me; my son has gone to fetch them."

"Why didn't they wait their turn in line?" the blonde demanded.

"It was too hot. They preferred to stay in their drawing-room."

"Oh, they did? . . . I waited," she said. "So did this little boy. He's been standing in that hot alley half an hour."

"You're next in line," said the sharp-nosed man. "You'll soon find another table. But this one, as I have said, is taken."

Ostentatiously, he turned in the chairs. . . . Howard Peters thrust him aside, pulled them out again.

"Sit down!" he told the blonde. "Put the boy in there by the window, where he can get some air. . . . As for you, sir, you've a right to one seat at this table. The other's mine. Which one do you want?"

The sharp-nosed man stared at him, swelling, sizzling—but struck dumb with outraged astonishment.

"One seat!" said Howard firmly. "Your son gave up his place in line. As for your daughter and sister, let them take their turn!"

He didn't know that hot emotion made him about six times as good-looking as usual; he'd never let a woman get confidential enough to tell him so. But the blonde in black noted it with interest.

"Steward!" called the sharp-nosed man. And when the chief of the diner came up anxiously—"I never heard of such impudence! I've taken this table for my family, who will be here in a moment—"

"SORRY, sir, but we can't reserve tables. Everybody must wait their turn." The sharp-nosed man swelled almost to the bursting point.

"Look here, do you realize that my sister and I are heavy stockholders in this road? If I don't get this table I'll have you fired!"

"No, he won't, steward," said Howard soothingly. "I happen to know the president of this road. He's a decent chap. He wouldn't make little children give up their seats to lazy women—"

He broke off in chill horror. The college boy was coming back, a girl with him; in front of them a fat woman waddled down the aisle—

"My God!" said Howard. "Mrs. Gosler!"

He'd never seen her brother's family, whom she had met at the boat; he'd understood they were all leaving New York yesterday. But here they were; the sharp-nosed brother was dilating on the outrage that had been perpetrated. Howard got out of his chair.

"You may have my seat, Mrs. Gosler. But this little boy, who has waited half an hour—his mother, who has just suffered a most tragic bereavement—they were next in line. You wouldn't ask them—"

"But can't they see," asked Mrs. Gosler, "that our family wants to dine together? Let them find seats somewhere else."

"Where? The car's full. Surely, Mrs. Gosler, you who are such an enthusiast for justice wouldn't expect

(*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

He heard a startled "Ouch!" and looked up to see where it came from. He saw gray eyes glowering at him

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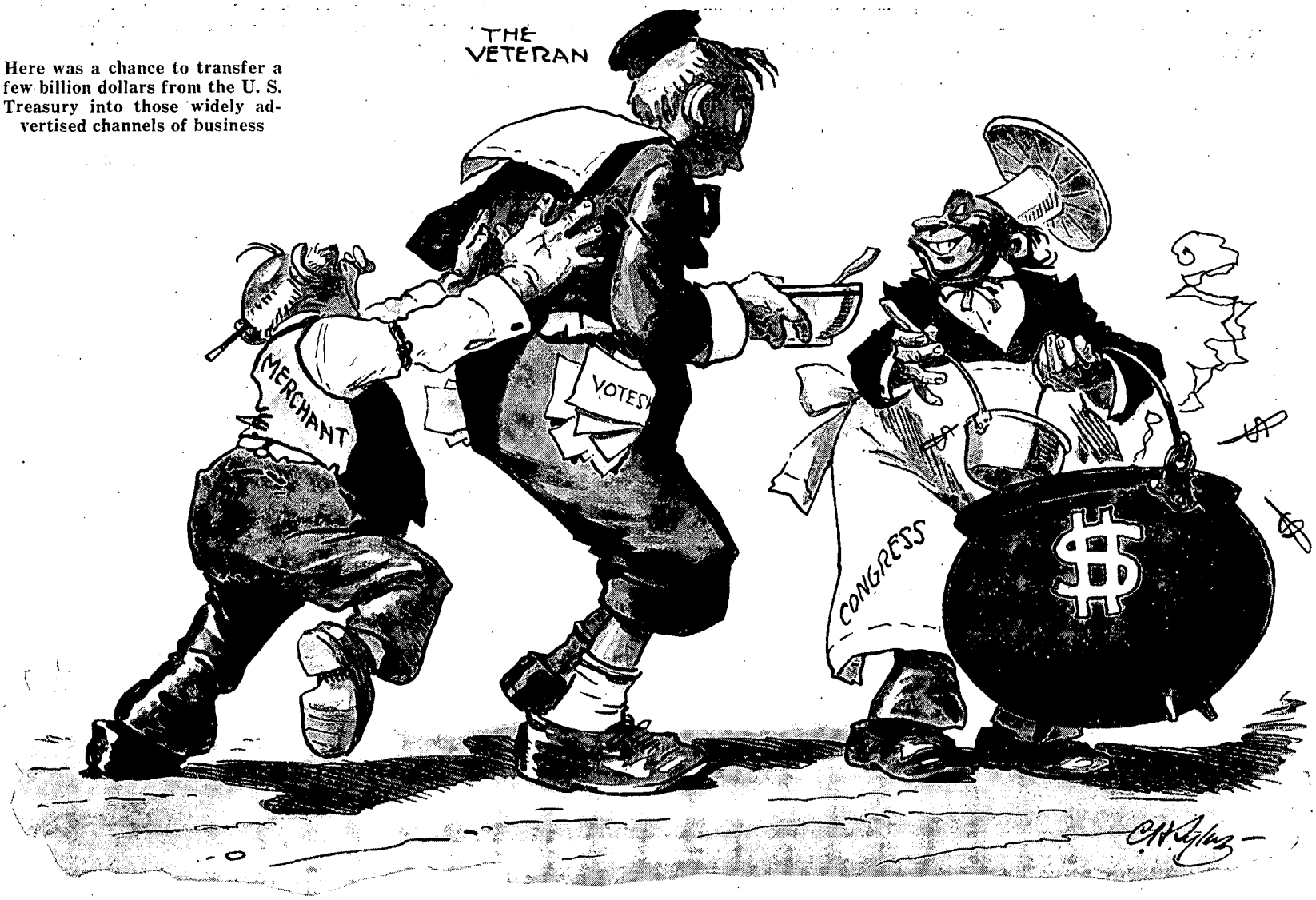

Here was a chance to transfer a few billion dollars from the U. S. Treasury into those widely advertised channels of business

Where do we go from here?

Dig in, soldier; it won't last forever. You are now just about five per cent of the population and you are getting, exclusive of the loan, nearly a quarter of what it costs to run the government. Anybody can see you can't advance much farther along that line. Here are the facts gathered and set down by a veteran who enlisted with the Twenty-seventh (New York) Division and overseas was transferred to the Twenty-eighth (Pennsylvania) Division

By Walter Davenport

Cartoons by C. H. Sykes

IT SET you up just to listen. Such praise from such important mouths took you back a few years to those days when you, lately returned from Europe where you had helped chase an emperor or two off their thrones, were a hero in spite of yourself and regardless of how remote you had been from the chase. In those days it was worth a dissenter's life even to question your heroism. You had put on a uniform and, among other things (some of them being quite as mystifying), had made the world safe for democracy. And, all things considered, we heroes, legislated and otherwise, wore our incessantly proclaimed honors rather modestly.

But here it was starting all over again, not quite so generally, to be sure, and without that impressive spontaneity or hysteria-born sincerity of 1919. Nevertheless, here were the same old words of homage and benison, the same high hosannas. It did more than set you up. It puzzled you.

Here in the United States Senate and, at the other end of the marble halls, in the House of Representatives, you heard things about yourself that were never entirely true and in which, now after a few disillusioning years, you couldn't help detecting more than a mere tincture of bunk.

Unless you were quite an extraordinary warrior, your conduct was rather conventional. You did what you were told to do with what grace you could summon. If you were in that proud minority which manned the firing line you did your best to shoot down a generally invisible foe, keeping a weather eye roving for a kind hole to flop into if honest discretion dictated. If you were one of that much larger force (it took three men in the rear to support one on the line) that made up the S. O. S.—the Service of Supply—you similarly did your duty as you or your superiors saw it, but didn't have to worry quite so much about hasty refuge. And if you had unhappily been left at home for one reason or another—well, you were just out of luck because, after all, it was worth the trip.

It Used to Be Different

Therefore, as you sat in the congressional galleries hearing yourself referred to as a shining knight, a raging lion of liberty and a fearless hero who, you gather, had spent whole months running hither and yon on Flanders fields seeking any and all opportunities to give your all, you couldn't help being overwhelmed by mingled emotions—pride, amazement, amusement and doubt being particularly noticeable. Here and there you heard legislators ask questions the answers to which would do the hero business no good; but the vast majority was not to be moved from the original decision that every American veteran of the World War was, even this long after, lamenting that there were no more battles to fight.

We, the veterans, had every right to become a bit suspicious. Too many legislators, hitherto staunch in their opposition to additional money concessions to the survivors of the A. E. F.—legislators who had failed or nearly failed of reëlection last fall—were now singing our praises. Very few, if any, of us were such eye-filling and tongue-warming giants over there in France. We were never this important over there. Personally, as I listened to one particularly ruddy eulogy of the veteran, I thought of the earnest infantry corporal who, filled with curiosity and made aggressive by a few shots of cognac, was eager to enter the Hotel Crillon, in Paris, one lovely French spring day, and see for himself what Messrs. Orlando, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson were doing in the interests of the spoils system.

A strong and vigilant guard opposed him, much to this doughboy's disgust.

"Listen, Sergeant," he said, "I ain't trying to butt in. I been in France eighteen months and if you don't think I got rights, look here."

He exhibited two wound stripes on his right sleeve.

"Yeah?" said the sergeant, easing the corporal off. "Well, listen, soldier, if you think those dinguses make you important around here go on back to the hospital and tell the doc to study your head, because that's where you leak most. Listen, kid: before these boys inside here get through you'll be lucky if you don't have to pay your own way home."

Having seen this act repeated in various forms in 1919, I found it difficult to take all this lionizing of the veteran too seriously.

We're Only Human

For none of this can you blame the veterans as a class. The veteran of the A. E. F. is neither the absurd Bayard, set up by politically apprehensive congressmen, nor the restrained conservative described by Mr. Randolph T. O'Neil, generalissimo of the American Legion, who assured Congress that "those veterans who are not in need will not apply for loans." Neither is he, except in gratefully isolated instances, the abandoned wretch that anti-loan Senator Hastings of Delaware describes as a family-betrayer.

The veteran may be expected to do precisely what any non-veteran would: take all he can get and regret only that it isn't more. In other words he is an average human being with all that in-

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tensely interesting creature's faults and virtues. Being one, and knowing plenty of them, I know.

Love for the veteran and "gratitude" for what he did may have been uppermost in the hearts and minds of some of our national legislators; I would not set the number high. But after talking to twenty or thirty of the more visible members of the House and the Senate, one is pretty well convinced that the appeal of ten thousand chambers of commerce, retail merchants' clubs and neighborhood banks that thrive on the patronage of local professional men and shopkeepers was more potent than the call of the veteran.

These gentlemen logically argue that the gift of a billion dollars to a relatively small class of people would instantly relieve some of the financial depression a measurably larger number of people are suffering. Not that they aren't right. In other words, here was a chance (an excellent chance with a popular appeal) to transfer a billion dollars from the United States Treasury into the widely advertised channels of business. The veteran and the veteran's need, both deserving of prompt and sufficient succor, were but stalking horses. Congressmen who consistently and vigorously advocated the loans admitted this to me, adding that even if no more than half the billion dollars, or whatever the loans amount to, reached the doctor, the landlord, the butcher and the other caterers to the veteran's creature comforts, these recipients would be duly grateful and many rescued from immediate bankruptcy.

Several of these congressmen showed me letters wherein chambers of commerce, boards of trade and retail merchants' clubs urged that the loans be made to every veteran, whether all applied or not, and that the veteran be denied the option of refusing. Some even suggested that it would be a patriotic thing for Congress to specify that the act carry the stipulation that the recipient of the loan must first pay his creditors and after that, if there was anything left, obey his own spending impulses. Others urged that a narrow time limit be placed upon the borrowing privilege that the money might be quickly available to the veteran's creditors.

Of course no such recommendations were considered—at least on the floor of Congress. The bill passed and repassed and thousands of good men, sorely in need of funds, rushed to meet its bounty. Unhappily, other deserving men, just as worthy but who were too young, too old or physically unfit for war, were compelled to look on enviously.

Ignoring the humanity of the loan (and there is no denying that quality) and dismissing its other virtues, no one who has investigated the potentialities of the legislation can fail to recognize its menace to future veteran legislation.

What of the Future?

The resentment of non-veterans, thousands of whom wrote hot letters to Washington demanding that they be not discriminated against because of their lack of a service record, will last much longer than the money.

The unfortunately worded importunities and threats of some of the ex-service men's spokesmen left a number of sore spots in both houses of Congress, although the members thus irritated voted for the passage before and after the veto. Some of these spokesmen were fighting for their own jobs as well as for the loan legislation. It was up to them to demonstrate to the veterans who were paying them a lobbyist's wage to produce results, and they were out to produce.

But there can be no doubt that the whole experience has left a large number of erstwhile friendly legislators more than slightly apathetic toward the veteran programs for the immediate future.

The American veteran of all our wars, including all pensioners, today represents numerically about five per cent of the population of the United States. For his relief, exclusive of these loans to World War veterans, but including everything that the government has pledged itself to do for him, nearly $900,000,000 is to be disbursed this year. This means that about five per cent of our population is to receive, exclusive of the loans, nearly twenty-four per cent of what we are going to spend to run the government.

I do not set these facts down in horror nor in sorrow. Doubtless the government will survive. But such figures are of extreme importance to that veteran who looks toward the future. They should be particularly significant to such organizations as the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Disabled American Veterans. It would behoove these voices of the veteran to combine upon policies and platforms. If grants to veterans should increase in the next ten years in the same progression as they have grown in the past decade, Congress would be setting aside about forty-five per cent of the cost of government in 1941. And the percentage of the population represented by the veteran will be somewhat decreased.

Back to the Pension System

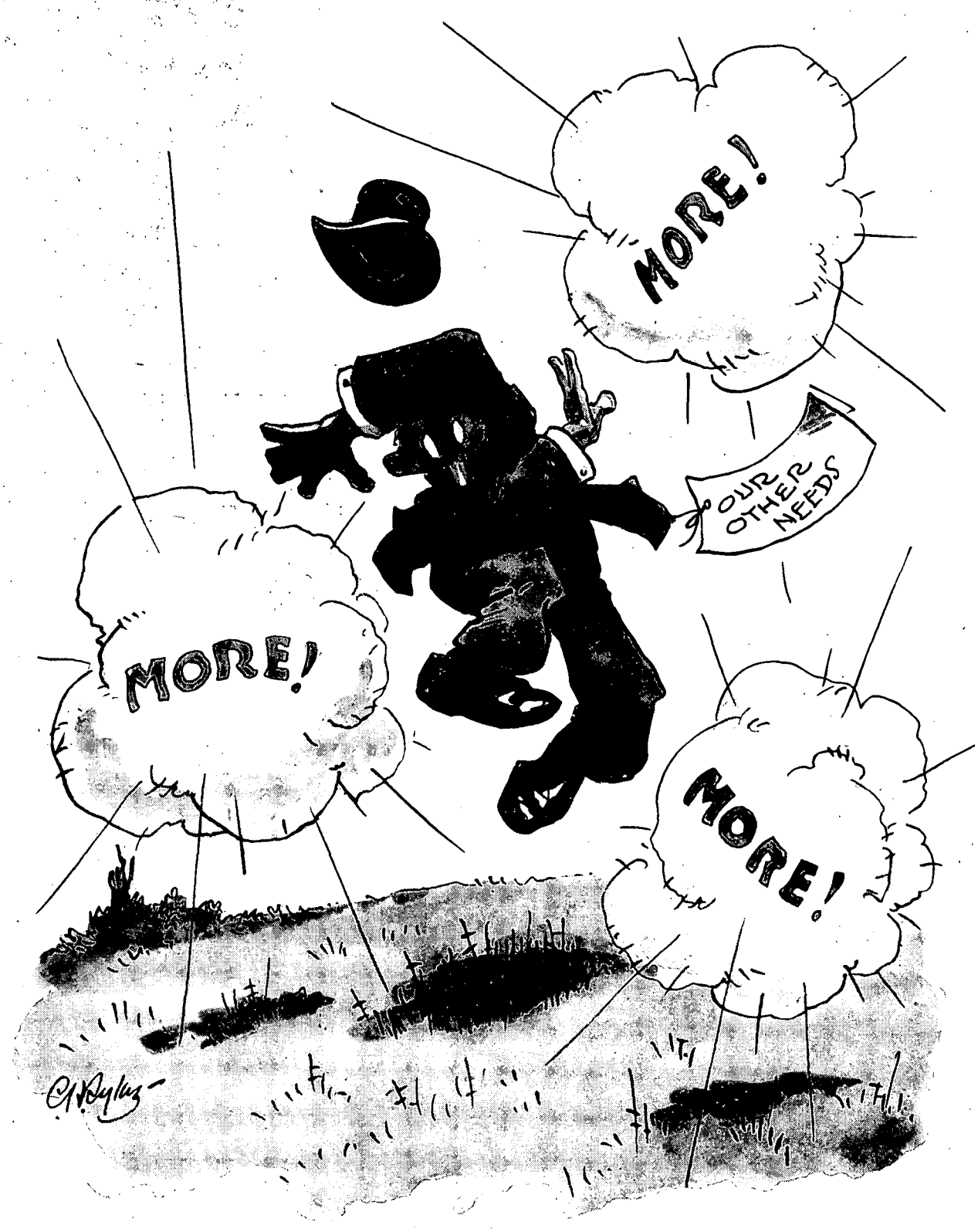
It is hardly likely that the veteran is ever going to rise to that financial importance. If Federal taxes are increased next year on the ground (true or false) that Congress' liberality is to blame, the veteran is going to have quite a time putting over any appropriation legislation beyond that necessary to the work of the Veterans Administration under existing laws.

In times of peace, the soldier and sailor are popular as long as they do not cost too much. But anyone who thinks that the $900,000,000 the veteran will receive this year and the billion, more or less, the government is lending him is the ultimate, is incapable of thought.

Yet, somewhere between what the veteran has obtained and what, at the same rate of past legislation, he would receive ten or fifteen years hence if the Treasury could stand it, lies the last word. That last word will, doubtless, be a monthly pension granted to all ex-service men—the old pension system with all its faults, its fraud possibilities and its absurd inadequacies. In fact, the pension system for veterans of the World War is already with us as we shall presently explain. All the bright schemes to avoid the pension system have failed dismally. It was born in this country on August 26, 1776, fifty-four days after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It still obtains for 464,000 persons including nine widows and one daughter of soldiers of the War of 1812.

It is supposed to be a good bit of a secret, but until relatively recently, the War Department, and particularly the General Staff, in its routine work of preparing for the next war (no time predictions available) spent some weeks trying to

(Cont'd on page 59)



Lobbying for veterans' privileges makes hard going for legitimate legislation

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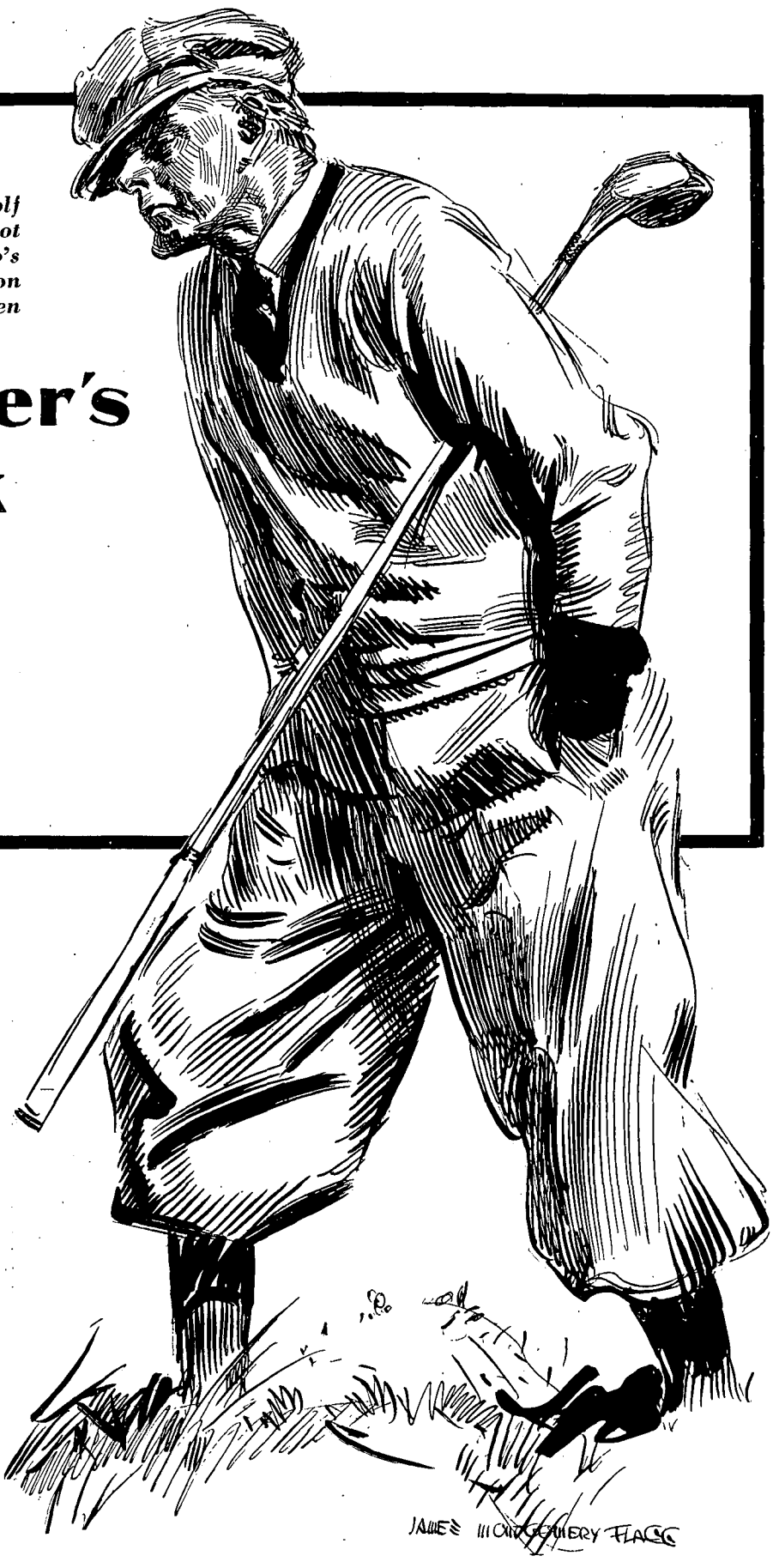
The story of a golf match which was not won by the hero's skill and courage on the eighteenth green

Beginner's Luck

By Talbert Josselyn



Nobody could come within twenty strokes or a dozen lost balls of being as bad as old Gilead

OLD Gilead Wetherby was the worst golfer Fairview had. Nobody could come within twenty strokes or a dozen lost balls or two broken clubs of being as bad as old Gilead.

And old Gilead didn't care.

At the age of sixty, after forty years of manufacturing stoves, he had been shunted by relatives into his doctor's office. The doctor had shaken his head. He had said, "Stop work—and play."

"Play what?" asked old Gilead.

"Golf," said the doctor.

"Good God!" said old Gilead. For forty years he had manufactured stoves. Good, substantial stoves, and he had thought of nothing else.

"Golf," repeated the doctor. "Or lilies on the chest."

Old Gilead took the golf. Thereafter he daily plodded around the Fairview course, looking like a round-shouldered old mud turtle that had been snatched from sunning itself on a log and plumped into plus-fours. Of the game of golf he knew no more than the turtle. Knew nothing of its age-old history, its background, its hopes, its fears, its triumphs, its despairs. Just plodded around the course, an old mud turtle—a nice old turtle—plodding solely because he didn't want lilies on his chest.

SO, ON an afternoon as on other afternoons, he plodded, playing, as became the logic of things, with a little man who was the next-worst player at Fairview. Swing—hit—whack—another hole done, thank God. Only five more and that day's toil would be over.

"What hole's this ahead? Oh, that damned short one. Lose a hatful of balls down in that ravine, or in that brush beyond. A hundred and twenty yards. . . . Gimme that wood stick, buddy."

Swish—hack—clump—plunk.

Yes, plunk.

Plunk into the cup.

Old Gilead Wetherby had made a hole-in-one.

The gods that engineer such events see to it that the actors and spectators are commensurate with the deed. Just quitting the green whereon the Wetherby ball chose to do its disappearing act were the champion of the club and the club crab.

The champion had essayed to play the hole according to golfing Hoyle, but his technic was a little too finely drawn, and a sour five was the simmering result. The crab on his part had skidded a shot over the green into the nearest thicket, where it remained hidden from mortal kenning and poking. The two of them now stood on the edge of the greensward calling down vials of wrath upon the architect of the course and asking how any poor so-and-so of a player, like themselves, could hope to score on any such-and-such kind of a hole.

So standing and declaiming, they witnessed old Gilead Wetherby, back on the tee beyond the ravine, go through his old-man, stiff-back swing; saw the ball come heavy-footed and sidewise through the air; saw it drop and bounce like a block of wood; saw it fall into the hole.

"M'God!" cried the champion. "A hole-in-one!" The champion had never made a hole-in-one.

"Great Judas," yammered the crab, "*see* who it is that's done it! Ooh, *that* old dolt! And he gets a hole-in-one."

Forthwith the crab flung his putter far into the underbrush, where he had great trouble finding it.

At the same time that Gilead Wetherby had been making his swing, two players had been approaching the tee from behind him. One was a tall young man in hoot-owl glasses, the other stout and middle-aged, with russet face. They were witnesses of the Wetherby single shot and reacted in accordance with their characters.

"Champagne!" shouted he of the russet face, running up. "Hole-in-one and champagne for all hands." His tone underwent change. "Well, anyhow, drinks all around. It used to be champagne, a whole case, but nowadays . . ." His voice wandered off. "Drinks, anyhow, and we'll see you at the clubhouse."

The tall young man of the glasses vigorously shook the Wetherby hand.

"MARVELOUS hole-in-one. And what that'll pay off at! You'll get one of those little hole-in-one statues at the club, and a box of golf balls and a case of ginger ale and a sweater and . . . Now just let me get things straight in my head as to all the things that a hole-in-one shot pays. Hmmm." The statistical young man's brow became corrugated in deep thought.

All this while the Fairview golfing champion was jumping up and down and crying, "Wonderful, wonderful! I've heard all about 'em, read all about 'em, but this is the first one I ever actually saw. Hole-in-one. Boy!"

It was here that a certain amount of comprehension began to show itself on the face of one Gilead Wetherby, late manufacturer of stoves. He threw back his head and snorted.

"Huh! Is that what all the hollering is for? All I did was to hit it a lick and it fell into the tin can. I told you golf was a fool game."

The russet-faced man bellowed: "Do you mean to say you don't know what a hole-in-one means? And then you go ahead and have the luck to get one!" Apparently a drink of champagne, or anything, would have done the russet-faced man a world of good right then.

The statistical young man had by now unrolled his brain chart.

"ALL you'll have to do now is to finish the game and turn in your attested score. Then you will get the statue and the golf balls and the ginger ale. And you'll get a safety razor and a Never-Fail golf sleeve to put on your left arm so that you can't bend it, with the result that you won't pull or slice in the slightest; and three pairs of golf hose and a pound of tobacco and a hole-in-one pipe with the legend 'Hole-In-One' carved right into the bowl, and a top-ventilated cap and a pair of knuckle-ventilated gloves and forty other things that I can't think of just now. And oh!

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Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"Something's got to be done about this!" cried the club. "And we got to handle him with gloves!"

Best of all, you'll join the Hole-In-One Club and have your name in the National Hole-In-One Book. Gee, but you're a lucky man!"

"Somebody," said Gilead Wetherby, "is just bugs."

"Oh, no, he's not!" defended the Fairview golfing champion. "Every word is gospel truth. But my only regret is that you couldn't have made it when it counted for something."

"Counted for something?" cried the statistician. "Counted for something?" echoed the drinking gentleman. "Haven't we just been telling him all that it counts for?"

"Sure. But it has always been my hope to see a man make a hole-in-one in a tight tournament. Now if Wetherby was in a tournament and—"

Gilead Wetherby, late maker of stoves, had had plenty for one afternoon. And now *tournament*.

"Let's get along out of here!"

And it was on this note that the remainder of the Wetherby daily task was gotten under way.

The echoes also got under way. At the clubhouse the gentleman of the russet face was as good as his word, and after a conference it became apparent that, though champagne might be lacking, there was no reason for anyone to be downhearted. The locker-room took on all the festal spirit of May Day.

From the locker-room the young statistician sent out a prize-claiming broadcast of the Wetherby feat. "I just want to see," said the young man, "exactly how many things a person can get. Let me handle it." And he handled it.

On the second morning there came to the home of Gilead Wetherby, one-time maker of stoves, a paper package. Pulling his head to one side like a puzzled bird, and wondering who could be sending him anything, Mr. Wetherby opened the package and came upon a pair of knuckle-ventilated, self-breathing gloves. The furrows in the Wetherby brow deepened. He had never seen gloves like these. Gloves were supposed to keep hands warm, and here somebody had gone and cut holes in 'em to keep 'em cool. Possibly somebody was trying to put a fast one over on Mr. Wetherby.

He turned to the accompanying letter.

The makers of the gloves congratulated Mr. Wetherby for his splendid achievement of having made a hole-in-one and . . .

"Oh, *that!*" cried Mr. Wetherby, light breaking in upon him. He made a face. At the same time he resumed reading.

THE glove-makers hoped that he would enjoy this small token of their esteem, and that as long as he continued to play golf he would find pleasure and profit in wearing their gloves.

"Humph!" said Gilead Wetherby. And put on the gloves.

Immediately he looked like some sort of a gardener going out to trim rose bushes.

"Fool-lookin' things," grunted the inspecting Mr. Wetherby. Without being conscious of the act, he strolled across the room and picked up a golf club.

"Huh. Well, they do sort of give a grip, at that. Guess I might just as well use 'em once, now I've got 'em, anyway."

He used them, and at the end of an afternoon of toil had succeeded in reducing his score from one hundred and forty to one hundred and thirty-eight, and had lost only half of the prize balls that had been presented by the club.

"They do seem to help," admitted Mr. Wetherby as he took off the self-breathers and went home to find three packages awaiting him.

Age-old memories came out from a ghostly past as he looked at the packages. He hadn't had gifts since . . . Youth and long ago. Hmm.

He cut package strings and found himself possessor of a shiny safety razor that looked like a little hoe, a pound of Golfers' Own smoking tobacco, and a rough-faced pipe. On the bowl of the pipe, carved in large, free letters, were the words "Hole-In-One."

In turn he picked up razor, tobacco and pipe, and lines were on his brow. He had always shaved with the old-fashioned, open-faced, whittle type of razor, and had always smoked cigars.

But a gift was a gift. Even a golf gift. He made pantomime of shaving with the razor, and the brow lines deepened. He put half a pound, more or less, of briarwood in his mouth, and the lines did not lessen.

"Damn' fool things," said Gilead Wetherby.

Whereupon he proceeded to shave with the safety razor, nicking himself in only two places and leaving a swath of stubble under one ear, and then loaded up the Hole-In-One pipe with Golfers' Own, and when he had gotten through making the last of a series of faces, the doorbell announced the arrival of a special-delivery box.

IT TOOK the one-time manufacturer of stoves a good quarter-hour to figure out the theory of this latest prize and then to lace the prize around his left elbow, where, being of leather and fitting like a sleeve, it gave him the appearance of a man going out to train police dogs in the art of biting. Since the thing was of no value without trying it, he went so far as to pick up his driver, and, true to the pamphlet accompanying the gift, found that his left elbow remained straight at all times during his swing, with the assurance that because of this he would always drive in a line as undeviatingly straight as that laid out by a surveyor.

As if that mattered, thought Mr. Wetherby. Still, it might save him from losing so many golf balls, and since he had to play the game . . . He practiced swinging. At first the leather dingus was laced a little too loose, and then a little too tight, this latter error causing all feeling to leave the arm, as well as the golf club to leave the hand. The club did a neat piece of end-over-end hurtling before landing beneath the grand piano.

The recipient of gifts ripped off the guide to straight playing, and, after putting hand to face and finding the shave-nicks still raw, crammed safety

(Continued on page 46)

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What a Pal!

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

BUTCH GAVERY could hardly believe his luck when he recognized Joe Lister hurrying toward him. The waterfront at midnight was the last place in which you might expect to meet a little, timid, spindly runt like Lister, and for a moment Gavery wondered what had brought Joe down here.

Only for a moment, though, because the sight of Lister gave Gavery a sudden, beautiful idea, showed him a wonderful way to satisfy that lifelong grudge. He'd always hated Joe, hated him for being little and scared and slyly smart at school, hated him for staying ashore in a soft, easy bank job when Butch Gavery had to go to sea to find a living. He hated Joe now because of those neat bank-clerk's clothes and the quick little mincing steps and the way he looked back over his shoulder as if it scared him half to death to be here on the docks after dark.

The whole scheme flashed ready-made into Butch Gavery's mind. A lot of separate, unrelated things wove themselves into it—the brass knuckles in Gavery's pocket, the dark, empty street, the smell of green hides and creosote and sour molasses that clung about the rusty little tramp steamer beside the wharf, the loose cover on that tramp's port lifeboat and the ease with which you could reach up to that boat without being seen, the fact that the tramp was due to sail in a few minutes.

GAVERY'S fingers slid happily through the rings of the brass knuckles. His right hand swung up. Once would have been enough, but he struck again for good measure as Lister was falling forward toward the slushy cobbles. He stooped to lift him. A heavy, unfriendly voice intruded:

"Hey, what goes on here?"

Even as he looked up to see the square, burly figure outlined against the distant street lamp Gavery identified that voice. A bull, butting in just in time to spoil everything again! The same old rotten break that had always rescued Lister just when Gavery had him right where he wanted him!

It wasn't going to happen this time, Gavery decided. He straightened slowly. The policeman, bending over Lister, was off guard just long enough. The brass knuckles landed accurately below his ear. He grunted and pitched forward.

Gavery lifted Lister to his shoulder and leaped with him to the pier-edge. The lifeboat cover was still loose. He pushed Lister under it. Nobody saw him as he ran across the pier and got aboard his own ship. Ten minutes afterward he watched the frowzy little tramp back out into the river and head downstream, and half an hour later his ship also was under way.

North Atlantic winter weather waited at the harbor's mouth, but Gavery was glad of it. Every wrenching lurch of the big freighter under him made him think joyfully of Joe Lister on board the little greasy tramp. It didn't need imagination to guess what Captain McManus and his two bucko mates would do to make life happy for a stowaway, especially a useless, seasick, runty landlubber like Joe Lister.

Gavery had shipped with skippers like old man McManus. He knew what Joe would get to eat and where he'd sleep and how hard those two mates would try to sweat his passage out of him.

The tramp was bound for Puerto Cruz, too. Gavery knew the place, a dismal row of corrugated-iron shacks strung out between Caribbean surf and steaming jungle. Old McManus would be sure to land Joe Lister there. Maybe in a month or two some other sea scavenger would stop and give Joe, if still alive, a chance to work his way home.

Even if this happened, though, Joe wouldn't find that soft job waiting for him. Banks, Gavery guessed, wouldn't have much use for disappearing tellers. He was pretty sure that this was one time when Joe Lister wouldn't land on his feet.

He was still sure of it, four months later, when he got to Southport again. A familiar fragrance drifted across the pier from where the Rosa Flores was unloading another cargo of green hides. Gavery hurried over to interview one of the mates.

"Hear you had a stowaway last trip."

The mate shook his head.

"Sure you did," Gavery persisted. "I seen somebody hoist a guy into the port lifeboat just before you sailed."

"Oh, him. That was a passenger. Funny thing. He'd paid his fare to the Old Man that morning. He was just coming aboard when somebody slugged him so hard he never came to till we'd passed the lightship."

"A PASSENGER on this hooker?" Gavery was honestly bewildered now. "Was the guy crazy?"

"Yeah, like a fox." The mate grinned sourly. "I guess if you'd just pinched forty cold grand from the bank where you was working you might be real glad to take a little ride in the old tub yourself, as long as she was headed for Puerto Cruz, about the only spot on the map where they can't exterdite you! I'll say this bird was out of luck too! Why, he didn't have one chance in a million to make no get-away! The bank was onto him, see, and the bulls was looking for him on the docks. Big McCarthy was planted out front, but just as he goes to make the pinch somebody hangs one under his ear and he don't wake up for t'ree days."

Gavery turned away. Before him, suddenly, loomed a formidable blue-clad figure.

"Hello, Butch." Patrolman McCarthy spoke with leisured affability, but he moved, for one of his large bulk, with amazing haste. His left arm crooked about Gavery's neck, his right hand explored a pocket, reappearing with Gavery's brass knuckles.

"I t'ought so. I got a quick slant at you just as the lights went out," McCarthy said. Almost admiringly, as he snapped a steel ring on Gavery's wrist, he wagged his head.

"Takin' a chanst on all the grief that's lookin' at you now, just so's Lister cud make a get-away! What a pal you turned out to be, Butch! What a pal!"

A heavy, unfriendly voice intruded. "Hey, what goes on here?" A bull, butting in just in time to spoil everything again!

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Juanita floated, light as a flower in the wind, across to Señor Red Thompson and flung him a rose

You'll find plenty of excitement in this story of a Mexican beauty, the man who loved her, and the villain with money and—

A Way with the Women

By Don Marquis

JUAN GONZALES did not like trouble and never looked for it. If you had asked him about a bullet graze that lost itself among the thick black hair at his left temple, or a thin scar that followed the angle of his jaw, he might have told you that he had acquired these souvenirs in the task of abolishing trouble, not through looking for it—a swift, untroubled quiet had followed the little affairs in which he had received these marks.

These scars did not mar his extraordinary good looks. The Americans, tourists or Californians who came to lunch or dine at Agua Caliente, the big pleasure resort below the border where Juan danced nearly every day, were always much taken with his appearance; especially the women.

"Did you catch that Mex hoofer?" was one of the stock remarks among the patrons of the place. Or, more frequently:

"Did you see those two hoofers in the dining *patio?*"

For Juanita usually danced with him, danced while the gringos drank and dined. And if Juan was agreeable to the eye of woman, Juanita was a creature to accelerate the blood of man.

Juanita might, in a dozen years, lose her slender grace, as so many of her countrywomen do. But now she was all spring and swiftness and provocative languor—a being of quickly-changing moods which melted into each other in fellowship with the music she danced to; a person who could tell you with her pliant body, at one instant what flowers dream of in the noonday sun, and come flashing out of that, the next second, with the sudden vigor of a bird of prey that swoops and strikes.

WHATEVER the secret that gives Spanish dances their characteristic quality, these two had it—and they had, moreover, what is known in current American slang as "It." But there was a gravity about them both, a dignity in the midst of gayety, a final reticence at the core of *abandon,* which saved their art from commonness, from cheapness. This gravity, this personal dignity, was both Spanish and Indian; and Spanish and Indian they were by blood. Because he was Juan, and she was Juanita, the legend grew up among the patrons of the place that they were young lovers who had recently been married.

It was Juan's fervent wish that this might be true. But it was not true; and she had never said positively that one day it might be true. Juan was a perplexed and worried lover. He was especially worried about a certain flamboyant gringo who appeared to be especially interested in her.

"This American, this Señor Red Thompson," he said to her one day, with a slumbering jealousy in his dark eyes, "has perhaps told you that you are to be a star of the moving pictures, or a dancer in New York, through him?"

"Perhaps," said she, with a tantalizing smile.

For Red Thompson came nearly every day to see Juanita dance—came, originally, from somewhere far to the north of them; a North that they knew as little about as Red Thompson himself knew of the country to the south, beyond the screen of hills, from which they had drifted to dance at this resort on the border.

JUAN resented the way in which Red Thompson sat and looked at the girl above his drinks. And anyone who was a friend of hers, let alone a lover, might well have resented the look; the look of appraisal, possession—the gloating enjoyment which showed in his somewhat protuberant eyes, and flushed his already flushed face, as he gazed on her and told himself that he intended to take her away sooner or later.

"I do not want you to become American," Juan said gravely. "The Ameri-

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Illustrated by Frank Street

cans are restless. They are always rushing about in ships and automobiles and airplanes, flinging away money, and they are unquiet and unhappy. They would make you unhappy. Have as little to do with them as possible."

"I should like to go about in ships and automobiles and airplanes," said Juanita, defiantly. "I should like to be a moving picture star. I should like to dance in New York."

She had heard a great deal about New York and Los Angeles and California. California was a great country, and New York was another great country, but whether north or east or west she was not certain. She had also heard about a place called Honolulu. Perhaps New York and Honolulu were not in or near California at all; perhaps they were in Texas. She had never been anywhere but the village among the hills where she was born, and Ensenada on the coast, and here in this place where she danced, with the exception of two or three visits to San Diego, which had almost overwhelmed her with its vast size and glory and magnificence.

Juan, on the contrary, was traveled; he was twenty-five years old, seven years the senior of Juanita, and a man of the world. Had he not been all over the United States? Surely—as far east and north as San Antonio, Texas! Many times to Los Angeles. He knew all about America and Americans, and in many ways he did not approve of them. And he had been all over Mexico, too. She should have listened to his age and wisdom and experience. But she was giddy.

There was a gallery at one end of the patio, overlooking it, and it was here that the musicians and dancers sat in their glittering costumes, special performers such as Juan and Juanita coming down a stairway to a platform in the courtyard to do their turns.

THE next day after he had first mentioned Señor Red Thompson to her, Juan made a great mistake. Seeing that Thompson's eyes were searching out Juanita where she sat in the shaded gallery, and that she was conscious of them and trying not to show it, Juan became foolishly dictatorial.

"I forbid you," he said to her in a whisper, "to have any further speech with this Señor Red Thompson!"

"Forbid me?" The girl laughed. She was about to say something more, but the orchestra dashed into one of their numbers, they danced down the steps to the courtyard and swung into a performance. She could not say more in words. But she said it in action.

She gave a new turn to the pantomimic story in which they were engaged. At the point where, after many retreats and advances, hesitations and resolutions and fluttering withdrawals, the heroine finally sinks into the embrace of the hero, Juanita suddenly avoided the contact, floated, light as a flower in the wind, across to the table of Señor Red Thompson, and flung him a rose which she took from her hair. Then with a laugh and a challenging look at Juan, she was swiftly up the stairs again, and had disappeared in the shadows at the farther end of the gallery.

Thompson, surprised, and caught off his balance, felt something like an electric shock go over him, and half rose from his chair, then recovered himself and sat quiet, with more of an internal turmoil than he would have thought possible. The two hundred people at lunch in the patio burst into applause, sensing that this was distinctly not on the regular program; even feeling that there was a personal human drama behind the spontaneous gesture.

Juan, with a hot stab of pain in his heart, was left to cover his embarrassment and rage with what comedy he could improvise and, being a born artist, he succeeded, twanging a guitar and making an exit across the patio with an exaggerated burlesque of despair which earned him a general laugh—and which was really no burlesque at all. He saved his face, publicly; but as he went out of the patio, with a swift backward glance at Señor Red Thompson, he felt very strongly that this rich and handsome gringo was a person with an aura of trouble about him.

That the girl had fallen for him and was taking this way of showing it did not astonish Red Thompson when he came to think it over. Three things he was willing to admit to himself, about himself—that he was a hard guy, that he was a pretty foxy guy, and that he had a way with women. This one he had wanted the minute he saw her, and he wanted her more and more, the more he saw of her. Perhaps he really would get her a job as a hoofer in New York, as he had been telling her he would—when he got through with her. That would be easy enough. He had the connections to do it.

In fact, Red Thompson had some most surprising ramifications and connections, business, social, political, in Chicago and Detroit and New York—the connections of a successful racketeer. But he had been thinking it was time to pull out of the game, while the pulling was good. He was a foxy guy, he repeated to himself frequently. And he had seen too many of his own kind, important figures in the underworld, stick to it too long—stick to it until the chop-chop of the machine guns of some business rival ended their careers. Some of them had even been lagged by the dicks, in the long run, although the chances were always against that if one played the game carefully.

YES, he would quit, while the bank roll was intact and the quitting was good, and nobody, in a way of speaking, had anything on him—or anything they were likely to prove. He had been compelled to bump off a business rival with his own hand a few months before, his underlings being dilatory; and he had arranged for the suppression of a couple of witnesses whose stories might have been embarrassing in court, if they ever got that far.

Rumors and suspicions arising from those professional activities had made it expedient for him to leave his accustomed haunts for a time and take a very quiet vacation from business here in the Southwest, where he had never been before. The dope-smuggling game—the drugs are unloaded in the innumerable rock-bound protected coves of the Mexican coast and slipped across the border into the United States—had attracted him as a business distinctly in

(*Continued on page 62*)

"What kind of a holdup is this?" said Red Thompson, furious and glowering. "There has been a holdup?" asked Juan, in polite surprise

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

DAWSON HAIG, of Scotland Yard, is shadowing a gang of international criminals, engaged in some dark and mysterious enterprise. At Marseilles (where, disguised, he is known as "Mr. Smith") he takes passage on the steamship Wallaroo, bound for Australia via Port Said. Eileen Kearney, the girl he loves, is aboard; also, five of the gang.

Before Port Said is reached, Haig strongly suspects that the plotters are planning to capture the vessel (on which is a large shipment of gold), loot it and, possibly, murder the passengers and crew! . . . From his headquarters in Kench, Egypt, the conspirators' leader—the sinister Yu'an Hee See, a weird Oriental—gives his orders (by wireless) to his hirelings: Len Chow, Franz Hartog, Miss Ednam, Dr. Oestler (who are on the Wallaroo), and other shadowy rogues in Port Said.

The orders are obeyed. At Port Said, Dr. Oestler, a charming Austrian, succeeds in luring Eileen Kearney to a shop in the native quarter, where she disappears. Haig goes to the shop and searches it. He finds it a treasure-house, a veritable Aladdin's Cave; and he knows it for what it is: a vast repository of stolen goods.

While inspecting the place, Haig feels a trapdoor open beneath his feet. He falls. Feathers envelop him. They fill the room. They are poisoned. Haig knows he is doomed—he is being given "The Bath of Feathers," from which there is no escape . . .

Eileen Kearney does not return to the Wallaroo. Port Said is combed for her, without result. She has been drugged and abducted. When she awakens, she finds herself in a luxurious room, which she has never seen before. The memory of a terrible dream—or was it a dream?—comes to her. She has seen, during a period of semiconsciousness, a ship sinking, with all on board. Has she been dreaming? Where is she? What has happened? Dazed, she lies in that room of mystery, trying to think it all out. . . .

The Wallaroo sails without Eileen or Dawson Haig. But Haig is still alive. Working frantically, he has succeeded in escaping from the Bath of Feathers. But he cannot leave the shop. He is locked in. Joseph, one of the gang, has the keys. And Joseph, he knows, is coming expecting to remove Haig's body. . . . Joseph arrives. Haig shoots him. The man falls dead. Haig is in deadly peril. He can make no mistakes. And he must be quick.

He bends over the man. First—the keys!

VIII

HAIG found the keys. Next, he emptied all the dead man's pockets, transferring the contents haphazardly to his own. Finally, he heaved the body into the straw-lined box and set the lid in place.

Holes for some twenty nails were already bored in it. He nailed the lid down.

Then, lowering the heavy trap, he stood still, listening.

There was no sound. Light came through an iron grating some three feet above his head, opening, so far as he could make out, upon a narrow, brick-enclosed courtyard. From this courtyard, doubtless, steps led down to the locked door of the cellar.

Now he noticed something else: a second, smaller door; a native broom resting beside it. He threw this door open. It communicated with a sunken cupboard, the stench of which was abominable.

Seizing the broom, he swept the mound of feathers into the sunken cupboard. Then, throwing the broom inside, he reclosed the door.

Footsteps sounded in the courtyard above.

Haig darted lightly up the stairs, regained the passage, and there stood still, waiting. . . .

Two men entered. They talked together in subdued voices in Arabic. He knew that they were removing the box. Presently, heavy dragging footsteps told him that they were carrying it up the stairs to the courtyard beyond. He heard a dull bump as they laid it down. One of them returned and closed the door.

Muffled sounds, voices; and, finally—silence.

THE Wallaroo had left her berth and the pilot was taking her down the Canal when Dawson Haig burst into the office of the British consul. Normally, Shale would have been off duty at this hour, but today it was different. A dreadful responsibility rested upon his shoulders, and the office was a buzz of excitement, crowded with men coming and going, Egyptian and British officials.

As Haig rushed in, the consul, standing just behind his desk, looked up.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Inspector! You have found her?"

Dawson Haig shook his head savagely.

"But I know where she was kidnapped," he replied. "What I don't know is where she has been taken. But first of all—one moment, sir."

A man was leaving the room. He paused at Haig's words, turned, and:

"It is most important," Haig went on, "most vitally important, that my presence here shall not be known to a soul outside this office. Not a word that anyone has seen me! The gang we are up against think me dead, and I intend them to go on thinking it. Do you understand?"

The four men who heard him signified that they understood.

"I want Dr. Oestler and the woman Ednam arrested at Suez."

Shale merely nodded and made a note.

"I want you to get a party together," Haig went on rapidly. "I can easily describe the place they have to go to—and here are the keys. I have just escaped from there myself. I want it searched from roof to cellar, and I want the man Mohammed, who is supposed to be the proprietor, under lock and key sometime tonight. Is that plain, Mr. Consul?"

The consul nodded and scribbled rapidly some notes upon a pad. This he thrust into the hand of the man who had just been going out of the room.

"For Captain Ellis! Bring him back as soon as ever you find him!"

The man went out at a run; as:

"How do I get to Keneh?" Haig demanded.

"Keneh? Night train from Cairo. But you'd have your work cut out to catch it. Why?"

"Because she *may* be there! Anyway, I'm going to see."

"I'll make arrangements."

Shale pressed a bell button.

"In the meantime, as she's an American citizen, can I leave it to you to advise Mr. Forman, her consul?"

"I'm expecting him at any moment."

"Good enough. Have you ever heard of a man called Hassan es-Sûk in connection with Keneh?"

"No." The British consul shook his head, thoughtfully. "But they may know in Cairo. I'm having you met there."

"Good!"

ALONE in the single, rocking coach of the special train ordered by the British consul, Dawson Haig sat, grim-faced, planning—planning—planning.

That the duty appointed to the fortune teller, now nailed in the box designed for Haig, had been to dispose of his body and then report to a certain Hassan es-Sûk in Keneh was clear enough.

A brief note, presumably that "letter of travel" referred to, had been in the man's inside pocket. It consisted of an unsealed envelope simply addressed: "For Joseph."

The superscription was typed and the enclosed note also. This ran:

"Report at once to Hassan es-Sûk at Keneh. This is your introduction. Tickets herewith."

And it was signed, in ink: "Chief."

A second-class ticket, Port Said to Cairo, and another, Cairo to Keneh, were folded inside the note.

"The girl is safely on the way. . . ."

Those words, overheard, Haig had never forgotten. They drummed through his brain in tune with the clatter of the train.

There was no other clue amongst Joseph's possessions, but Haig had removed and retained the man's greasy *tarbûsh*.

Eileen, perhaps, had been taken to Keneh!

That she had been lured into the Bath of Feathers Haig was not prepared to believe. Such an outrage would have been purposeless, and none of Yu'an Hee See's devices were purposeless. He had not ordered her death, but had ordered her to be taken—living.

What for?

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"Little flower, what are you doing here?" he asked

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He observed a customer, an Arab, apparently, muffled up in many-colored rags and crouched in a dim corner. And this eccentric Arab smoked a meerschaum pipe!

The answer was one which Haig hadn't the courage to face. He was in possession of evidence indicating that Yu'an Hee See was a slave-dealer on a large scale—possibly the most important trader now left in that evil traffic. Stories had reached his ears, during his previous pursuit of this elusive Chinaman, of midnight caravans out on the old slave route—of hidden camps in the desert: of a central clearing house at some spot unidentified.

Jack Rattray, too, had supplied further evidence.

That there were many Eastern households, under the new tyranny which is called "freedom," where slavery was still in vogue Haig was prepared to believe. But he had always looked upon this industry, so far as Africa and the Near East were concerned, as one dealing in black-skinned toilers.

Unhappy Negroes from Central Africa, rounded up by the fierce Arabs who from time immemorial have looked upon blackbirding as a legitimate trade: that thousands of such wretched captives were distributed around the Oriental world, performing menial tasks upon the estates of great landowners, was a generally accepted fact.

But that white slaves were bought and sold by this organization he had never even suspected; even now, was not prepared to believe.

What answer, therefore, remained to his question?

TO SELL a cultured woman, daughter of a United States official, as black slaves were sold, would be utterly impossible. The most reckless buyer would hesitate to bid for such merchandise. Such a slave would be difficult to retain, impossible to subjugate. And the risks were incalculable. Only one living man had the power and the audacity to perpetrate such an outrage. . . .

Dawson Haig clenched his fists and gritted his teeth at the thought. He stared out of the window, striving for composure. . . .

And there, steaming slowly along the Canal on her way down to Suez, was the Wallaroo!

He stood up in his excitement, peering out. Passengers crowded the rail, watching the special racing by (if an Egyptian train can be said ever to race); white-jacketed stewards, too. Haig recognized many familiar faces.

The passengers were waving their hands. Up on the bridge he saw old Peterson, the white-haired commander, standing beside the Canal pilot, and, last of all, as the train swept by, the tall, gaunt figure of Jack Rattray, right out on the bows, silhouetted against a pale blue sky.

He dropped back into his seat as the big ship was lost from view. A grim foreboding, a foreboding in which were the qualities of terror, seized upon him remorselessly. Something—a voice undeniable—told him that never again in life would he set eyes upon the R. M. S. Wallaroo. . . .

It was morbid, inexplicable, that thought, that conviction. He tried to repel it, to laugh it out of existence. But it had sunk into his brain like a poisoned arrow.

He stared fixedly at a map of the Nile Valley upon the wall of the compartment before him, counting the stations between Cairo and Keneh, looking at his wrist watch and calculating rapidly. Perhaps he should not have trusted to the slowness of trains. His powers were adequate to have arranged for quicker transport—Imperial Airways could have put a plane at his disposal.

It was too late now.

THE long, dark eyes of Orange Blossom narrowed and narrowed, until they were merely slits in her small, pale face. She stood in a tiny room, no more indeed than a large cupboard, peering down through a little lattice into a lacquered bedroom.

She was watching a girl scantily clad: a girl whose hair in the reflected sunlight gleamed like polished copper, whose slim shape, which was at least as nearly perfect as her own, had a symmetry which was different; whose skin—whose skin, she thought, was poisonously white.

Yes, she was beautiful, this occupant of the lacquered bedroom—of a beauty totally dissimilar from Orange Blossom's—a rose-like Western beauty, which, in its quality, belonged to those cold, clammy countries which Orange Blossom so heartily detested.

She would not be called beautiful in

(*Continued on page 32*)

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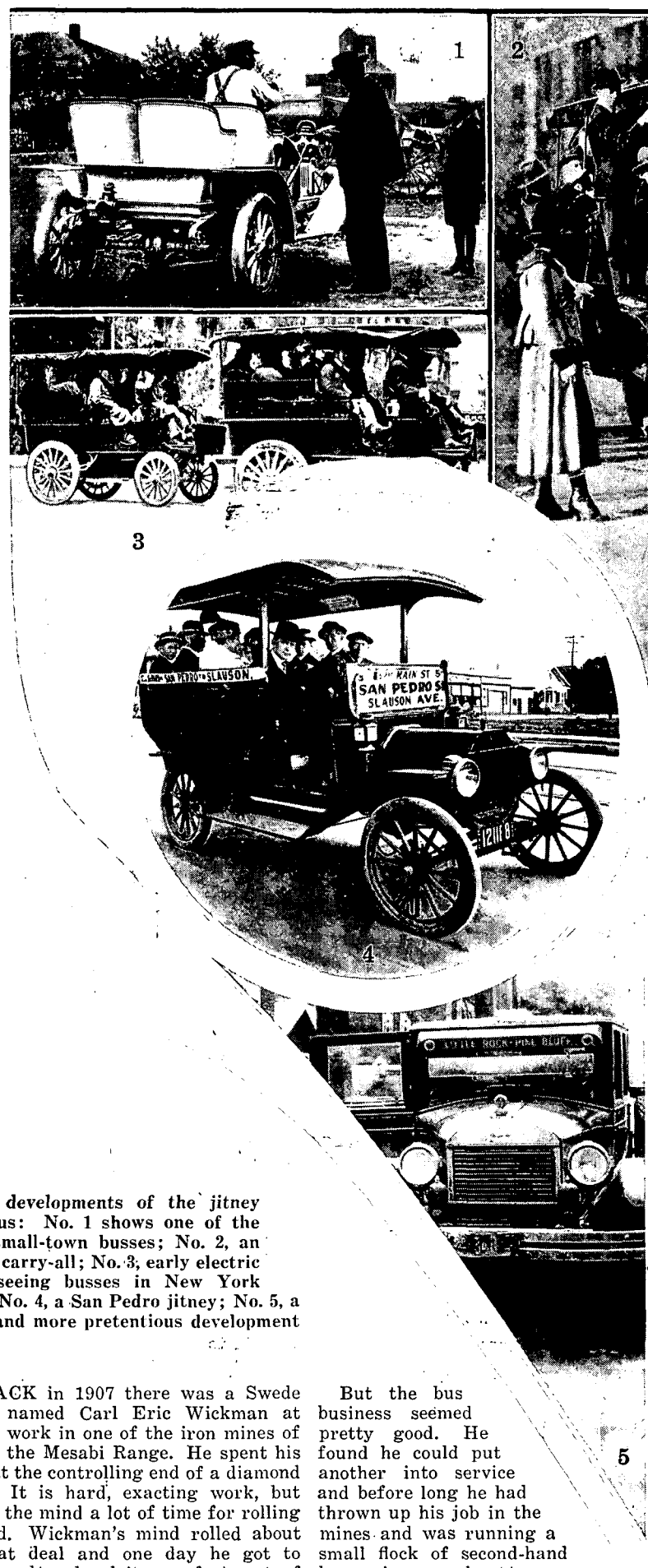

Early developments of the jitney and bus: No. 1 shows one of the first small-town busses; No. 2, an urban carry-all; No. 3, early electric sight-seeing busses in New York City; No. 4, a San Pedro jitney; No. 5, a later and more pretentious development

Ridin' on

Before railroads laid ner of the land we made to city in coaches, covered prairie schooners. Now, other (this article tells ourselves in coaches sand of them—bigger, coaches.

By John

BACK in 1907 there was a Swede named Carl Eric Wickman at work in one of the iron mines of the Mesabi Range. He spent his days at the controlling end of a diamond drill. It is hard, exacting work, but leaves the mind a lot of time for rolling around. Wickman's mind rolled about a great deal and one day he got to thinking how hard it was for most of the men to get to work.

There were no trolleys to the mines and those who didn't have flivvers were in a bad way. Something suddenly went "click" in Wickman's head. He shut off his diamond drill and hurriedly gathered together the stray thoughts which were vagabonding through his mind. Why wouldn't a jitney bus to take miners to work in the morning and home in the evening be a good thing? Wickman answered that question by buying an old chassis and mounting an improvised bus body on it. He was in the bus business. He could take several waves of miners to work in the morning and home in the evening and still retain his place as the pilot of that diamond drill.

But the bus business seemed pretty good. He found he could put another into service and before long he had thrown up his job in the mines and was running a small flock of second-hand busses in a regular transportation service to and from the mines.

He started a bus or two to other points and before long he came to the conclusion that he needed a partner. Looking over the Scandinavian population of Minnesota he elected another Swede named Andy Anderson to that distinction. Wickman took his newly made partner up the outside staircase of an old building to a room over a store where he made his home. He opened a small trunk and disclosed to the bulging eyes of the astonished Anderson the top of the trunk filled to overflowing with nickels, dimes and quarters, to say nothing of a few dollar bills.

"Now, Andy," said Wickman, "I'm going to teach you the bus business. All you have to do every night when you come in on your bus is to put all the money into this trunk. Here's a key for you. On Saturday night we get the bills from the gasoline, oil and tire people. We take the money out of the trunk to pay those bills. Then we take twenty dollars apiece for our wages. The rest stays in the trunk until we have enough to buy another bus."

This is precisely the principle on which John D. Rockefeller operated when he was building the Standard Oil Company, only he surrounded it with a more elaborate system of checks, balances and accounting.

The bus company continued to grow. New lines were established to various towns. New busses were bought to replace the second-hand ones. And before long Carl Wickman and his partner decided to invest their business with the dignity of incorporation. Wickman was the president. But Wickman and his partners continued to drive their busses.

A Fire-Proof Driver

They drove their coaches, getting bigger and bigger, through the blinding blizzards of Minnesota, night and day. One night a bus was driving from Hibbing to another town loaded with passengers, plowing through a driving snowstorm. A Swedish farmer and his wife waited outside their house for the bus to pass. The driver—Bogan—as the bus came along could not see them through the thick snow and went by. The bus was laboring along with difficulty through the snow and the irate farmer and his wife ran after it, catching on behind. There they hung until the bus stopped at the next village. When it did the farmer leaped down and rushed around to the front end. He shook his fist in Bogan's face.

"You deliberately passed me," he yelled, "and I'm goin' to report you tomorrow. I'm goin' to have you fired. I know Eric Wickman, the president of this bus line."

Bogan looked him over scornfully.

"Go ahead and report me," he said. "I'm the vice president of the line."

Mr. Bogan doesn't drive a bus any more. Neither does Mr. Wickman. The latter is chairman of the board of the Greyhound Corporation, part of the great Greyhound-Pickwick combination, with assets of $30,000,000 and a network of motor-coach lines extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and touching almost every important city in America.

About the same time, a young fellow named Wren, in Los Angeles, who had had a checkered and varied career, started an auto park which jitneys could use as a depot. Wren saw the business these small busses—mostly Ford touring cars—were doing. So he bought one—second-hand of course—and began operating a stage of his own from Los Angeles to San Fernando. But Wren, unlike other operators, wasn't just a bus driver.

He had an excellent business head on his shoulders. He had already had one or two business successes and was at the time traveling through a temporary eclipse. In almost no time he had sixty or seventy of these small busses running from Los Angeles to San Fernando and on to Santa Barbara, and his former parking lot on Hill Street became a bus terminal. Later he too brought in a partner—another young bus pioneer, named Hayes, who called his own line the Pickwick Stages. Wren also incorporated his bus business and called it the Pickwick Company. Like Wickman, he too drives a bus no more. His company employs a thousand people and operates nearly 400 magnificent busses in a business which represents assets of over $15,000,000.

Wickman was operating in the Northwest and Wren along the Pacific Coast in those early years. But there was another extraordinary character making a small beginning at a distant point. This was Roger W. Taggart, a young lawyer in Denver. Taggart, however, was not interested in the law and he had no job. He was twenty-seven years old, tall, broad-shouldered, bursting with energy, breezy—the Western type.

Taggart got an idea. He noticed that many people went by their own private automobiles from Denver to the Coast. He also noticed that there were a great many people who would like to go to the Coast but who didn't have the railroad fare. So Taggart opened an office and put two small advertisements in the paper. In one he asked in substance: "Are you taking an automobile trip to the Coast? Would you like to take an extra passenger and make a little money?" In the other he asked: "Would you like to take a trip to the Coast in a private automobile at a

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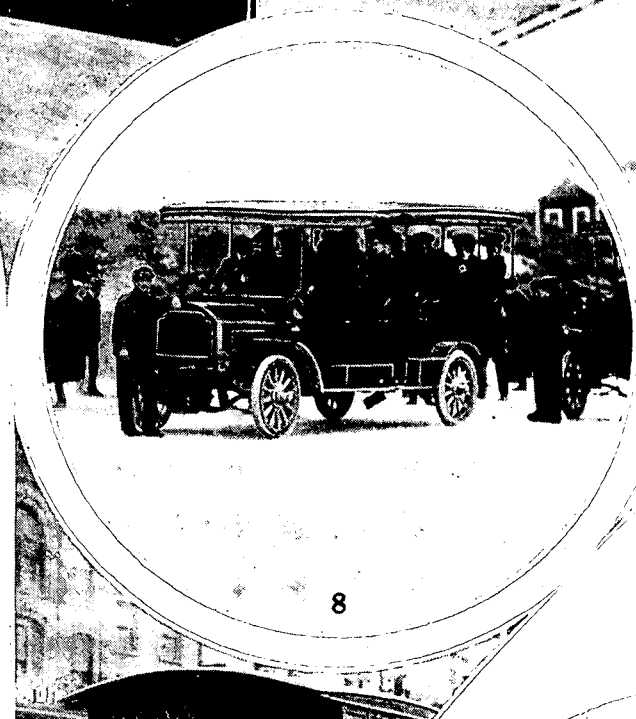

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9

Some later forms of busses: No. 6, the most modern Leviathan of the roads, equipped with compartments, kitchen and smoking room. It accommodates 26 passengers for overland travel. Nos. 7, 8 and 9 are evolutionary forms of interurban motor transportation

Rubber

their rails into every cor- our journeys from city wagons, mail stages and for one reason or an- all) millions of us find again, in a hundred thou- better, speedier, surer But coaches

T. Flynn

great reduction in the railroad fare?"

Very soon Taggart had plenty of applications from people who were going to drive to the Coast. But he was swamped by applications from people who wanted to make the trip. There were more passengers than there were automobiles. So he managed to get a small second-hand bus and this he proceeded to run to the Coast on his own account. In a little while he had several second-hand busses. The development of Taggart's business was so swift as to be bewildering. In a couple of years he had a flock of magnificent big busses, which bore the name of the Yelloway System, running from Denver to the Coast. He sent some of them eastward and finally pushed on into Kansas City, St. Louis and then Chicago. By this time his imagination was inflamed. He had busses running from the Pacific Ocean to Chicago. Why not press on to New York and have a transcontinental bus system? In a few more months, one of Taggart's great yellow coaches pushed into New York City. The first transcontinental bus line was a fact! But Taggart's system had grown faster than his resources. He got into financial difficulties—difficulties too complex and immediate to be surmounted.

So, after battling against all sorts of odds for several years he went to another remarkable character who was at this time making his impression on the bus world of the Pacific Coast. This was Buck Travis, a famous Harvard football star.

Buck Travis' father had been a stagecoach man in the brave days of the Old West, when the horse was king. He built up the famous Star Route, which handled the United States mails. As he grew old he passed the management of the business on to his big, athletic son. It was not surprising, then, when the horse began to lose his place on the highway, that Buck Travis should be found pioneering on a motor-coach route. He had built up a system of bus lines in California and was in active competition with Wren's Pickwick Lines.

When Taggart got into difficulties he went to Travis with his tale of woe and sold out for a cash payment and an agreement by Travis to take over his obligations. Travis spent a couple of years traveling around straightening out the Yelloway System and then he sold it out to Wren. Wren now, with the Pickwick Stages and the Yelloway system, was in possession of a transcontinental coach line of imposing proportions.

The next step in this extraordinary growth of coach lines was the combination of the Pickwick Corporation and the Greyhound Corporation. These two are holding companies which have possession of numerous subsidiary corporations operating in different sections of the country and carrying on all sorts of business akin to the operation of the extensive bus lines.

Then came the entry of Orville S. Caesar into the Greyhound picture. Caesar started as a mechanic's helper and rose to be the mogul of a fleet of taxicabs in Superior. Wickman made him the head of the first unit of Greyhound lines when he formed it and now he is the operating head of the Greyhound Corporation with his headquarters in Cleveland. Caesar is president; Wickman is chairman of the board.

The Giants of the Highways

The Greyhound Corporation has about 2,300 coaches, the Pickwick about 400. The business is operated by subsidiaries, owned jointly by the Pickwick and the Greyhound Corporations. The Pickwick-Greyhound Line serves the West Central states. There is the Pacific Greyhound line, in which the Pickwick and the Greyhound both share. And the companies have other subsidiaries which build motor coaches, own and manage hotels and operate a growing system of motor busses in Mexico. One hotel owned by the Pickwick Corporation in Kansas City cost $3,500,000. It combines a motor terminal with an office building and a 415-room hotel.

Now, having read this, one wonders how the railroads view the growth of this motor-coach giant. But it has come to light only recently that the railroads, which have uttered such a loud cry of protest against the rise of bus traffic and the free use of the roads by busses, have a very large interest in these great companies.

Thus the Pacific Greyhound Corporation, which operates in California and Western Oregon, runs an extensive bus system from El Paso to Los Angeles and to San Francisco and Salt Lake City. The Southern Pacific Railroad is a large owner of the stock of this concern along with the Greyhound Corporation and the Pickwick Corporation.

The Northland Greyhound Lines, Inc., which operates out of Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, is owned by the Greyhound Corporation and the Great Northern Railroad.

The Southland Greyhound Lines, Inc., which covers Texas and Louisiana, belongs to the Greyhound Corporation and the Southern Pacific road.

Thus as you move about the country, wherever you go you encounter the magnificent big busses of the Greyhound lines and its ally the Pickwick, and in each of them you find the ownership invested in the Pickwick Corporation or the Greyhound or both and along with them is associated the railroad which dominates the traffic in that area —in the East the Pennsylvania Railroad, on the Pacific Coast the Southern Pacific, in the Northwest the Great Northern.

Recently the Union Pacific bought the Interstate Transit Lines. This is a line of busses operating between Chicago and Omaha and between St. Louis and Kansas City. Here is direct and parallel competition between the busses and the Union Pacific, which has taken them over. But the Pickwick-Greyhound Line has filed a complaint with the Interstate Commerce Commission alleging that this purchase was without authority of the commission.

How far this alliance between the railroad and the bus has gone will be seen in this statement from Mr. George D. Ogden, of the Pennsylvania Railroad:

"We have organized a subsidiary corporation, the Pennsylvania General Transit Company, all the stock of which is owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad. These lines represent a total investment of $2,000,000 with 139 busses, carrying more than four and a half million passengers a year.

"Of larger scope, however, are the relations which we have formed with the Greyhound Lines of Indiana (one of the Greyhound subsidiaries). This organization handles our bus transportation

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Gunsight Trail

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Matt Clark

The Story Thus Far:

SHERIFF DONNAN, shot by an unknown assassin, dies in the presence of Clay Hughes, a cowboy. Reporting the tragedy at the Lazy M ranch, where a job is awaiting him, Hughes receives a frigid reception. Whereupon, perplexed and angered, he refuses to reveal the identity of the murderer.

Dick Major, son of the ranch owner—old Oliver Major—is believed to have committed the crime. Dick, however, establishes his innocence.

More trouble follows. Oliver Major has two bitter enemies: Earl and Alex Shaw, owners of the Bar S, a neighboring ranch. The Shaws—in cahoots with a gang of crooked politicians, are plotting to ruin him. Major believes they, or one of their hired gunmen, killed Donnan. But when Jim Crawford, acting sheriff and one of Major's friends, attempts to arrest Earl Shaw, the rancher shows fight.

Hughes is present. He remembers a promise he has made Sally Major, Dick's lovely sister: to prevent bloodshed, at any cost. He loves the girl. He resolves to keep that promise. Stepping forward, he *intimates* that he is a U. S. marshal—and the rancher quickly surrenders!

The following day, however, Governor Replogle names Alex Shaw sheriff. Sheriff Shaw promptly releases his brother. From a spy, or spies, at the Lazy M, he learns that Grasshopper Tanner knows more than he should of the killing. With a pack of bloodhounds Grasshopper has been working at the scene of the tragedy. The Shaws regard him as a dangerous man and arrest and escort him to Adobe Wells, Bar S headquarters.

Feeling he is fighting a losing battle, Major sends for Stephen Sessions, an old friend. Sessions is a powerful man. He may be able to save the day.

Walk Ross, one of Major's most trusted employees, goes over to the enemy. Stephen Sessions arrives. He brings tragic news. Grasshopper Tanner, he announces, has been killed at Adobe Wells, while trying to escape from jail!

VII

HE WANTS you next," said Macumber. "You can go in there now."

For three hours Stephen Sessions had been conferring in the old man's office. From time to time cowboys had been called in to answer certain questions; but what all the parley was about, nobody knew exactly. They had become accustomed to thinking of Sessions as the man who was going to make the wires hum, and put the law once more in the hands of Jim Crawford and the Lazy M. It was beginning to look as if there was a hitch in this program.

"Does it look as bad to you as it did to Tom?" Hughes asked.

Bob Macumber was puzzled. "I don't know what to think, Clay. The old man's looking mighty black. You better be getting on in there, boy."

What struck Hughes as he entered old Major's office was the change that had come over the old boss himself. The old man's face had been grim before; it was now gray and haggard. A lank strand of gray hair dangled before his eyes, and through it he stared redly, unaware that it was there.

"This is Hughes," Major growled.

"You were the only man in the Crazy Mule the night Donnan died?" asked Stephen Sessions.

"I was the only one with him when he died," said Hughes. "But I allow there were others in the Crazy Mule that night."

"And what," said Sessions, "did you say Donnan told you before he died?"

"I didn't say."

"Clay," said old man Major, "if there's ever going to be a time to speak out, that time has come now!"

"YOU are evading me," Sessions persisted. "I put it to you: Donnan said something to you in Crazy Mule Canyon."

"Well?"

"Are you ready to state what that was?"

"Not yet."

An unexpected smile jerked the corners of Sessions' mouth as the two stared at each other; and Hughes realized that never in his life had he been before a man so difficult to bluff.

Once more he brought that faint ironic smile to the surface, this time a smile of the eyes alone. With it he had bluffed Earl Shaw so that Shaw had surrendered himself into the hands of the man he hated; with it, God forgive him, he had brought Sally's accurate guessing to nothing. Even old Oliver Major was in doubt as to whether Hughes withheld something he knew, or had nothing to withhold. But it seemed to Hughes that the world-wise blue eyes of this old man could look through that bluff as if it were glass, and see the emptiness behind. Yet Hughes stood silent; and at last Sessions' smile faded slowly.

"If you know something," said Sessions, "what do you expect to gain by holding it back?"

"There's one link still missing," Hughes heard himself say. "I'm thinking now that it won't be missing very long."

He thought he had never heard such blatant nonsense as his own words. Yet, when Stephen Sessions spoke, a faint note of uncertainty came into his voice:

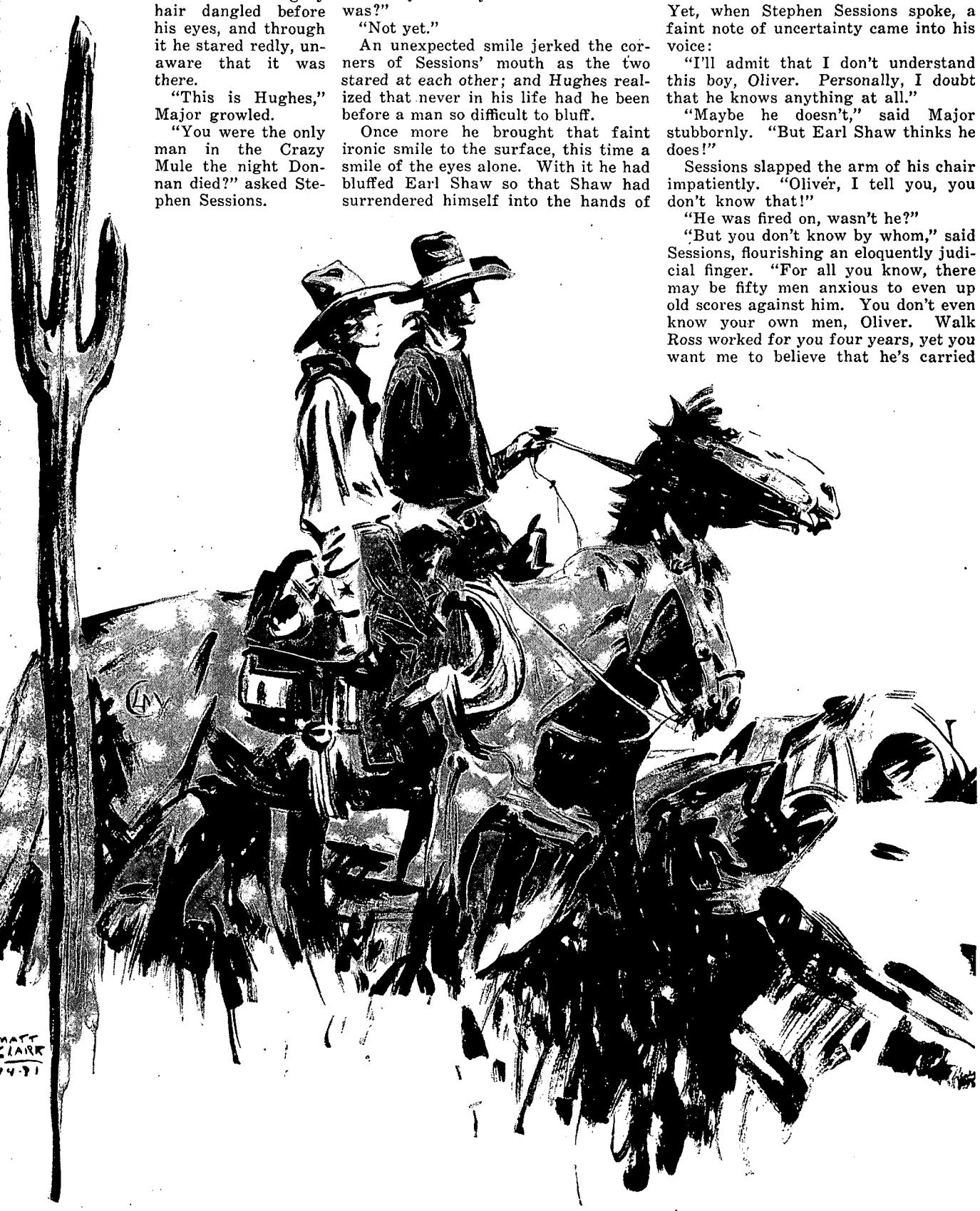
"I'll admit that I don't understand this boy, Oliver. Personally, I doubt that he knows anything at all."

"Maybe he doesn't," said Major stubbornly. "But Earl Shaw thinks he does!"

Sessions slapped the arm of his chair impatiently. "Oliver, I tell you, you don't know that!"

"He was fired on, wasn't he?"

"But you don't know by whom," said Sessions, flourishing an eloquently judicial finger. "For all you know, there may be fifty men anxious to even up old scores against him. You don't even know your own men, Oliver. Walk Ross worked for you four years, yet you want me to believe that he's carried



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some wild yarn to Adobe Wells, and got Grasshopper Tanner killed thereby! Maybe you'd like me to dredge down in my memory and bring up a fact or two. Just as I never forget a name, neither do I ever forget a face, Oliver; I can call half the people in the Southwest by name, history and reputation. Take French; take—"

"That isn't the point," said Major. The old man seemed badgered, beset. He could wrest a fortune out of the stubborn hills, but when it came to demonstrating the obvious he was lost. His fist drummed the desk top, heavy and slow. "I offer you Grasshopper Tanner. He's a sample of what happens to Shaw's enemies in the hands of the law officers Replogle has foisted on us! The minute word got to Adobe Wells that Tanner was dangerous to the killers of Hugo Donnan, that was the end of Grasshopper Tanner! It'll be the same story over again if they take Hughes. It'll be the same story again if they take Dick—but, by God—"

"Grasshopper Tanner was killed trying to make a jail break," droned Sessions wearily.

"If he made a break at all—which I doubt—it was because it was the only hope left to him."

"Yes, yes," said Stephen Sessions. "We've been good friends for a long time, Oliver; God knows, Oliver, I'm only too willing to do all I can do—"

"Theron Replogle has put the sheriff's office in the hands of the Shaws," said Oliver Major. "Now he's got to turn around and yank the Shaws out again. Otherwise, I tell you, there's going to be the damnedest scrap the Southwest has seen in many a long year!"

"Of course," said Stephen Sessions, "I don't decide these things, Oliver. I am here as an observer for the governor, as I told you before. All I can do, at best—"

"The whole state knows that you are the man closest to Governor Replogle. I'll say more. There's a good many has a pretty plain idee, Steve, that Theron Replogle is a dummy—with you and a couple of others working the strings!"

"Now, now," said Sessions, "that isn't the sort of impression we want to create at all!"

"I expect not," said Major dryly.

"I ask you to look at what you're asking me to do, Oliver," said Sessions. "By the way, do we need this man any more?"

"YES," said Major unexpectedly. "I want him to hear this."

Sessions shrugged. "Let me speak plainly for a couple of minutes. In the first place we have the murder of Sheriff Donnan. By the greatest misfortune it appears that Donnan had previously been threatened by your son." He raised a hand quickly. "Of course, we know he didn't do it, but there is the situation. The first deputy under Donnan happened to be a man very much under your influence, Oliver; you certainly won't deny that. Under your influence Acting-Sheriff Crawford stepped forth and imprisoned, absolutely without evidence, one of the most influential citizens in this part of the state. Naturally, a sharp protest arises, literally forcing Governor Replogle to replace Acting-Sheriff Crawford with somebody better prepared to act impartially."

"Impartially!" exploded old Major.

"Certainly Alex Shaw has acted entirely within his duty. What has he done? He has attempted to gather together, for questioning, the persons nearest the case: that is, Tanner, the old tracker; Hughes, the last man to see Donnan alive; and, of course, your son. A very reasonable procedure, certainly. Yet, see what you now ask us to do! We are immediately to remove Alex Shaw from office—on no charge at all, unless it is that a man was shot breaking jail."

Oliver Major opened his mouth, but shut it again, and turned away his face, as if sickened. "*Dear God,* Steve!"

"Oliver," said Stephen Sessions, "submit to the law's reasonable demands. Once you've made your mind up to that, no problem exists. I realize you can never reconcile yourself to the Silverado project, but you are entirely wrong in confusing it with the case in hand. The case in hand is the simple murder of a sheriff by parties unknown, and everyone associated with the unfortunate occurrence must naturally expect to assist the investigation. Of course, it comes hard to you to—"

On and on droned the smooth, plausible voice from the square, implacable face. Almost, listening to that voice, a man could believe that there existed no problem at all, and no trouble at all, and that all men must do was to walk in peaceful ways.

Then, as Stephen Sessions paused, and the silence again returned for a moment to that room, there came across the sun-drenched heat the mournful keening of Grasshopper Tanner's dogs.

Major smashed a fist upon the desk, and his voice came in a rising thunder. "Steve, I tell you, as God is my judge—"

A quick rap on the door interrupted him, and without waiting for summons Bob Macumber thrust into the room. "Mr. Major, there's a car coming up like all hell's on its tail!"

Major came to his feet.

"For heaven's sake, Oliver," Stephen Sessions began, "be careful what you—"

Major whirled on him savagely. "Shut up!" he snarled, his voice vicious with contempt. He went lurching toward the front of the house like a man saddle-drunk from too long a season in the leather.

ONCE more the people of the Lazy M waited silently before the sprawling adobe, as the approaching car, careening crazily, tore up great geysers of dust from the Adobe Wells road. There was a stir among the cowboys as it was seen that the car was again that of Alex Shaw.

As it wheeled into the space before the house, however, they saw that the driver, who now eased himself unsteadily to the ground, was Walk Ross.

Tom Ireland thrust himself hulkingly forward. "You got guts to come back here!" he roared.

Walk's face was bloodless, and he seemed dazed. "I got guts to—what?"

Tom Ireland bellowed, "This is the coyote that—"

He stopped abruptly as they saw Walk's legs slowly buckle under him, so that he dropped to all fours.

ROSS was already getting up under his own power as Clay Hughes and Oliver Major reached him. "You hurt, Walk?"

"Listen," said Walk Ross. "Listen: They got a posse of anyway forty men—most likely it'll be fifty before night. They aim to swarm down on us first thing tomorrow. Somebody gimme a drink of water. Ain't you got any water?"

Everybody trailed after them as they helped Walk Ross into a room and propped him on a bed. Sally brought water and bandages, and Oliver Major set about dressing the man's wounds. A grazing bullet had struck a furrow across the inside of Walk's upper left arm; and though he had improvised bandages, the loss of blood had weakened him tremendously. Walk's haggard weariness had brought a human quality into the man's hawk-nosed face; and though the eyes were still as curiously light as bits of shell, the odd, expressionless quality, as of a non-committal lynx, was no longer evident.

"How come you to go to Adobe Wells, Walk?" Major asked him. Ross answered. "Letting Tanner go was the same as if we'd shot him where he stood. I—"

"How'd you get hit?"

"You people never understood Grasshopper Tanner; but I've worked with him all over the Mogollon, and a better man never stood up. I couldn't stand by and not do nothing. God knows, Tanner never went back on a man in his life."

"Yes, sure; but what happened?"

"It was after dark when I got to Adobe Wells. You know that little mud shack they use for a jail. Well, when I got there it was empty. No deputies there, and Tanner was gone.

"Off in the dark, maybe a hundred yards away, I thought I seen somebody move. You know where that gully strikes, and there's a rift of brush? It was over there. What I seen could have been a cow, but something told me it wasn't. I begun moving that way quiet as I could. About halfway there I heard Tanner's voice, up ahead.

"He hollers out, 'I don't know anything, I don't know anything!' And then somebody says 'No powder burns now' and—wham! One shot, and two more.

"I comes up with my gun and lets go three blasts. I seen two fellers run, and they blazed away at me as I run up, and one of 'em give me this clip. I found Grasshopper Tanner. They'd finished him, all right.

"I HIGH-TAILED it out of there and tied up my arm, and laid low. Pretty soon when I went back to the flivver there was fellers sitting in it. It wasn't until just now that I swiped this car and come on. There was a couple of cars following me almost all the way to Twelve Mile Corral. But the old baby stepped out pretty, all right."

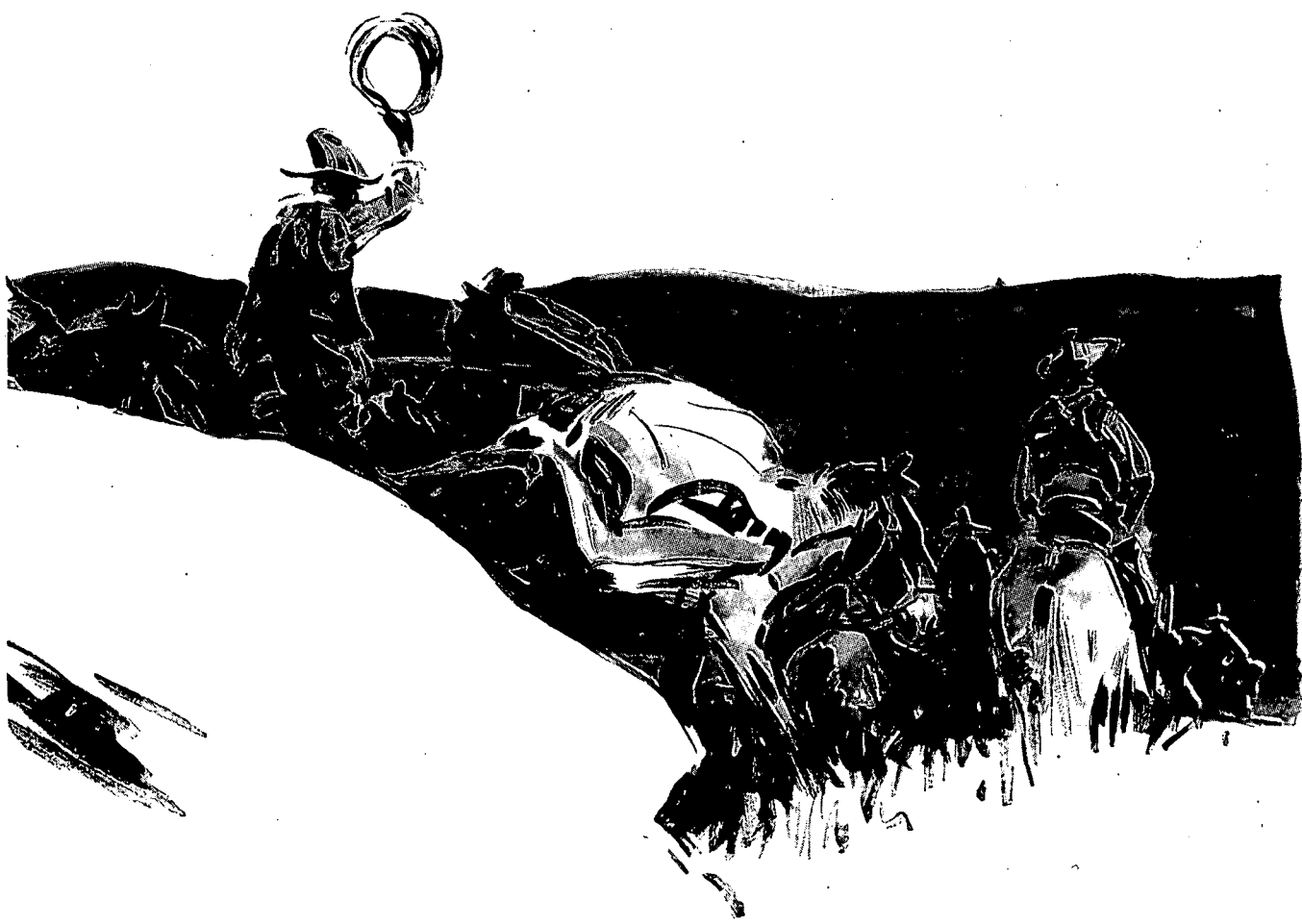
"Who was it done in Tanner, Ross? Could you make a guess?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't say for sure, Mr. Major."

Major drew a deep breath. "Get out of here, and quit using up the air," he ordered. "Bart, stay with him."

He led the way as they trooped out. Sally Major was weeping silently. Out in the cool of the hall, Major stood waiting, wiping his hands; and presently

(*Continued on page 56*)



Not even her tears moved the old range wolf's decision. "If you won't go willingly, you'll go tied on your horse." Thus, Sally mounted with the rest

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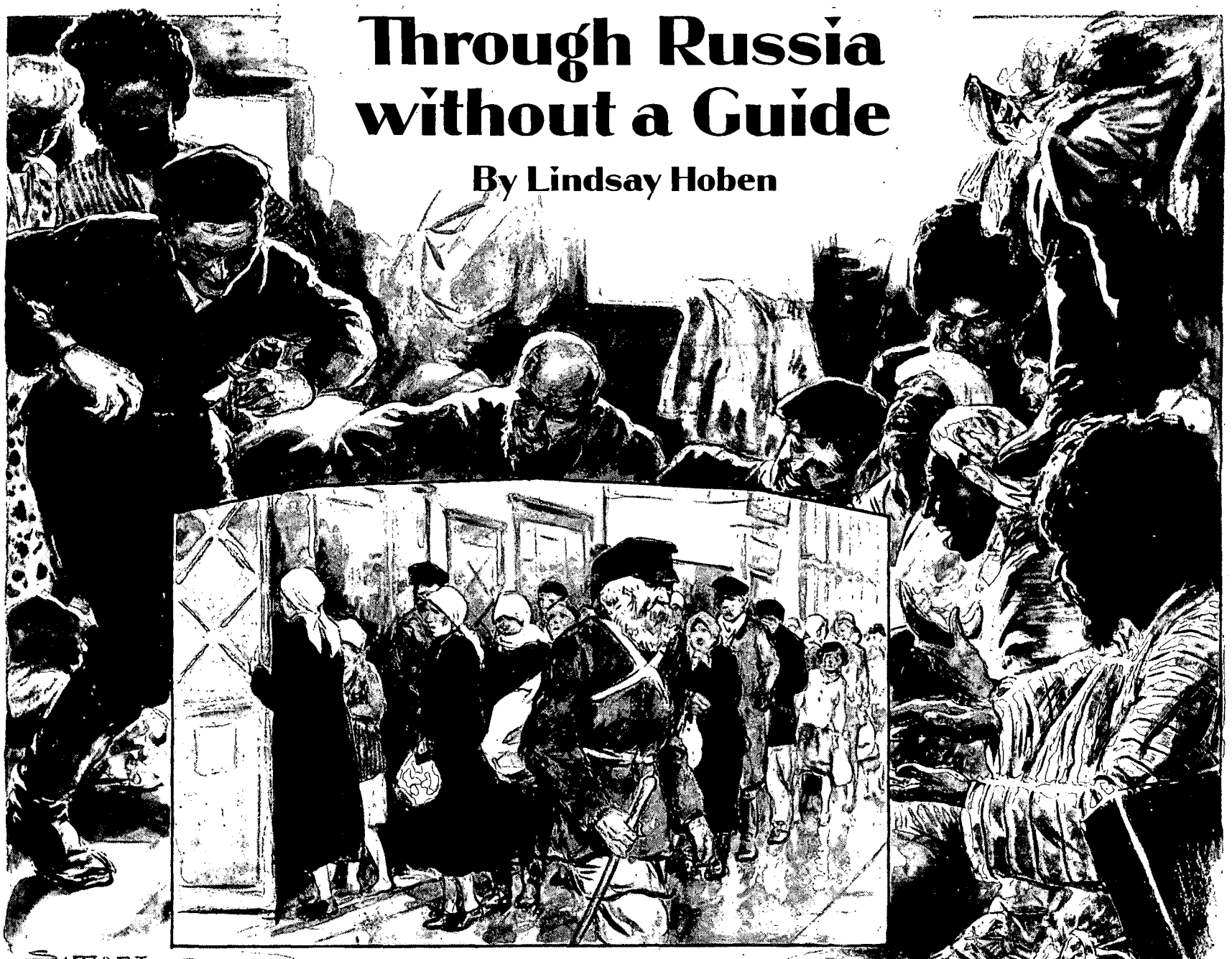
Through Russia without a Guide

By Lindsay Hoben



He was tired of standing in line for bread thirteen years after the promises of Red October

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

What's life like under the Soviet government? In the thirteen years since the revolution, answers to this question have been few and inadequate. Mr. Hoben had the unique experience of traveling 14,000 miles through the center of the U. S. S. R.—including the forbidden sections of Central Asia—without supervision or interference on the part of the government. Here he tells you what he saw and heard

THE commissar of police wants to see you. You are subject to arrest."

That was the disquieting message from the ramshackle stucco building in Archangel where the commissar, lately arrived from Moscow, held forth.

"But why?"

"You have no passport to be in the Soviet Union," was the messenger's reply.

Soviet officials, like most human beings, are usually reasonable if you are reasonable—equally nasty if that attitude is adopted toward them. So down we went to the police headquarters.

"How goes it, citizen?" I greeted the commissar, in the best Soviet usage. He responded with a smile and called for glasses of tea all around. That was a sign of success. Over a steaming glass of tea a Russian is bound to be friendly.

"You entered our country at this port of Archangel?" he queried pleasantly.

"No, citizen, by way of Vladivostok, about 7,000 miles away."

"Then you have traveled illegally from there to here, for you have no proper documents," he said, turning the pages of my passport curiously.

"But, comrade," I protested, "what is this visa which I obtained from the Soviet consulate in Tokio for eleven dollars?" And I pointed it out.

"That is to enter the country," he replied, "not to stay in it."

I was nonplused. And then he explained that I would later need another visa to leave the country, at eleven dollars, and must register at every town at one dollar or so, depending on the whim of the local police or hotel management or both.

"Why did not the officials in Vladivostok or Irkutsk or Sverdlovsk or Vologda tell me that I needed a Russian passport to be in the country?" I asked the commissar. I pointed out that, after all, 7,000 miles across Siberia and northern Russia to the edge of the Arctic was hardly sneaking into the Soviet Union.

He shrugged his shoulders and informed me that he thought I was honest and not dangerous, but that I was subject to a fine of fifty rubles (twenty-five dollars). Good-naturedly I protested that the burden had been on the officials of far-away Siberia, who should have informed me of my misdemeanor. I told the commissar that I had registered my passport with them in some places and that in others they would not even let me, saying it was unnecessary.

No Time for Foreigners

I had struck a hopeful point. Evidently the commissar entertained no high opinion of the Siberian officials' intelligence. So I played on their woeful stupidity, and all was amicably settled. The commissar personally fixed up a Russian passport for me, to be sealed into my American one, and to be removed at the point of departure from the Soviet Union. For this I paid three dollars.

Many an otherwise good Communist is infected with restless toes when he hears American jazz

But the fact remained that I had traveled illegally 7,000 miles across the Soviet domain. Where had been the much-heralded secret police—the G. P. U.? It was merely the first evidence that the Soviets are too busy trying to work out a new social order to remake human beings—too busy trying to complete the prodigious Five-Year Plan and to nullify the so-called economic laws of supply and demand to waste energy following harmless foreigners around to see what they look at. Of course, if one were specifically suspected or were a person of great importance or of aristocratic Russian antecedents, the case might be quite different.

But as far as I was concerned, the Soviet government never did me the honor to molest me even when I went 3,000 miles out of my way to penetrate the forbidden parts of their territory.

(Continued on page 51)

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The new Chevrolet Convertible Landau Phaeton. The inset shows this same car with top raised

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The Bigger and Better Chevrolet Six is a car to inspire enduring pride of ownership. With new Fisher styling, it achieves a distinction in appearance that is unique in the low-price field. In interior beauty, comfort and charm it establishes a high standard among cars of its class. As a result of many mechanical refinements and improvements in every vital feature, it delivers smooth, quiet, six-cylinder performance that is a delight and satisfaction to every owner. And the new Chevrolet Six—for all its modern smartness, fine quality and advanced engineering—is *sold at new low prices!* The immense resources of Chevrolet, General Motors and Fisher Body have been concentrated on this new car to give you a greater value in economical transportation than you have ever known before. The Bigger and Better Chevrolet Six is a *fine* car, priced within reach of every buyer—and as economical to operate and maintain as any automobile you can buy.

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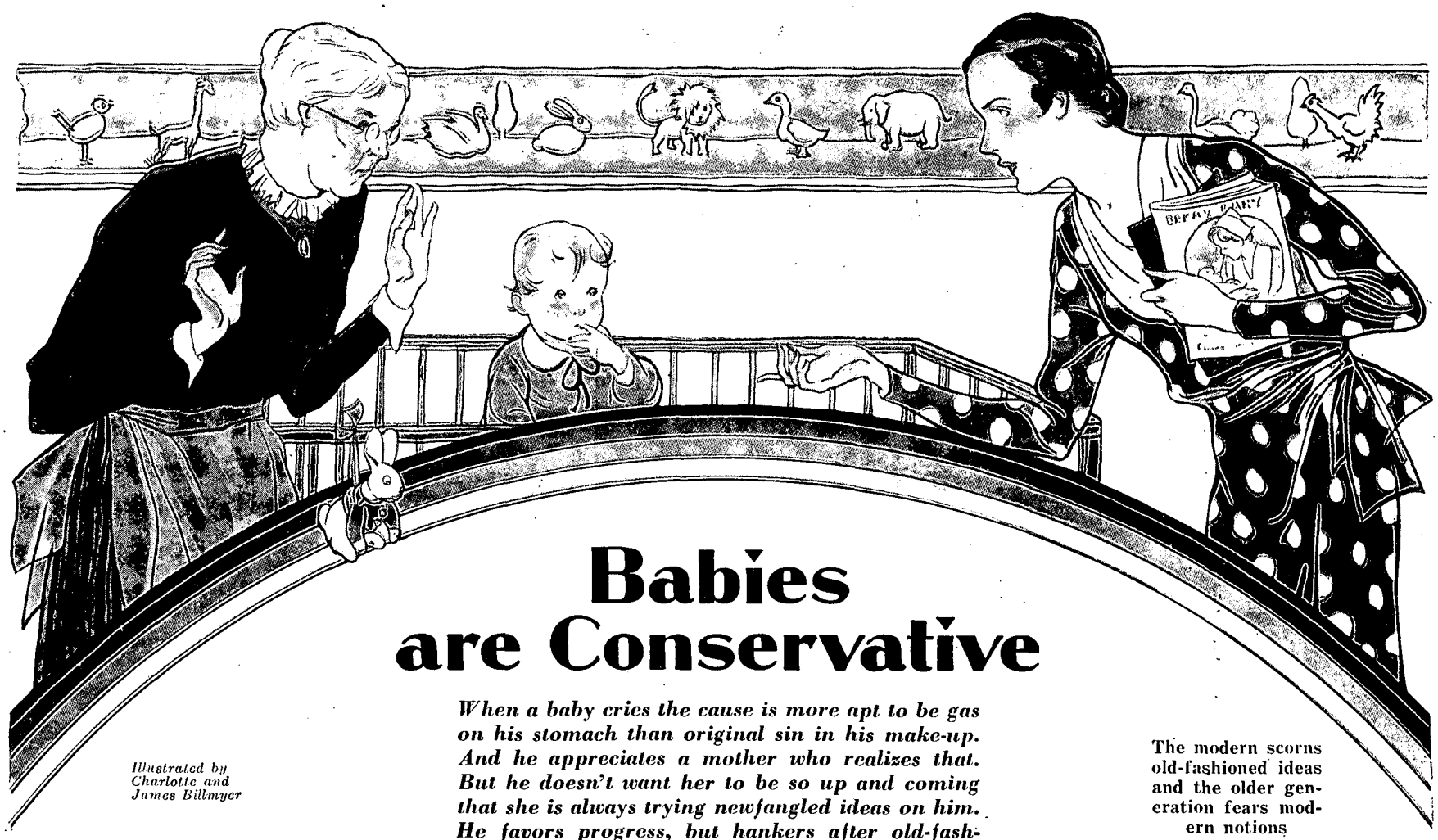

Illustrated by Charlotte and James Billmyer

The modern scorns old-fashioned ideas and the older generation fears modern notions

Babies are Conservative

When a baby cries the cause is more apt to be gas on his stomach than original sin in his make-up. And he appreciates a mother who realizes that. But he doesn't want her to be so up and coming that she is always trying newfangled ideas on him. He favors progress, but hankers after old-fashioned common sense too

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

I WAS making my first call on a new patient, aged five months. As I took off my wraps in the hall, before going upstairs, a door opened and an old lady looked at me critically through the opening.

"Are you the new doctor?" she inquired. And when I said yes, she asked, "Are you a children's specialist?"

"No," I admitted. "I just have a lot of children in my practice. I thought Mrs. B. understood that."

"Maybe she did," said the old lady, "but *I* didn't. Come in here and talk to me a minute before you go to see the baby."

I obeyed, feeling very much as I did at fifteen when I had been sent for by the school principal. When the old lady shut the door behind me and stood with her back against it, my knees actually knocked together.

"I would just like to know how modern you are," she began. "I may not know much about medical etiquette, but I care less. That baby upstairs is my only grandson and if you are going to introduce a lot of crazy newfangled ideas into this house, or agree with my daughter-in-law in a lot of the silly things she does about that baby, you go upstairs over my dead body."

This was starting off well. My terror of the grandmother was suddenly changed to amusement and I had all I could do not to laugh.

"Let's sit down," I suggested, "and talk it over. I really don't believe I'm as bad as you're afraid I am." I took her arm to lead her to a chair and found that she was trembling. I did not need that discovery to tell me that the matter at hand was very close to her heart.

"You begin," I said, "by telling me the things you're afraid I'll advise, and the things your daughter does which you think are wrong, and it's ten to one I agree with you."

The upshot of it was that we had a long talk, ending as very good friends. We were interrupted by an irate daughter-in-law who looked at us as if we were conspirators, which is exactly what we were.

A baby is entitled to the benefits of past experience

"I hope Mother hasn't been boring you with her old-fashioned ideas," said her daughter as she took me upstairs. "She pesters the life out of me about them."

Mother's old-fashioned ideas, as it happened, were pretty much just good common sense, practiced by generations of people in bringing up their babies. At one end of the scale the moderns point a finger of scorn at the old-fashioned ideas. At the other end the older generation fears and dreads the newfangled ideas. Somewhere in between lies the efficient method of bringing up our babies, using the best of the modern system, but not abandoning the common sense which guided our grandmothers.

The story which this grandmother told me was one of bitter experience. She had another daughter-in-law, who had lost her only child because she had treated him, at six months, as if he had the physical abilities of a child of six years. He was given a room of his own, far from his mother's bedside, and no one heard his cry when he got entangled in his covers.

We are a little vain in this generation. We love to be efficient, and toss off the bringing up of our children as if it were a negligible task. The more time we have for ourselves, away from our babies, the better mothers we think we are. We have been told that the old way of picking up a baby when it cries is a bad way of training a baby. We are told that the baby needs peace and quiet, alone in a room where his mother's movements cannot bother him and where he cannot disturb his mother's sleep. About a lot of things which we really need to know, if we are to do the job of rearing a baby safely, we scorn to take advice from those who have had experience. We think these are minor details which every intelligent woman can work out for herself.

No Details Are Minor

Where a baby is concerned, there are no minor details. Everything which is worth doing for a baby can be done in a good way or a bad way. A baby is entitled to the benefits derived from generations of experience with other babies, perhaps not quite so lucky as himself. His mother has no right to try out what she hopes is right, using him for her experiment.

To do the average mother justice, she tries, before the baby comes, to learn everything she can about how to treat him properly. But the trouble is that the printed word has much more weight with her than the spoken word of those who have had actual experience. She cannot believe that they know more than she knows. And the written word about the bringing up of babies is often too general and too flowery, and not nearly

(*Continued on page 30*)

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April Prowess

Can any good little boy in the class tell us who is going to win the league pennants and the world series this year? Very well, Master Rice, you start

By Grantland Rice

TY COBB once said that for any good pennant-winning ball club the second year was the easiest win. The Athletics proved his point last fall, but how was Cobb to know that Carlson, the Cub pitcher, would die, and Hornsby, the leading hitter, would injure a leg early in the race? Without these handicaps the Cubs might easily have repeated, as they were in the fight up to the hilt until the final games of the year, even as it was.

Pursuing the Cobb idea, this should be the second big year for the Cardinals. But it will be the third year for the Athletics, the year when the road gets rougher and the old machine weakens.

From April to October more than twelve million fans will pay admissions to sixteen parks and at least forty million others will follow the fortunes of the sixteen major-league clubs. It has been a long time since any two more interesting races ever caught the public's attention at April's getaway, for there will be at least two American League clubs in hot pursuit of the Athletics and at least three and possibly four National League teams crowding the Cardinals to the last few games.

I pick Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics to win their third successive flag in spite of the pitching power of Walter Johnson's Washington Senators and in spite of the hard drive New York's Yankees will make.

Smart and Powerful

I pick the Athletics to repeat for seven reasons: 1, Connie Mack; 2, Eddie Collins and Kid Gleason; 3, Mickey Cochrane; 4, Grove; 5, Earnshaw; 6, Simmons; 7, Foxx.

Mack is a great leader, with eight pennants to his credit, and he is working with one of the smartest strategy boards in baseball. Cochrane, Simmons and Foxx are three of the best hitters in either league. Cochrane is the most valuable catcher and Grove and Earnshaw are the two iron men of the game. Last season this pair worked in eighty-six ball games and they pitched their way into another world's championship.

If Connie Mack can locate another winning pitcher he will be hard to stop. If Rube Walberg or one of his younger entries can only develop a winning habit, Grove and Earnshaw will do the rest. Yet Washington will be good enough to crowd Philadelphia most of the way, with New York picked to finish third as Cleveland and Detroit battle for fourth place.

Walter Johnson has built up a hustling ball club, well supplied with high-grade pitching. In young Cronin, at short, Washington has a great infielder, but the pitching staff is even more effective. Joe McCarthy's Yankees, even with the slugging of Ruth and Gehrig, will have to locate better pitching than this team had last summer. They made enough runs to win two pennants, but the defensive strength of the team was weak.

Naming the pennant winner in the National League is much more difficult. There are five clubs good enough to win, and if you check back over the past performance chart for 1930 you may get even more confused in trying to dope out the 1931 race.

For example, the St. Louis Cardinals started out briskly last season, then ran into injuries and other hard luck, flopped far back, and again came forward at top speed through the last month of the campaign, outclassing their league. Keep an eye on them at this new pennant party.

But consider the Cubs—they were moving along nicely when Carlson, a valuable pitcher, suddenly died early in the season, and Hornsby, the main cog of the infield and the team's best hitter, broke an ankle and was unable to play the rest of the year.

Now Hornsby is back in shape and he has plugged up the pitching gap, and he has the best outfield in baseball—Cuyler, Wilson and Stephenson. The Brooklyn team of 1930 also ran into its share of tough breaks, yet came within a stride of winning.

St. Louis Should Repeat

The Cardinals, Cubs and Dodgers are well bunched, but I believe the Cardinals have the edge. In the first place they have Grimes, Haines and Hallahan, who show consistent pitching strength. Hallahan, who hit his stride last season, is a left-hander with blazing speed and a lot of heart.

Gabby Street also has an excellent infield headed by Bottomley, Frisch and Gelbert. A strong combination around second base is one of the most important factors in any pennant fight, and where can you find a better combination than Frisch and Gelbert?

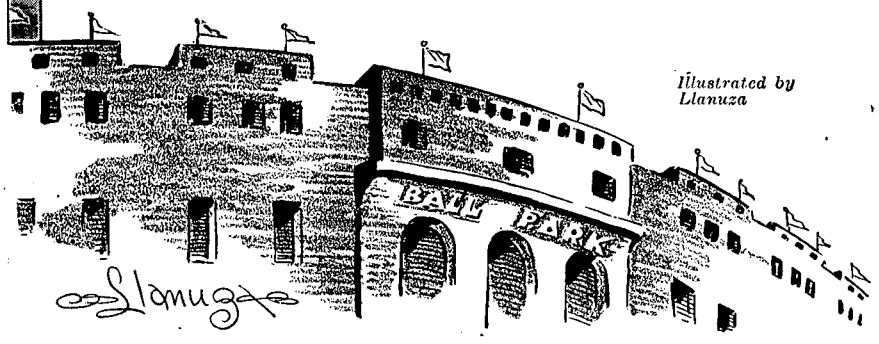
The Brooklyn Dodgers have a smart leader in Wilbert Robinson and they have the wildest fan town in baseball to play for. They had the flag won last year, threw it away in a tail-spin dive, and then nearly reclaimed it in a remarkable late-season rally. There is a world of raw power in this Brooklyn squad if it can only be synchronized.

The National League hopes to develop a pennant winner that can bring back another world's championship to the older circuit. Yankees and Athletics, representing the American League, have won this classic four straight years, bagging sixteen of the last nineteen world series games played.

This April start means something more than the battle for two flags. It also brings back the famous home-run duel between Hack Wilson and Babe Ruth and another hot race for the batting leadership which Bill Terry of the Giants and Al Simmons of the Athletics won last fall.

As a final check-up here is my April estimate of the October line-up:

American League	National League
Philadelphia	St. Louis
Washington	Chicago
New York	Brooklyn
Cleveland	New York
Detroit	Pittsburgh
Chicago	Cincinnati
St. Louis	Philadelphia
Boston	Boston



Illustrated by Llanuza

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These four factors are responsible, in no small way, for the widespread popularity which Oldsmobile has enjoyed in the past. And they are sound reasons why the new Oldsmobile represents a logical and economical investment—a good buy from every standpoint.

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The Sleeptalker

Detective O'Malley gets a baffling case, and works on the theory that gunmen, being somewhat taciturn folk, should be made to converse more freely

By William MacHarg

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"You got Mildred," she said accusingly. "Sure," O'Malley answered

"WHAT we got now," O'Malley said, "is a gunman-killing. The guy that got the lead handed him was named Roscoe. He was alone in his apartment and two guys called on him. He let 'em in and they talked for a while and then they pushed him full of bullets. He lived for a few hours but he wouldn't tell who done it. The trouble with this kind of case is that if somebody even saw it done you haven't got any witnesses, and you can't blame people for not talking. If they tell anything, they get locked up and bothered by the cops, and later on they probably get shoved off by the other parties."

"What have they done about the case?" I asked.

"What do they always do? They had about twenty guys that they thought might have done it in the station-house and worked all the old gags on 'em, telling each one his pal had confessed and he'd better come clean and make it easier for himself. But these babies only laughed at 'em. They know there ain't nobody going to confess. So they had to let 'em go. They held one guy."

We stopped in front of the apartment. It was in a good building and was well furnished. The gunman had died in his living-room and there were a couple of bullet holes in the wall to show where they had missed. There were women's things about and an officer was on guard there.

"It was done like this," the officer informed us: "Two birds came here and didn't take the elevator but walked upstairs, so the elevator boy didn't see 'em. He heard the shots and went and got the janitor, and while him and the janitor were coming up in the elevator the two birds walked down again. We know there were two because there were two kinds of bullets in him. Besides, a woman across the street heard the shots and looked out her window and saw 'em walk away. But she was too far off to tell what they looked like."

I looked around the apartment. "This Roscoe and his wife lived pretty well," I commented.

"She wasn't his wife," O'Malley stated. "He's got another place that his wife lives in. These birds have to do their living fast because they don't know how much time they got left for doing it. The girl wasn't here when he got killed."

There was a doll on the girl's dresser.

"It's funny," I said, "how girls that live this way like dolls."

"Sure, they do; but this ain't her doll," O'Malley decided. "They like dolls but they don't play with 'em, but this is a kid's doll because it's been played with until it got wore out and had to be mended."

He was right; the doll had a new foot and a new hand. It was neatly dressed in a carefully made checkered dress and it had red hair.

"How about this doll?" O'Malley asked the officer. "Was it just here like this?"

"No; it was wrapped in paper. The plainclothes guys that were here ahead of you unwrapped it to see what it was. The paper and string are in the wastebasket."

WE WENT and looked at them. It was ordinary wrapping paper without marks, and ordinary string; it would not be possible to identify them.

"Everything in this place," O'Malley decided, "is the way you'd expect it to be except the doll. You wouldn't expect to find that kind of doll here, so that's what we'd better think about."

"Where are you going?" I inquired of him.

"Over to the station-house and see which of the guys that they've been questioning have families."

We went to the station-house and looked over the list of those who had been questioned and O'Malley checked off the family men. Then we went around to all their homes. At each of them O'Malley asked the women the same rather pointless questions as to where their husbands had been on the afternoon Roscoe was killed; and the women either did not know or gave the same alibis that their husbands had already given. The sixth place we went was the home of Eddie Sunday. His wife, a rather pretty woman with unreadable eyes, said her husband had been home all that afternoon.

"Well," O'Malley said, after we had come out again, "we got a lead now, anyway."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "She told the same story that her husband had already told the officers. I didn't hear anything that would give us a lead."

"Or you didn't see anything?"

"No."

"If you're as dumb as that, I might as well not tell you. We'll go and get the doll."

We went and got the doll and came back to the corner near where Sunday lived. The street was full of children. O'Malley took the doll from its wrapping and held it in his hand, and we walked all along the block but nothing happened. We walked back but still there was nothing; but the third time we did it, a little girl about five years old ran after us.

"You got Mildred," she said accusingly. It was evident that Mildred was the doll.

"SURE," O'Malley answered, "we got your doll and she's got a new hand and a new foot. I'll see you get her back but not right now. Who took her to get her fixed for you? Your papa?"

She shook her head violently. "Uncle Joe."

"That would be Joe Klebo," O'Malley observed to me. "This is Eddie Sunday's kid. Klebo ain't her uncle but she calls him that like kids do a friend of the family. Well, that checks up. The guy they're holding is Mike Marla and all they got on him is that Roscoe owed him money that he couldn't collect; but Mike and Joe Klebo are as close together as two fingers on one hand."

(*Continued on page 61*)

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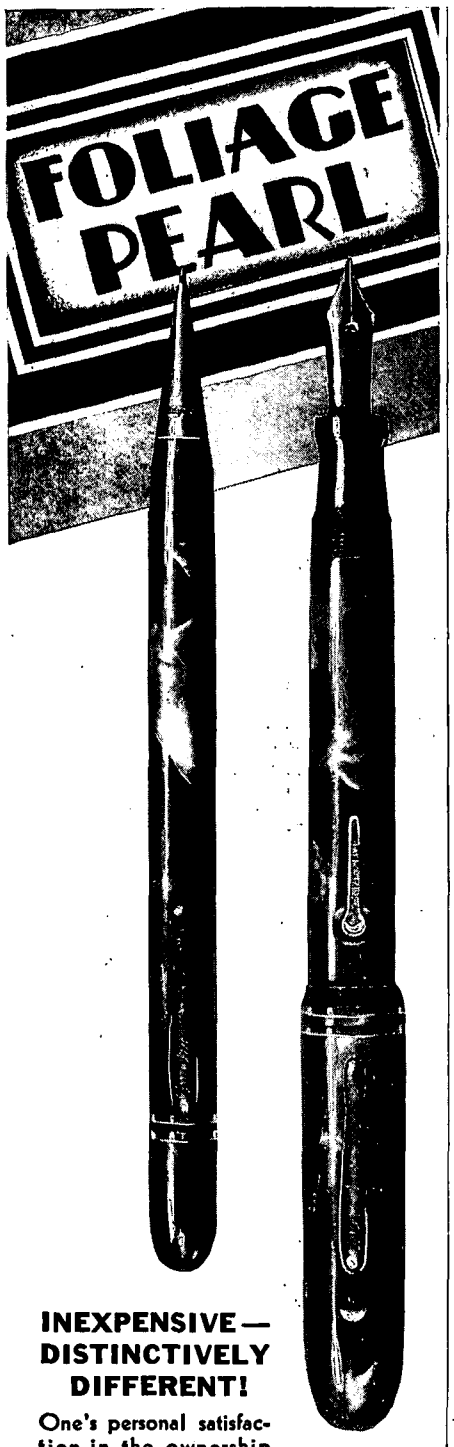

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Babies are Conservative

Continued from page 25

practical enough for everyday use. So far as I know, there is no authoritative manual on the details of the everyday care of a baby. Most mothers learn what they do in the first weeks and months from the nurse who comes home with the baby from the hospital. How the thousands of mothers who don't go to a hospital or who don't bring a nurse home with them get what practical knowledge they need I don't know, unless they do deign to accept suggestions from Grandmother.

The questions which come to the mother of a new baby are in detail something like this:

What should I do when the baby cries and is not hungry?

Where should I put the baby to sleep in the daytime, and at night?

How much cold air is good for a baby?

What sort of night clothes should he wear?

What underclothes are best, summer and winter?

What sort of bedclothes should I use?

How should the bedclothes be fastened so that the baby will not uncover himself?

What sort of crib should I use?

Should the sides of the crib be protected from draft?

What can I do about thumb-sucking?

Should the baby be turned on his side at intervals or may he lie on his back?

What dangers must I guard against in all these things?

No Loose Ends

At a casual glance these may seem trivial questions, but no young mother thinks they are. I wish we could ask the baby about it. There is not much doubt about what he would say.

When the baby cries, but has just been fed or at least should not yet be hungry, the warning against indiscriminate picking-up should be obeyed with judgment. It is given to save us from spoiling a baby. It takes only a little common sense to tell when a baby cries because something is really the matter, and when he cries because he craves attention. If we begin right and give the child a chance to rest and sleep, he does *not* crave attention. He can't miss what he has not had before. A baby who is not picked up continually, at the whim of some fond member of the family, is not spoiled and he does not cry because he is bored. As one young father said to me once, "I can't believe they cry just because they are bad. But then I don't believe in original sin."

The most frequent cause of crying, soon after feedings, is gas. The baby is helpless to do all the things we do to ourselves to relieve the discomfort of gas. He can't rub his stomach, or turn on his stomach, or help himself to a dose of bicarbonate of soda. He has no alternative but to yell until someone has the sense to pick him up and let the gas escape. At least it does no harm to see if change to the upright position does not bring up the bubble and make the child happy again. Then the thing to do is to put him right back and let him forget it. There is nothing like looking over Mother's shoulder and having her pat you on the back to bring up bubbles. Any baby would tell you that if he could. If there is no bubble to get up, a change of position will not help the condition and we must look farther for the trouble. It may be a tight band, or an uncomfortable adjustment of clothing or the much-dreaded unfastened safety pin.

The next two questions we can answer together. The baby should be put to sleep where it is quiet enough for him to get to sleep, but he should always be where he can be heard by some adult, someone who has his interests at heart and will wake at his slightest cry. He cannot have too much fresh air and sunshine, so he will be put out of doors, or in a room with opened windows, provided the weather is not too hot or too cold. We must remember that the baby cannot adjust himself to temperature as we can, either by throwing off his covers, putting more on, or by the internal mechanism which we all use without knowing it. Therefore we must not expose him to extremes of heat and cold. His sleeping place, then, should be in the open air if that is practicable, but always within hearing of an interested person.

For sleeping clothes, especially those worn at night, the important thing is lightness and flexibility. In winter we need something light and warm, in summer something light and cool. Silk and wool in winter and silk and cotton in summer are useful. The bed suits with feet in them solve the problem for the older baby who will not stay under the covers, but if the covers are properly managed the feet may be left free, which seems more humane. Except in zero weather, stockings in a warm bed are not comfortable for anybody.

Bedclothes also should be light and soft and pliable. They should be large enough, both in length and in width, for ample tucking in. Hand-woven wool blankets are the best. They wash without getting hard, they let some air into the bed, and they are as warm as any heavier blanket. To keep the baby covered, the covers nearest his body are those which need the most secure tucking in. If a baby repeatedly crawls out of the covers at the top, the chances are he is being covered too warmly. If he repeatedly crawls down under the covers, it is probable that he is not covered enough. For the restless baby who will not stay put, a good rule is to keep the temperature of his room such that it won't greatly matter if he does get uncovered. The devices many people resort to of clamping down the covers, or pinning them to the mattress, are, I believe, all dangerous. If there is a rigid, inflexible band near the baby's neck, there is always a possibility that in his restlessness he will choke himself against it. In fact, many such accidents are reported. But although the covers should be flexible, and should give somewhat, so that the baby may kick comfortably and even crawl out through the top of them if he finds it necessary, they should be tucked in deeply enough so that he cannot actually pull them out. Loose covers and loose ends and corners of covers in the baby's bed may smother him, and have often done so. Pillows are dangerous for the same reason. The baby may burrow under them and not be able to get out. No baby needs a pillow if his mattress is good and firm and smooth.

Padding the Crib

As for the bed itself, the small bassinet is safe only for the first few months. At any time after the fourth month, and with some babies before that time, the ability to roll over and to pull himself up with his hands may come to a child. So the crib with high sides, one of which lets down, is desirable. If the child's head is smaller than, or near the size of, the spaces between the bars of the crib, the bars should be covered *on the inside*, firmly, with washable padding. This prevents that well-known accident of the child's head becoming wedged between the bars and it also protects him from drafts.

In the matter of underclothes for the baby our ideas have changed a good deal in the last few years. We used to feel that the woolen shirt and the flannel binder should be used for the first year, at least, in all weathers, to protect the baby from colic. Now the binder is discarded at any time from the fourth to the sixth week, unless the weather is very cold, and the silk and wool shirt of cold weather is replaced by lighter weights of the same for warmer weather, and by the silk or cotton shirt for hot weather. Whether we can thank this change in our habits for less "prickly heat" than we used to see, we can't say positively, but certainly there are fewer babies with irritated skins than there used to be. It seems reasonable that a combination of delicate skin, hot weather and a woolen shirt should produce a rash.

Let Thumb-Suckers Alone

When it comes to the thumb-sucking habit, I believe we do a good deal of unnecessary worrying. The belief used to be that sucking a thumb or other finger would change the shape of the mouth and the position of the teeth, and even the shape of the sucked finger. Maybe it does. We can't be sure, although many children's specialists are confident that, unless there is rickets present, thumb-sucking cannot influence the formation of the teeth.

But most of the methods which have been devised to stop thumb-sucking are worse than the habit itself. And, moreover, they are, one and all, ineffective for most children. There is the perforated aluminum mitten, which is sewed to the sleeve of the nightdress. It is enough to ruin the disposition of any normal child, and the minute it is removed the thumb is sucked with renewed ardor. Sewing up the sleeves of the nightdress is even more vicious. The child either sucks his thumb, nightdress and all, or struggles to get his hand out of the sleeve and through the neck of the nightdress, and here again choking has been reported. The latest method of treatment is one of the modern ideas we can afford to adopt. It is to leave the habit alone until the child is old enough to talk to about it.

Of late years it has been the fashion to turn the little baby on his face or side at intervals when he is sleeping. This has been done on the theory that he needs change. I don't think the theory is sound, and in practice I have known it to be dangerous. Babies turned on their faces have been found smothered; and whether they have tried to turn on their backs and only succeeded in turning their faces farther into the mattress, we can't say. But it seems to me an unnatural practice and a dangerous one. The baby's back is the strongest part of him, and lying on his back puts his weight where it can best be borne and gives the lungs most room to expand.

If a failure to take care of any of these apparently trivial details may result in tragedy, they cannot be called trivial. The care of a baby can be fairly simple if it is done efficiently and if the baby stays well, but it also should be a constant joy, as free from fear as possible. And it does not allow that measure of freedom given the mother by putting the child in a room by himself and forgetting all about him for hours at a time.

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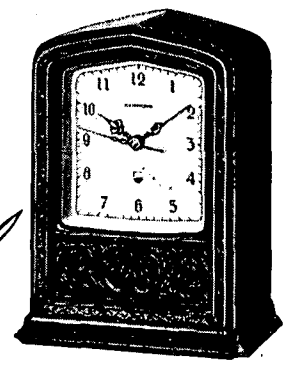

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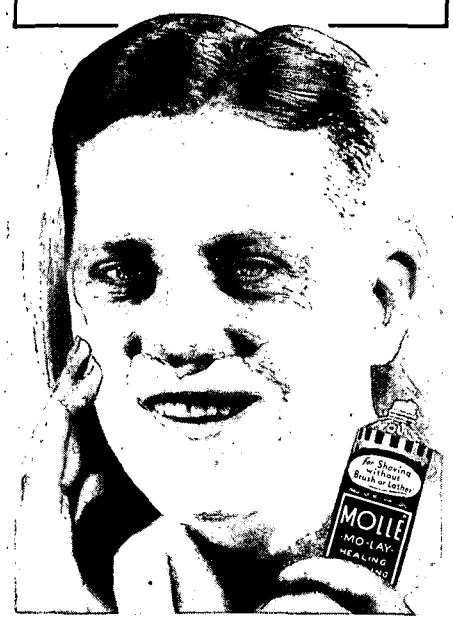

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Throw Away Your Brush
MOLLÉ
For Quick Easy Shaving

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 17

China, this one. In China, Orange Blossom would have triumphed. But this was not China, although it was the East.

Many men, as Orange Blossom knew from experience gained during her travels with Yu'an Hee See, would have preferred this copper-haired girl to herself. She was not tall, but she was taller than Orange Blossom—and she seemed to be frightened.

The room had been refurnished . . . rose color.

Orange Blossom nodded her wicked little head.

Below, Eileen was moving from place to place, trying the doors, leaning over the balcony—breathing quickly, almost panting.

Her eyes were wide open. "Hideously beautiful blue eyes, although her lashes," thought Orange Blossom, "are not as long as mine. But all the same they are long and dark and make her eyes look like sapphires. She has very beautiful arms!"

And Orange Blossom detested the texture of her skin.

Very, very softly she closed the little grille behind the lattice. And, her small hands with their pink-tinted nails tightly clenched, she turned away.

A SHADOW blocked the entrance to the cupboard-like room. She moved forward . . . to confront Yu'an Hee See.

"Little flower, what are you doing here?"

"What *you* came to do," she replied in those vibrating tones which afforded so odd a contrast to his own flute notes. "I have been watching her—the white girl."

"Does she please you?"

"She is pretty as a lotus, my lord, tender and delicate."

"So she does please you?"

"She is dangerous merchandise, Yu'an; you take too many risks."

"You think so, little blossom? Have I ever failed in my trading?"

The woman's long, dark eyes were almost closed; she held her imperious little head very high. The eyes of Yu'an Hee See to all appearances were closed entirely. Yet these two watched each other, standing perfectly motionless; until:

"Have I offended my lord?" the woman asked softly.

"Only in disobedience," came the flute tones, "which I have learned to expect of you. This slight fault can easily be remedied by an exercise of that virtue of silence which I have frequently recommended."

His stillness was alarming. His arms were locked behind him.

Orange Blossom smiled disdainfully, caught up her jade-green robe, gathering it more closely about her. She turned to the right, and, walking slowly, passed Yu'an Hee See where he stood.

She crossed the polished mahogany floor of a room without furniture except for a deep divan and a richly chased incense burner. There was a curtained doorway, and through this she went out.

The curtains were still swaying when Yu'an Hee See began to laugh. . . .

The R. M. S. Wallaroo was nearing the end of the Bitter Lakes when Dr. Oestler entered the Marconi room. At the very moment of his entrance, the operator, with fixed earpieces, was listening in to a message. He glanced aside, waving the Austrian to a chair, and continued to scribble industriously.

Dr. Oestler lighted a cigarette.

The message which came ticking out read as follows:

COMMANDER R. M. S. WALLAROO ON AUTHORITY SCOTLAND YARD FOLLOWING PASSENGERS WILL BE ARRESTED AT SUEZ STOP DR. OESTLER MISS VALERIE EDNAM STOP SIGNED ROBERT SHALE BRITISH CONSUL PORT SAID

Jackson, the operator, pushing back his earpiece, turned and stared at Dr. Oestler. Then, standing up:

"Excuse me, Doctor. Message for the commander." And he pulled aside a curtain communicating with an inner room. "Davis!" he shouted. "Carry on. I've got to go up to the bridge."

Davis, the second operator, came out.

"You want to send a radiogram, sir?"

Dr. Oestler nodded gravely, reaching for the message pad and drawing it towards him. Not a word had escaped his keenly attuned ears. Whatever message he had intended to dispatch, this was the one he wrote out:

JULIAN HESS CARE OF POST OFFICE KOSEÎR SUEZ SEARCHLIGHT IN SIGHT FURTHER COMMUNICATION IMPOSSIBLE STOP WILL ADVISE LATER OESTLER

Davis, the operator, ran his eye over the message, and:

"That will be five shillings and fourpence, sir," he announced mechanically.

Dr. Oestler placed the money upon the desk, smiled, knocked ash from his cigarette, and walked out of the room.

Up on the bridge, Captain Peterson turned to find Jackson at his elbow.

"Here's a nice business, sir!" said he. "But for Miss Kearney's sake I'm glad. I always had my doubts about Dr. Oestler!"

The skipper glanced at the message written upon a thin sheet of paper. He ran his fingers through his thick, white hair. He had a habit, once clear of port, of wearing no cap, presumably relying upon his mane of hair to protect his head from tropical suns.

"Good enough," said he. "It's been a damned unlucky run. I hope this means the end of our troubles."

He nodded, and the Marconi man went down from the bridge.

Off Port Tewfik there was rather more than the usual delay. A police officer came off in a launch. He was met at the top of the ladder by the purser.

"I know what you've come about," said Winter blankly. "But a most extraordinary thing has happened."

"What! Has there been some leakage of news?"

"I don't think it's possible," the purser declared; "but come up to the captain's room; he's expecting you. Truth of the matter is that neither of the berths occupied by the parties you've come out to arrest were slept in last night!"

"Not slept in! But . . ."

"I don't know if they dropped into the Canal and swam ashore, or what happened—but I'm sorry to inform you that neither Dr. Oestler nor Miss Ednam is on board!"

TOWARDS dusk, just before the curtain of sunset fell upon a tiny port of the Red Sea, a motor boat raced towards it on a southeasterly course. This port, untouched by the most enterprising tramps; neglected, since it was almost unknown, and protected by unnavigable reefs, was too small to afford anchorage to any craft larger than a *dhow*.

Past a wooden pier the motor boat sped, swung around perilously, checked, and ran in to where ancient stone steps led up to a wharf. One would have judged that the pilot knew this course as he knew his right hand. Two men sprang ashore and assisted a woman to mount the steps. One man went back on board; the other and the woman turned east, walking along an unpaved street.

On their left lay straggling, sun-bleached buildings, barred doors, eyeless windows. Ahead of them was a short, squat Arab tower of plastered brick. But before reaching this they turned left again into a climbing lane bordered by small native houses.

In some of the tumble-down overhanging windows lights might be seen; but except for a stray dog which bolted at their approach, and some carrion crows floating high above them, no other sign of life was visible in this singular little town.

They climbed up the street in silence for a time, passing under the shadow of a crumbling minaret; and now through a ruined arch, upon whose ancient walls lizards basked in the last rays of sunlight, a narrow street appeared.

Dr. Oestler broke this long silence.

"I wonder, Valerie," he said, speaking in German, "what our reception will be?"

"We have done our best," the woman answered sulkily. "We are lucky to be here."

"We *may* be lucky, my dear," the doctor amended. "But if this unfortunate interference with Mr. King's plans means failure for those plans, then I fear. . . ."

THEY left the tiny, furtive town behind them; silhouettes of trees framed them in until many twinkling lights showed ahead. A high, white wall broke the line of funereal trees on the right, and presently in turn was broken by a pointed gateway of sun-bleached teak.

One wing of this gateway was open. Dr. Oestler and Valerie Ednam entered a large courtyard.

On one side were purple shadows out of which arose a clump of palms, resembling, against the blue-black sky, trees carved in ebony. A very high wall lay immediately in front, and on the left a lofty building with two tiers of *mûshrabiyeh* windows. They were brightly lighted from within and spilled a great smudge of amber light upon the paved courtyard.

Upon the threshold of a doorway, beyond which might be glimpsed a richly furnished room, stood a gigantic and magnificently proportioned Negro. He wore a sort of uniform, and had a tall *tarbûsh* upon his head, in front of which was set a golden badge.

He stepped out and confronted the new arrivals.

There was a brief challenge in Arabic, a reply—and the big Negro, stepping farther out into the courtyard, raised a black hand and pointed.

Above the tiers of lighted windows, higher yet upon the third floor of the great mansion, light shone out through the intricate pattern of a lattice window.

Dr. Oestler nodded in comprehension. He and the woman entered the room and sat down upon a divan. The Negro brought them coffee.

Behind that high window from which light streamed out above the courtyard, Yu'an Hee See, blue-robed and spectacled, bent over his Arab writing-table. Aswâmi Pasha stood beside him. Ex-

(Continued on page 34)

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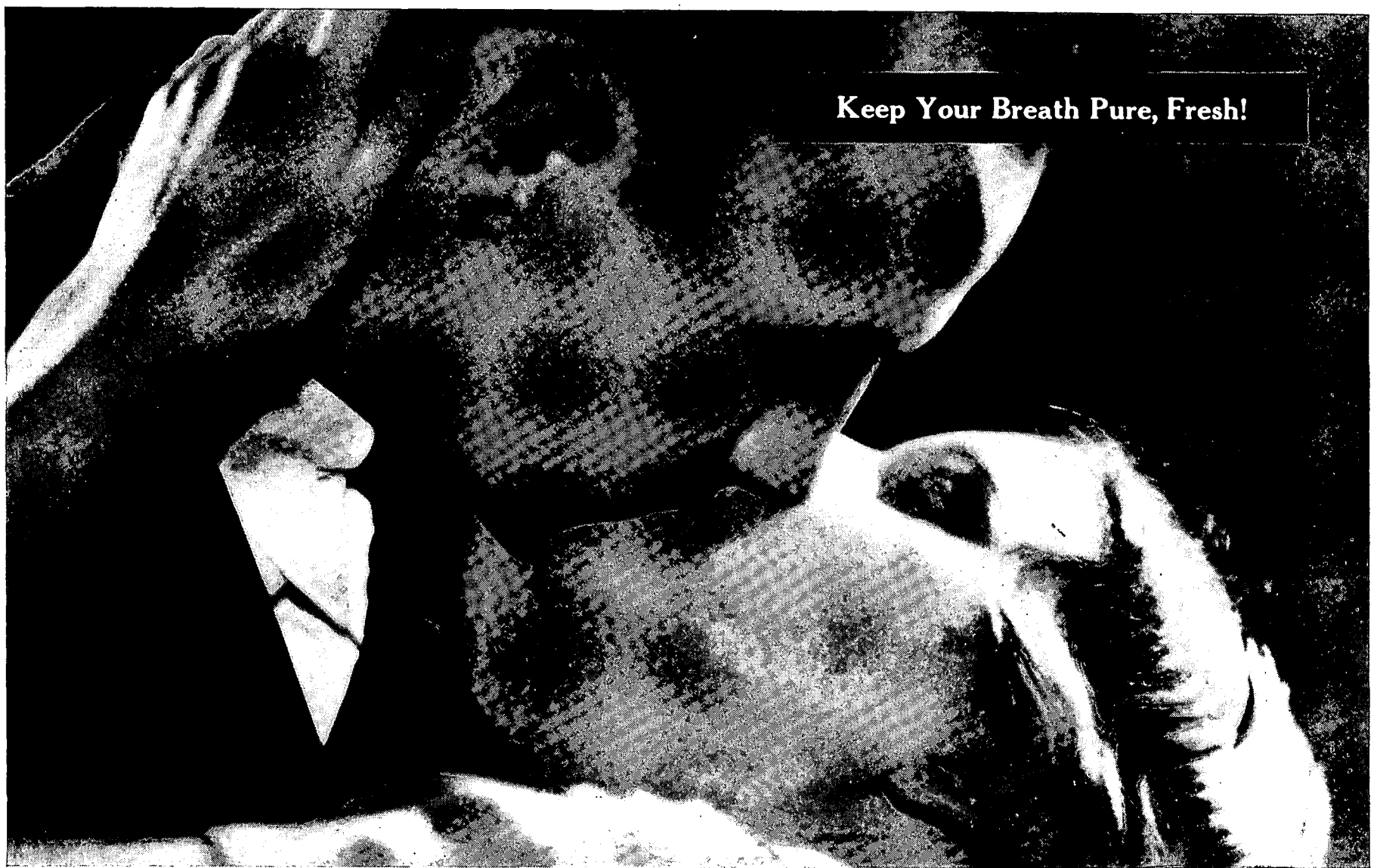

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3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics!! Checks bad breath longer!!!

"A REVOLUTIONARY antiseptic mouth wash that is 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics."

That is the impressive statement of several well-known bacteriological laboratories after exhaustive tests on Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than *pure carbolic acid*, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing*.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time — that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record — we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's — today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in dilutions recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

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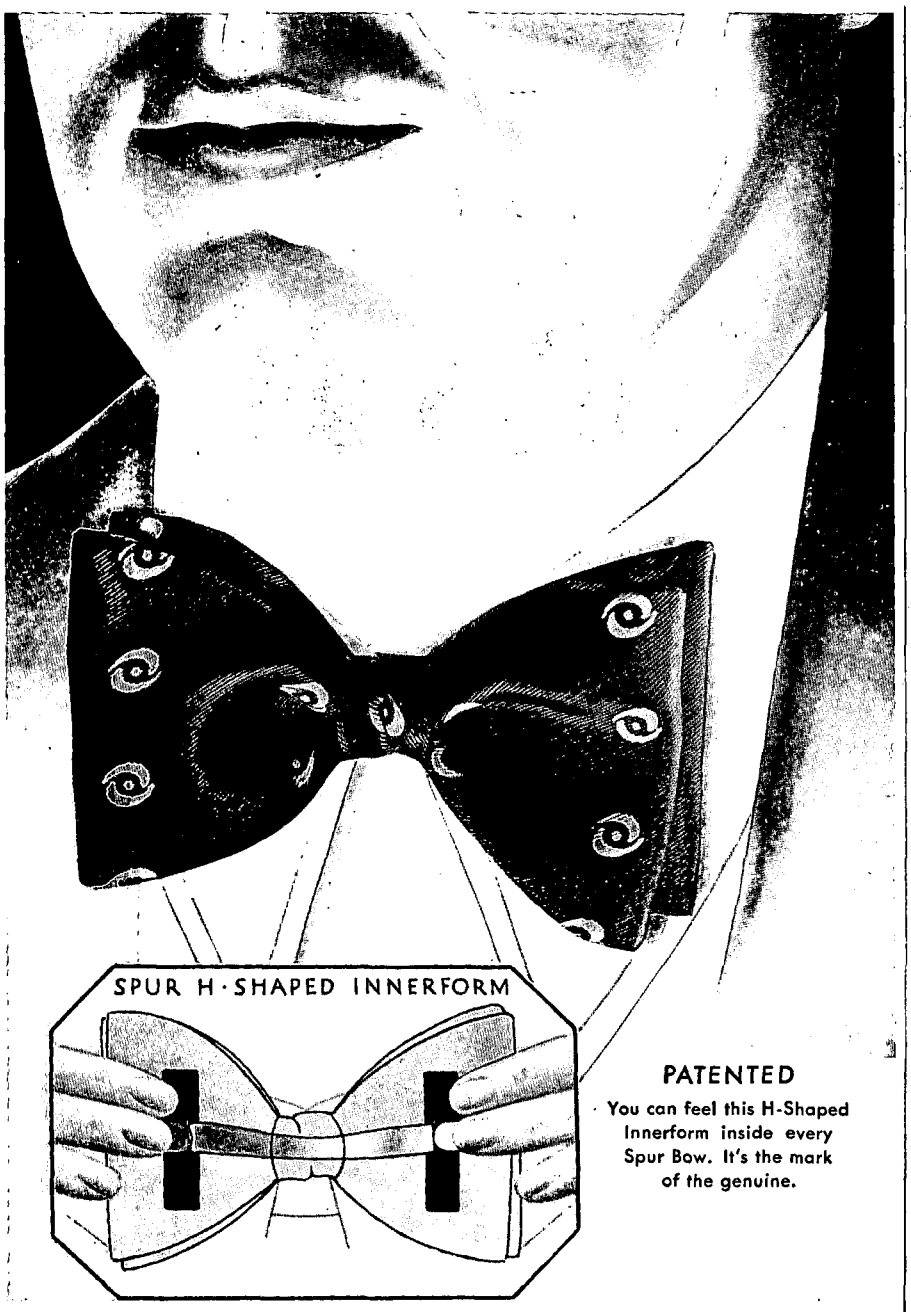

PATENTED

You can feel this H-Shaped Innerform inside every Spur Bow. It's the mark of the genuine.

Spur *ties* it . . . You *style* it

A Spur Bow is all tied for you to save you the bother of tying a tricky knot. But its real style . . . the set of the ends, the way you shape it . . . is in the individuality that you give it with your own fingers when you put it on.

You can feel the flexible H-Shaped Innerform concealed within the silken ends of every genuine Spur Bow. Pinch it forward or flatten it down and your Spur Bow will be all set the way you like a bow to look . . . crisp and smart, for all day or all night.

No other bow has this unique style feature . . . the patented Spur *Innerform.*

The best men's stores in your neighborhood will show you Spur Bows now in the most popular colors and patterns for spring. And ask them to show you the new Spur 4-in-Hands that are "all tied for you," too, like Spur Bows.

FREE TO MOTHERS — Write for the handsome, helpful style book: "Boy's Clothes and How to Buy Them," by Mrs. H. R. MacNamee, a practical authority on boy's clothing.

HEWES & POTTER, Inc. — Dept. C-2 — 65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

Spur Bow

ALL TIED FOR YOU · · · 50¢ 75¢ $1.00

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 32

cept for the faint twittering of two love birds in their suspended cage, and a monotonous snakelike hissing issuing from the red lips of Yu'an Hee See, nothing stirred in that room.

He was studying a number of messages or, rather, staring at them through the lenses of his glasses with unseeing eyes—but eyes that were widely open so that the downcast light of the shaded lamp glittered unnaturally upon china-white rims surrounding each pin-point iris. At last:

"Since the man Haig is dead," he crooned, "how can this be?"

HE CLOSED his eyes, removed his glasses and peered up sideways at the Egyptian.

"I cannot say, Excellency."

"The message from the consul states clearly 'upon authority of Scotland Yard.' What can this mean? *It is certain that he is dead?*"

"Mohammed reported it. The doctor confirmed the news, telling us that Haig was not on board when the Wallaroo left Port Said. Then came his last radio from the ship advising us that the police awaited the doctor's arrival at Suez. Finally, as my lord knows, we received a message notifying us that he was back at Ismailia and claiming emergency air transport. My own Fokker was under orders to leave Heliopolis for Koseîr. I got a message through to my pilot—or I did my best to do so. If he received it in time, he will have alighted behind Ismailia to pick up the doctor. . . ."

"In the interval?"

Aswâmi Pasha shrugged.

"He may have been traced—arrested. I have done my best. Julian Hess has been advised."

Yu'an Hee See hissed softly for some moments. Then:

"Is the man Joseph here?" he asked.

"His instructions were to report to Hassan es-Sûk, and Hassan's orders were to facilitate his journey to Koseîr, where Hess will see him and arrange for his crossing."

Yu'an Hee See rested a plump, tapering finger upon the messages, and:

"Good intentions may lead to disaster," he said softly. "We have now no agent on board—and it is late to alter plans so delicate."

"I quite agree," the pasha replied. "But except in respect of exact information regarding the ship's position, I don't think the situation is serious."

"You don't think so?" Yu'an Hee See whispered even more softly. "A radio message will tell the truth to the world, and we shall be helpless to silence it. You had not considered this point, possibly?"

"I had considered it," the Egyptian answered calmly; "and I have provided for it."

"You are sure, my friend? What have you provided?"

"Emil Gratz was one of the four best gunners in the German navy. This alteration we *must* make: before any notice is given he must shoot down the mainmast. This will disable the radio."

"Should there be any sea running, it would be difficult."

"He is unlikely to miss at so short a range. If he should do so, there is the second quick-firer in charge of Jo Lung, your own gunner."

Yu'an Hee See began hissing again; then:

"Your staff work, my friend, has been good but not excellent. Myself, I should have diverted the Fokker direct to our base, since Dr. Oestler may be in possession of details touching our personal security."

Aswâmi Pasha glanced down under lowered lashes at the speaker.

"I thought it advisable, Excellency, to have at least one plane stationed outside Koseîr! . . ."

Yu'an Hee See did not look up, but:

"Always thinking of your precious skin, my friend," he murmured. "Well, well! it is perhaps unnecessary that I should detain you any longer. Have you added to your collection recently? Does some new gem of loveliness call you to clinging arms?"

"No, Excellency. . . . And yourself?"

Yu'an Hee See raised closed eyes to Aswâmi, and:

"Yes," he answered upon a tremulous flute note: "a fragrant Western rose. But I fear the thorns, my friend. I could not resist. But I fear I have been rash. . . . For her sweet sake I have imperiled our enterprise—our lives. This you know. But the Chinese are gamblers and those who join them in play must gamble also."

Dawson Haig adjusted the dead man's *tarbûsh.* Sea breezes and a touch of African sun already had lightly tanned his naturally pale face. And, as he saw in the mirror above the washbowl in the little adjoining apartment, the effect was not so bad. He did not in the least resemble the Joseph who had died, but he might have passed for one of the lighter-skinned natives; for a Turk, or for a Greek.

His soft felt hat he rolled up and crushed into a trousers pocket, but it proved to be very bulky, and since he carried no overcoat he regretfully decided to leave it behind. He had not availed himself of the accommodation provided by the ticket in the Armenian's possession. He was sole occupant of a first-class sleeper.

The "letter of travel" seemed to indicate that the man called Hassan es-Sûk did not know Joseph by sight. But as the train was nearing Keneh now, one important decision remained to be made: How was "Joseph" to account for his total ignorance of Arabic?

HAIG, pipe clenched tightly between his teeth, considered this problem, upon the correct solution of which his life might hang. He was moderately sure that Joseph had been an Armenian, and he argued that there must be many Armenians who have no Arabic. The objection to this reasoning lay in the possibility that Hassan es-Sûk might speak Turkish! But this he decided to risk. Obviously, he must risk something.

The Cairo police had proved to be surprisingly efficient. Keneh had been advised and certain steps taken there. A man whose job was to cover all his (Haig's) movements was in the second-class section. But, fearful above all things for Eileen, he had insisted upon acting as he should see fit to do and had vetoed any raids or arrests not authorized by himself.

He knew something of the resources of Yu'an Hee See. One false move—and she might be lost forever!

The platform thronged with natives presented a scene for which he was not wholly prepared. He rested his hand upon the automatic in his pocket.

A tall Arab jostled him, and:

"Telephone on your right!" said an English voice.

It was the man from Cairo.

Haig entered the telephone box, and called up the Mûdîr as arranged.

(Continued on page 37)

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It's that EXTRA something that makes Winners

...Clicquot *has it!*

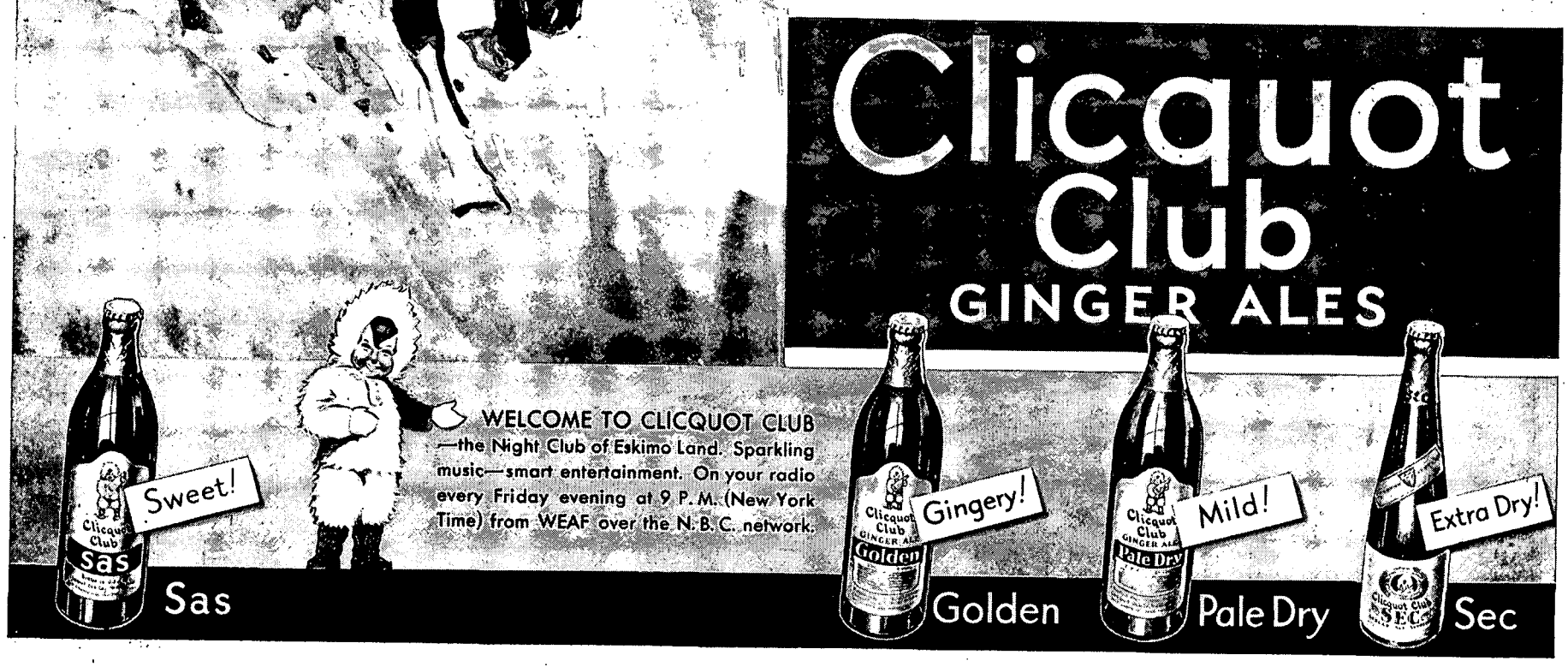
YOUR pulses race to the thunder of hoofs as one horse draws away from the field and flashes FIRST across the finish line. Call it extra stamina or extra breeding, if you like . . . it's that all-important SOMETHING MORE that only the leaders have. That fine difference between the winner and all the others.

Clicquot has it!

Drink deep of its invigorating goodness, and you'll recognize the EXTRA QUALITY that has won for Clicquot Club the favor of three generations of Americans.

Clicquot Club is a finer blend of finer ingredients. Smoother, mellower flavor that longer blending produces. Brimming with sparkling life that is keener and more invigorating. And more lasting, too! Extra quality — to the utmost — guarded by extra care.

Clicquot offers you three different and distinctive ginger ales — and SAS, the delightful confection drink with true sarsaparilla flavor.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He has taken the CAPITOL LIMITED two hundred times

The B&O

A MAN who has made the same trip on the same train two hundred times is apt to have a fairly definite opinion of the service of that road. Let us quote a few paragraphs from his friendly letter:

"I have been late only once . . . and that slip was caused by a flood."

"I cannot recall a single instance where the trip has been anything but entirely pleasant—no irritating argument with porter, waiter, conductor, brakeman, or steward."

"My family has used this train frequently and has had no cause for complaint."

"A substantial shipment of household goods traveled over your line, and the service was thoroughly satisfactory."

"I have talked to a great many B & O employes and every one of them was a hearty booster and advocate for the organization and its head."

Many of the seventy thousand of us read that letter and felt rewarded for our efforts to make ours a pleasant and comfortable railroad on which to travel.

The CAPITOL LIMITED runs daily between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Chicago. The equipment is excellent. A manicure-maid and a train secretary are available. Clothes can be pressed, and a barber will serve you. There is a shower bath in the club car. And in order that you may fully enjoy the unusual historic scenery between Washington and the West, we have provided a glass-enclosed sun room. Over a period of eight years, the CAPITOL LIMITED has been more than 95 per cent on time.

Whether you ride on the CAPITOL LIMITED or on any of our other trains, your journey on the B & O is made restful by little things like stopping and starting gently, taking curves easily, looking after your baggage, and serving meals which you remember.

Won't you plan your next trip East or West on the B & O and see why people travel with us over and over again?

Another well-known, special feature B & O train, the NATIONAL LIMITED, *runs daily between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis. Its remarkable six-year record is over 97 per cent on time.*

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 34

"Inspector Dawson Haig speaking," he said. "You will have been advised by Cairo?"

"Quite right, Inspector," the voice replied; to his great relief that of an Englishman. "I have arranged to have the place watched. I suppose you're going straight along now?"

"This very minute!"

"It's the Café Magrâbi. Any one of the drivers outside the station will take you there. One of our fellows is inside. There's nothing conspicuous about him except that he's smoking a very large meerschaum pipe! Bump into him on your way out so that he drops his pipe. Stoop to pick it up and give him your next address. Does this arrangement appeal to you, Inspector?"

THE speaker's voice suggested that he was thoroughly enjoying this unexpected excitement.

"Excellent," Haig replied. "First-class staff work."

A tired-looking horse in the shafts of an *arabîyeh* waited outside the station; and to the driver Dawson Haig said briefly:

"Café Magrâbi."

The man replied in voluble Arabic and Haig realized that here was a chance to test his theories on the subject of Turkish.

"No Arab," he replied, and shook his head: "Turk?"

The driver grinned, shaking his head in turn, and:

"No Turk!" he said. "English? French? . . ."

That grin was infectious. Dawson Haig's eyes wrinkled up and for the first time in many anxious, sleepless hours he too began to grin. The result was that the *arabîyeh* driver became his devoted slave. When Dawson Haig grinned, everybody grinned.

"Then I want to go to the Café Magrâbi."

"Jump in! All right! Very well! Good sport!"

In happier circumstances, Haig would have been fascinated by his surroundings: The highly colored but dusty-looking throng, the strange cries of street hawkers, the unfamiliar buildings and that queer, elusive smell, half rotten and half spicy, which belongs to an Arab town.

The Café Magrâbi fronted upon a street in which there were tawdry places of entertainment. Painted women's faces peered out from upper windows; somewhere, incongruously, a phonograph was playing an unfamiliar tune. He had time to wonder amidst his intense anxiety what firm could find it profitable to make records of native songs such as this one appeared to be.

Then, giving the driver half a crown —which appeared to delight him hysterically, so that obviously it was too much—Haig stood staring into a sort of cave in a high wall—presumably the Café Magrâbi.

There was a wooden seat along one side, and a few low stools. There were no tables, and there was nothing in the nature of a bar or counter. Four or five natives crouched in the shadows of the place. Outside on the footpath two chairs were set.

Haig, dropping down upon one of these, peered into the semidarkness of the place anxiously.

THE tall "Arab" who had come from Cairo was approaching with long, leisurely strides.

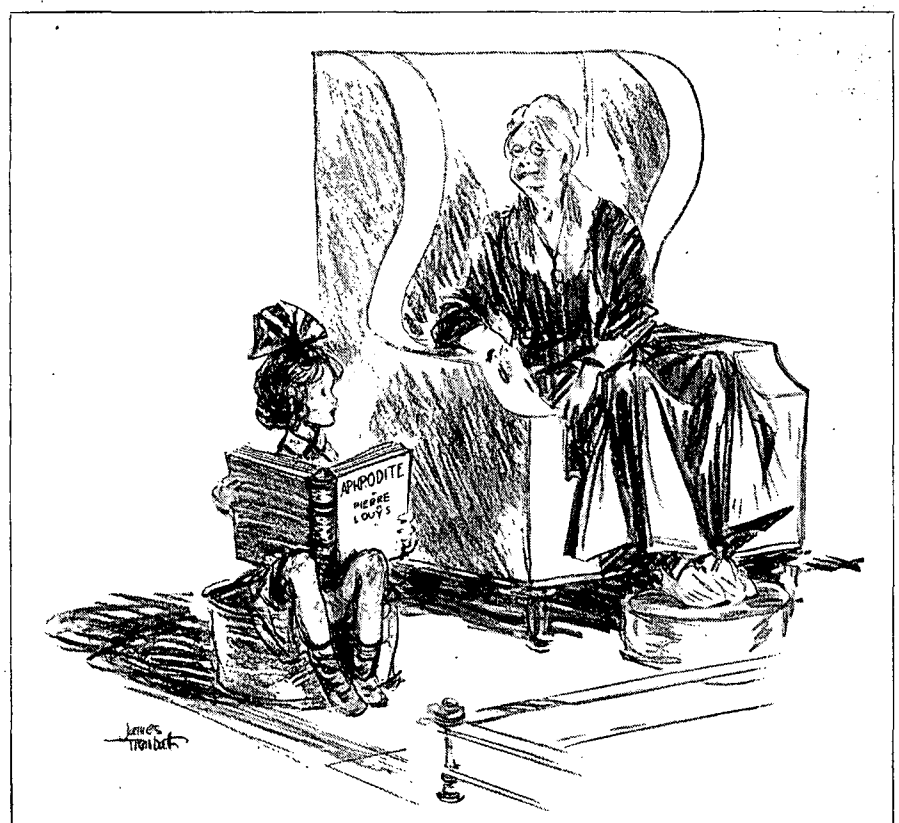
A slovenly looking Negro emerged from the blackness at the end of the cave and approached.

But Haig had not yet discovered his man. The air inside the place was heavy with smells of grease, garlic and tobacco. With these was mingled another odor which he found some difficulty in identifying.

Then, just as the Negro came out onto the street, Haig observed a customer who, unlike the rest, did not smoke cigarettes . . . an Arab apparently, muffled up in many-colored rags and crouched in a dim corner. A glass rested upon a small stool beside him.

And this eccentric Arab in the corner smoked a meerschaum pipe!

(To be continued next week)



"All right, Grandma, tell me about Little Red Riding Hood, but make it snappy!"

LOST: ONE SHIRT

BY A MOTORIST WHO THOUGHT ALL MOTOR OILS WERE ALIKE

Don't raise your eyebrows. If you don't believe poor oil can put a walloping big crimp in a bankroll, it's because you don't know all the facts.

Have you ever seen the insides of a motor that got a dose of bad oil? And the repair bill for bringing that motor back to health? They are object lessons worth looking at. They will convince you for the rest of your life that you have no business taking chances with any old oil. And why in the name of all that's sensible *should* you take chances when it's so easy to give your motor the safest lubrication it can have—by insisting on oils made 100% from Pennsylvania Grade Crude.

Why is crude important to you—the buyer of finished motor oil? Because the finest motor oils can be made only from the finest crude—and Pennsylvania Crude is the best base for motor oil the world has ever known. Why is it better? You'll have to ask Nature. When she created it she played favorites. She gave it greater oiliness, greater freedom from impurities. She gave it a headstart over every other crude oil known.

And don't forget that the refineries which turn this remarkable crude into finished oils have been refining oil longer than any of the others. In the Pennsylvania field you will find the most modern refining equipment in the industry. No wonder, then, that Pennsylvania motor oils stand up when other oils quit. No wonder that they have demonstrated their longer life and greater resistance to heat while performing the toughest lubricating jobs: in automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motorboats; in locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines.

Many brands of finished motor oils wear the emblem shown below. Each is made 100% from Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude. Each is bonded to protect you. Buy whatever individual brand you prefer—and get a sweeter, longer life for your motor.

© 1931, P. G. C. O. A.

This emblem appears on many different brands of motor oil. It guarantees that the oil which displays it is made 100% from

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CROUDE OIL

from which the world's finest motor oils are made

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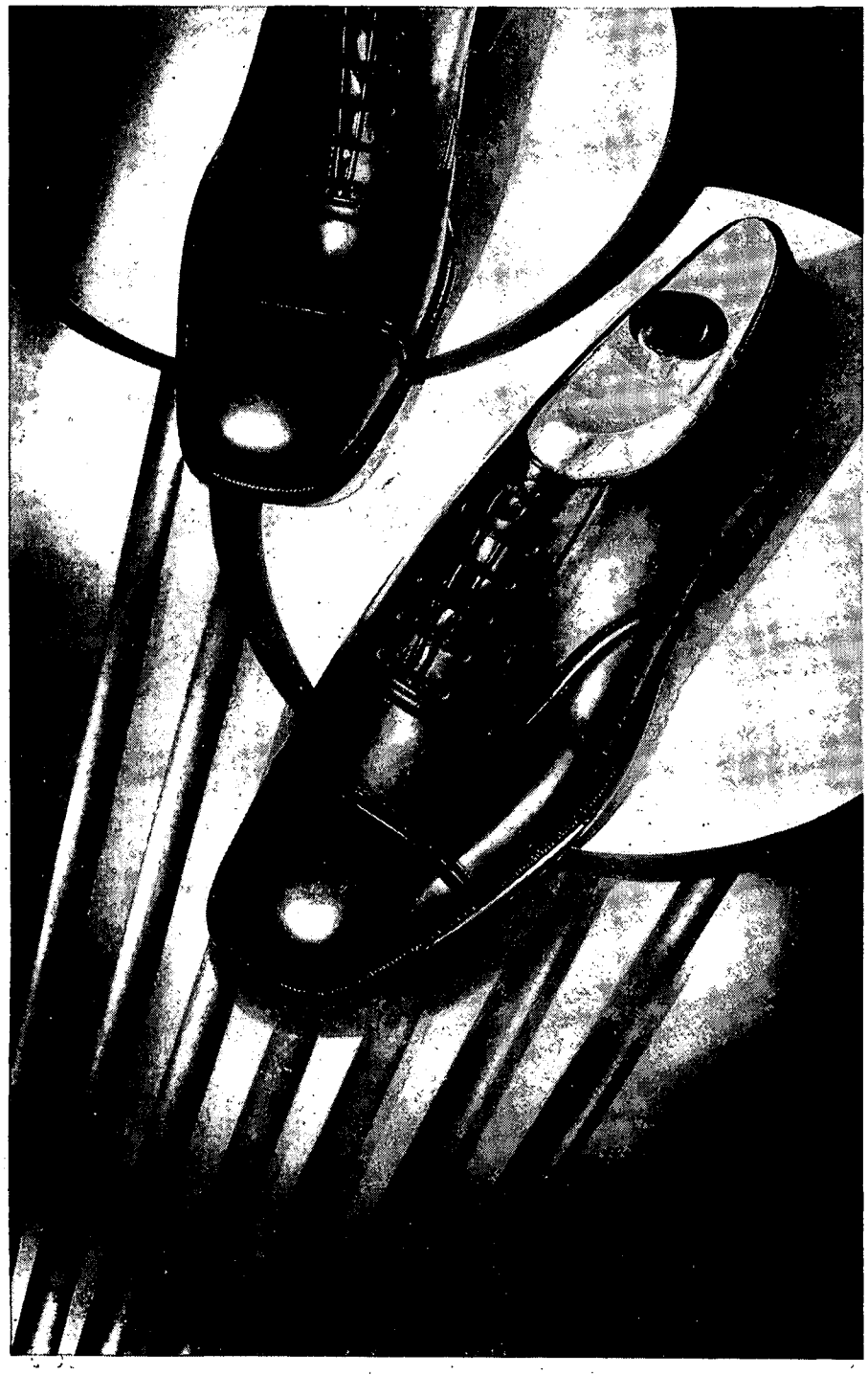
The Avenue

A BOSTONIAN SELECTED STYLE FOR SPRING



Men who seek the minimum of decoration and the maximum of comfort in footwear will recognize their own ideas in Avenue . . . a selected Bostonian chosen for its notable success in creating roomy toed comfort in a trim looking shoe. Avenue's stream-line design, simple stitching and medium toe well express the style note favored this season. Bostonians are considerately priced at $7 to $10.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY, WHITMAN, MASS.

Bostonians

SHOES FOR MEN

Glass Edges

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

SENATOR CARTER GLASS has been conducting an investigation, as a member of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, into the operations of the Federal Reserve System and especially into the misuse of credit in the bull stock market that preceded the panic of 1929.

He is the father of the Federal Reserve System. He is the one man in Washington who has the ideal of a banking system free from politics.

If he were Secretary of the Treasury there would be a check upon the excesses of speculation and if the administration of which he was a member insisted upon preserving the appearance of prosperity through feverish excitement in Wall Street he would cease to be part of that administration.

Once, when he was Secretary of the Treasury and an issue arose between him and other members of the Federal Reserve Board over what he regarded as lax control of credit, he started to have members of the Federal Reserve Board removed. When the Board in 1929 moved to restrict the absorption of credit in stock speculation and a New York banker came to the relief of a market that was paying twenty per cent or more for money, he bitterly denounced the banker and demanded his removal as an officer of the Reserve System.

He would like to enact laws to guard against excessive speculation, but that is not easy. It all comes down to the character and courage of members of the Federal Reserve Board; to their freedom from political influences.

A Study in Severity

He is a country editor who on coming to Congress devoted himself to the study of currency and banking until he knew all that was possible to know about it in theory and was almost the only person in Congress who did know about it. And he still has the severest banking standards of anybody in Washington. His severity extends not merely to banking; he is a politician with a scorn of all the baseness of politics. He is a partisan with a scorn of compromise.

He hated the talk of coöperation with which the last session of Congress began and he said so. He always does say what he thinks ought to be said and is always willing to take the consequences of what he says. He is a small, frail man and is always ready to fight physically rather than hold back or soften anything which he thinks truth or good morals require him to say. Once he came out of a conference between members of the Senate and members of the House, with his temper obviously ruffled. "Mr. Blank," he said, naming a peculiarly irritating congressman, "is a blackguard and I told him so."

Unless you hear him say something like that you cannot imagine how much scorn he puts into words. There is nothing casual about any remark of his.

No Apologies

At another passage in a conference between the two Houses with a congressman who gives much offense, the senator used the word "mendacious." The representative declared he was insulted and would withdraw. "Go back where you came from," retorted the senator, "and let someone come here who has the rudimentary instincts of a gentleman and at least an elementary conception of the truth."

I do him an injustice by telling these two stories, suggesting as they do that he is quarrelsome. He is not. He has an ardent temper but he is aware of it and keeps it well in hand. He has too high a sense of a personal dignity to like brawling. But he is not a safe man to offend. That high sense of dignity, is, I suppose, his most distinguishing characteristic.

He'd like to have a dignified banking system not susceptible to the influence of what he regards as gamblers. He'd like his party to be dignified. Intellectually honest himself, he despises the claptrap of politics. He listens with scorn to the humbug he hears uttered in the Senate. There is probably no one in the Senate whom a speaker hates to see interrupt him more than he hates to see the senator from Virginia, for no one can let the wind out of an empty speech more thoroughly than he can.

He admires intelligence and sincerity and knows these qualities when he sees them. He is an idealist in a world which only pretends to have ideals. He is indifferent to the things on which most senators set their hearts.

All this sounds very stern and Roman. But of course he has a softer side. He extracts humor from the politics of the Senate!

He is personally fond of his colleague, Senator Swanson, a very different sort of man, a practical politician and humorously cynical about politics. He says of Swanson, "His great rule is, when in doubt, do right."

People have noted physical resemblance between him and Dwight W. Morrow, the new senator from New Jersey. "They say I look like Morrow. I am not a vain man. But I see why I have never had a reputation for pulchritude."

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Human Error IN WATCHMAKING

NOW CONQUERED BY AMAZING MACHINES

A precision secret of untold value found only in Elgin Watches

THIS tells of watchmaking secrets no human eye or hand could ever learn! A story of ingenious machines . . . of marvelous mechanisms . . . and how, after 66 years of development, they have captured the secret of unfailing accuracy in Elgin Watches!

It was years ago that Elgin's pioneers first conceived of these remarkable developments. Human skill, they knew, must always have its place—and a most important place—in watchmaking. Yet in certain vital operations no human eye or hand could ever achieve unfailing accuracy.

Upon this revolutionary principle Elgin has perfected the most marvelous system of precision machinery the world has ever known. Machines that defy the eye and hand with their infinite exactness . . . instruments that measure to one ten-thousandth of an inch!

Thus Elgin has mastered by machinery what man alone can really never do.

A whole year to make an Elgin Watch

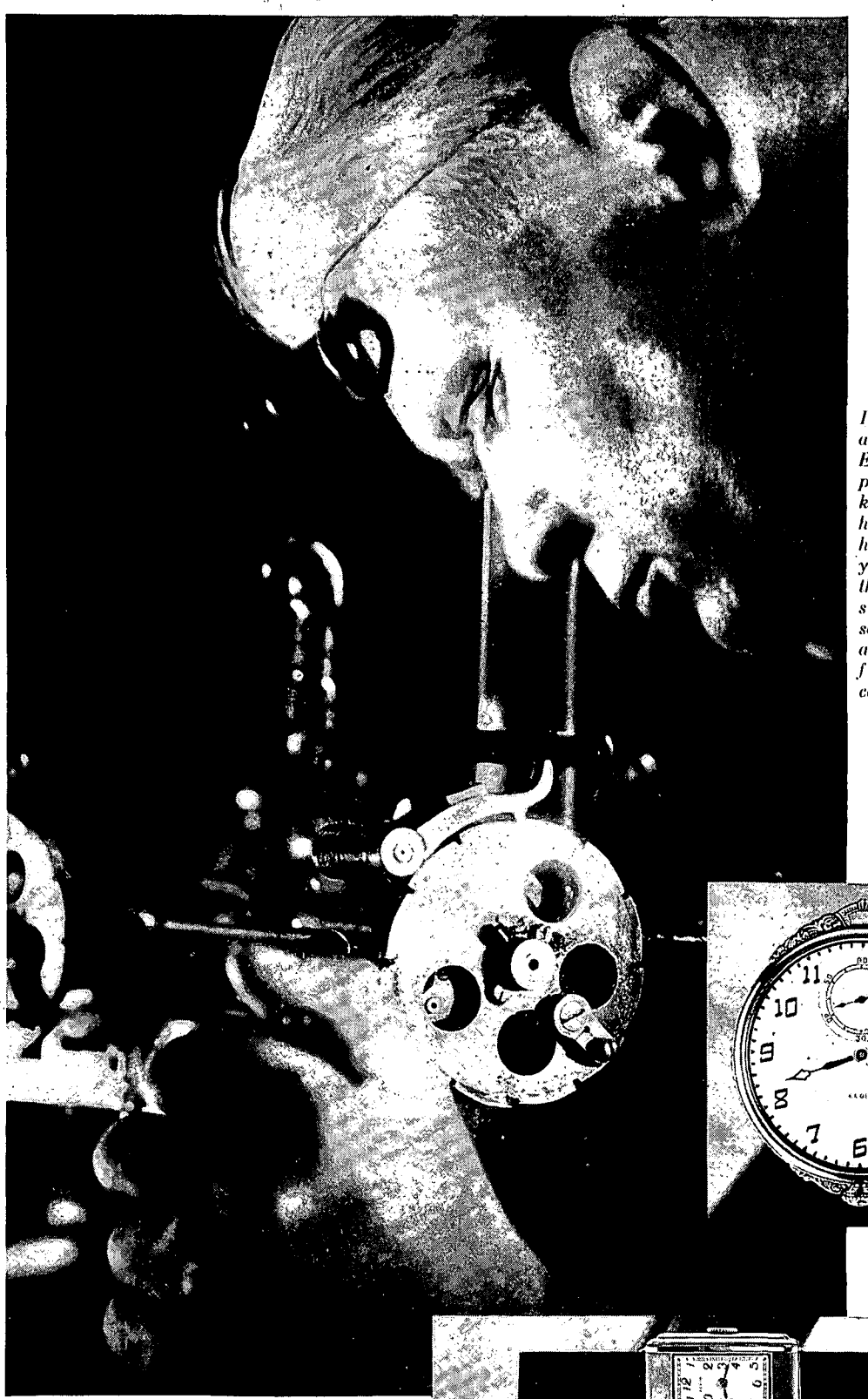
Machinery at the vital accuracy points. Human hands, human eyes, human brains to create, design, assemble! Therein lies the supremacy of Elgin! Every tiny part is assembled by skilled artisans. At benches, in workrooms, certain craftsmen have labored for more than 40 years!

So perfectly is each Elgin assembled that *it takes a year—a whole year, think of that—to make a single watch.* Before it is ready to leave the workroom 242 men have had a share in its completion. Only when it runs true to the minute does it go to your jeweler . . . a timepiece of rare precision that will serve for years and years.

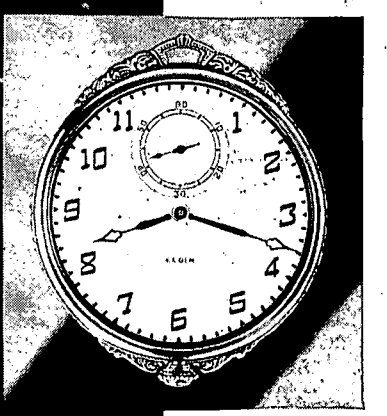
Exquisite designs at your jeweler's

At your jeweler's now are many exquisite Elgin designs. Not created just to meet a passing vogue, but rare in classic beauty which remains correct. On the shoulders of the world's greatest masters rests the responsibility of Elgin beauty.

Attractive Elgin wrist watches range from $14.85 to $500. There are also diamond-ornamented, custom crafted models as high as $2,000.



In the wizardry of amazing machines Elgin has found a precision secret unknown to the human hand and eye. It has taken years and years to perfect these marvelous instruments. The secrets of their mechanisms are carefully kept concealed.



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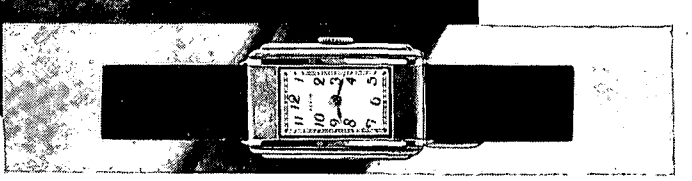

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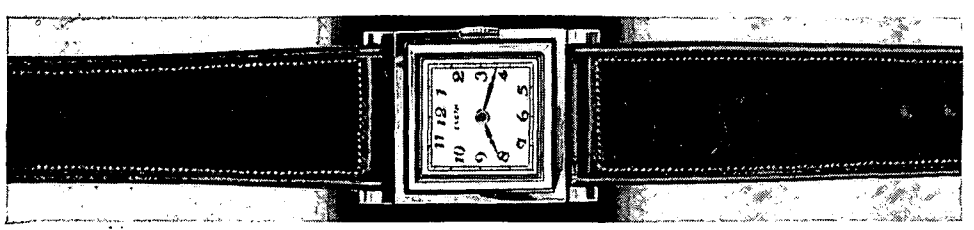

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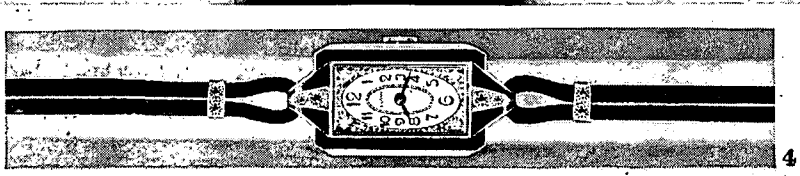

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Mr. Peters makes his Train

Continued from page 8

them to give up their rightful places."

"Justice, fiddledeedee!" said Mrs. Gosler. "I want something to eat."

Now the blonde in black got up with symptoms of alarm.

"Please!" she said. "I'd no idea this would make so much trouble. Let them have the table. I can have something sent back to the chair car for the little boy; as for myself, I don't mind—"

"Sit down!" Howard commanded. "I don't care whether you mind or not; it's a matter of principle. . . . Mrs. Gosler, you support and I direct a foundation for justice—and what good do we do? I organize committees and make speeches; but this is the first time in my life I ever actually tried to get justice for real live people who needed it—and I'm going to get it! There's one vacant seat at this table—no more!"

"Then we'll dine in our drawing-room," Mrs. Gosler told her party. "As for you, Mr. Peters, if that's the way you feel about the work of the foundation—must I abolish it, or will you resign?"

"I resign, of course," said Howard icily. "And now may I point out, Mrs. Gosler, that you're blocking the aisle?"

THEY went. . . . Howard hardly heard the subdued thanks of the blonde across the table; as he dined, he was glad she was preoccupied with the little boy. He was cooling off, realizing that he'd kicked himself out of the best job he'd ever had. . . . Well, he wouldn't starve; he'd saved money, invested it shrewdly. But he was afraid he had lost something more important than his job—his serene assurance. All his life he'd skated on the surface, living in a world of committees, and speeches, and windy vacuities. Tonight for the first time he'd run into something real—bereavement, injustice. It made him feel futile and young. . . .

Across the table the blonde was speaking to the little boy.

"Needn't wait for me to finish my coffee. You can run back to your mother." Howard stared at her as the boy slipped out.

"What? You're not his mother? . . . I beg your pardon; it's none of my business, of course. But—" He broke off; she smiled faintly.

"But it made such a good sob story," she said. "The hungry widow and orphan—I simply couldn't spoil it. . . . His mother has the chair next to mine; she felt ill and didn't want any dinner, so I brought the boy in with me. I don't even know his name."

"Sorry," Howard muttered. "But I saw your ticket; I was aware that you'd suffered a bereavement—" He looked at her hands, resting on the table; she wore no rings. "Then it wasn't your husband?" he asked.

She finished her coffee, took out a cigarette.

"We can't smoke in here," she said. "And the club car's probably crowded. You don't mind standing up in a vestibule, do you?"

On the swaying platform he lit her cigarette and his; she leaned against the steel wall of the car, regarding him with faint amusement.

"So you're Howard Peters of the Gosler Foundation! I thought you had a long white beard, from all I've read about you in the papers."

"I'm Howard Peters—no longer of the Foundation. You heard that."

"But did you mean it?" she gasped. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I knew it was no use trying to stop a man who said it was a matter of principle, but I thought when you and she had cooled off it would be all right. . . . Too bad; because I looked like—a deserving case. And I'm not, at all."

"Then the—the remains—it wasn't your husband?" he persisted.

"I never had a husband."

"But—" He was puzzled. "But then why are you wearing black?"

"I've been told I look well in it," she said modestly.

"You do!" he agreed, with enthusiasm. "But the—the corpse—how do you happen to be escorting it?"

"Because a corpse escort gets her fare paid. . . . You see," she said, "I used to work on a paper up here in the mountains, till I decided to go to New York and seek my fortune. Well, I couldn't get a job; and by the time I'd made up my mind to take my licking and come back home I—I didn't have the fare. But I happened to hear about this man who'd died in New York, and was being sent back to Ridge Junction for burial. Somebody has to accompany the body; and if there aren't any relatives or friends to do it, the undertaker pays the escort's fare. So I got the job. . . . You see? I'm not a deserving case at all."

"Never mind that," he said. "You live at Ridge Junction?"

"No. An undertaker meets me there; then I go on home."

"Where's home?"

"Up in the mountains. . . . Nowhere near Wiskonka. . . . Yes, I read in the papers that you're speaking there tomorrow."

"Where in the mountains?" he insisted. "What town?"

"Does it matter?" she asked, her eyes studying him somberly.

"Of course it matters," said Howard. "I'm coming to see you, when I'm through at Wiskonka. . . . What's your name?"

"Clarissa. . . . Silly name. I didn't pick it."

"Clarissa what?"

"Smith," she said, after a pause. Then—"Anyway, it won't do you any good to try to see me. I'm going to be dreadfully busy."

But when Howard Peters started anything he usually finished it.

"Well, look here, Clarissa—you don't expect me to swallow the Smith, do you?—how are you going to get home from Ridge Junction? The Wiskonka train's the only one out of there tonight, except the east-bound express it waits for—and it has to wait two hours."

"I can get a taxi," she said vaguely.

"Alone? Late at night? That's a lonely place; I've got to wait two hours, anyway. If I could help you—"

"You can't, thanks." He recognized finality. She stamped her cigarette, turned away; then, from the door—"But it was sweet of you to want to help me," she said.

RIDGE JUNCTION was a desolation of darkness; the few feeble lamps on the station platform only emphasized the looming blackness of the hills. One or two thuggish-looking persons called "Taxi?" without much hope, then dissolved into the dark. Down the platform men handed a long box out of the baggage car, put it on a truck while the girl who called herself Clarissa Smith watched them; then the train roared on.

Howard walked over to the Wiskonka local, waiting on a side track, and handed his suitcase to a Pullman porter; then he came back to the platform. Clarissa stood by the box on the baggage truck, looking anxiously about. No hearse was in sight, no undertaker; nobody but a state policeman, dimly visible in the light of the farthest lamp.

"So they didn't meet you?" Howard asked. "What could be wrong?" The gray eyes turned to him, distraught.

"I can't imagine. . . . But it doesn't matter; please get to sleep—"

"And leave you here all alone? I will not! Why, even the station agent seems to have gone back to bed. . . . We might ask that policeman down the platform if he's seen anything of a hearse—"

"Please!" She clutched his arm. "Don't bother him. Don't ask him anything. Just go back to your Pullman. . . . Please!"

"Look here, Clarissa, why the mystery?" She was silent. "Oh, well," he said, "if you don't want to tell me—But I'm going to sit here on this truck till your undertaker shows up."

"Oh, you mustn't!" The gray eyes were frankly in panic. "You mustn't get mixed up in this at all! . . . Please, my dear!"

He could see well enough that whatever it was, it was something the learned and respectable Howard Peters shouldn't get mixed up in. But she destroyed all hope of getting him out when she called him "my dear." He knew it meant nothing at all, but he liked the way it sounded.

SO HE perched himself on the truck, his back against the long box, and offered her his cigarette case. She took a cigarette; then—

"I'll have to tell you the truth," she said desperately. "My name's Schmulz—Clarissa Schmulz. This is my uncle's body; he died at sea of—of bubonic plague. But his—his last wish was to be laid away in the old home cemetery; so the captain of his ship smuggled the body ashore—I don't think there's any danger of infection, but we've had to violate all sorts of board-of-health regulations. So you see you mustn't—"

"I could think up a better one than that myself," he interrupted with a grin. "For instance—there never was any Jacob P. Schmulz. Some New York bootlegger who uses an undertaker's shop as his front shipped this boxload of liquor up here for the mountain resort trade—and dragged an innocent girl into it to make it look all right—"

He stopped suddenly; he could read in her eyes that she knew exactly what was in that box, whatever it was. . . . She tried to laugh.

"That won't do," she said. "People up here make their own liquor, and—"

She broke off. A long black hearse was backing up to the platform; four men got off, opened its door. One of them came up to Clarissa—

"Miss Pedler? Escorting the body of Jacob P. Schmulz?"

Pedler! thought Howard. Why the hell didn't she say so? It's no crime to be named Pedler. . . . The men loaded the box into the hearse while Clarissa looked on. Howard, as he joined her, glanced down the platform—and noticed that the lone state policeman had disappeared.

"Well, your job's done," he said lightly. "And now how are you going to get home? . . . A taxi? No! Not till I've looked at the driver."

"Oh, don't be silly! Don't you think I can take care of myself?"

He shook his head. She was standing close in front of him; she opened her handbag, took out a lipstick, began to retouch her lips.

—(*Continued on page 42*)

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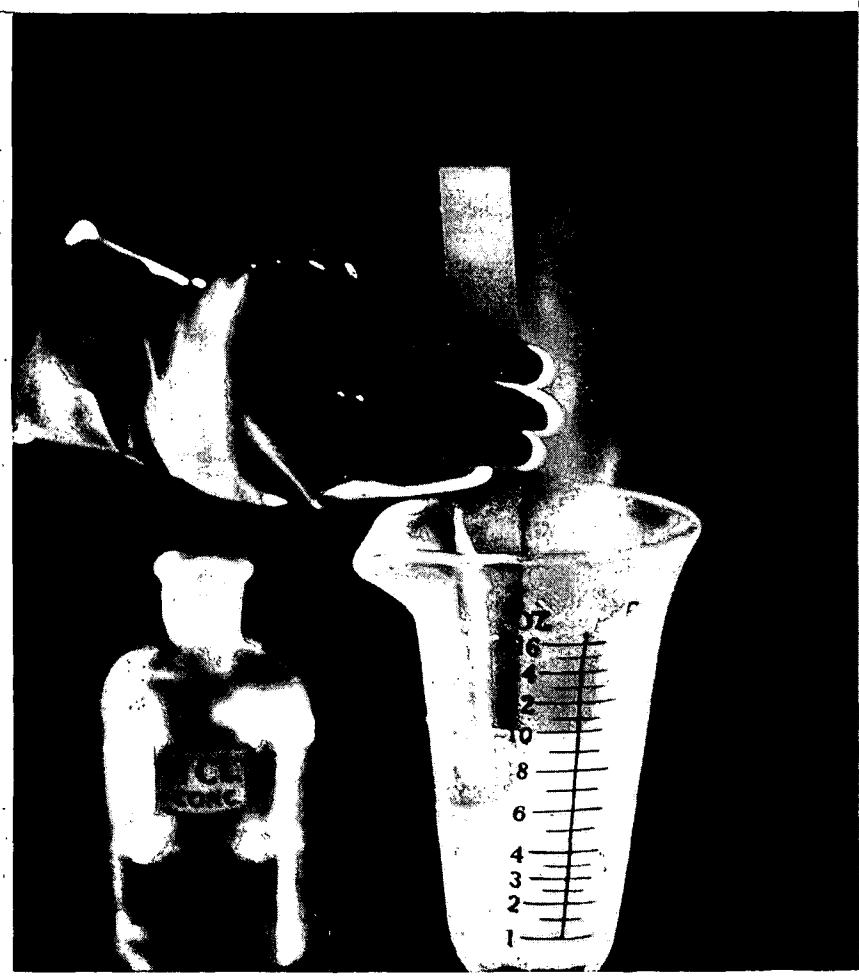

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Mr. Peters makes his Train

Continued from page 40

"Look in the bag," she whispered. He saw a compact, a package of cigarettes, a handkerchief—and a stub-nosed automatic.

"I know how to use it, too," she said. "But I don't suppose you carry one. . . . So, for heaven's sake, go back to your Pullman and go to bed!"

The engine of the hearse began to purr; she turned to the driver.

"Wait!" she said. "I wanted to ask you— A taxi was to meet me here and take me home—up near Laurel Summit. But it didn't come. Do you mind dropping me off as near there as you may be going?"

In the half light Howard could see the four on the hearse looking at each other; in the pause he thought he heard, somewhere in the darkness, a whistle. . . . The driver turned back to her, with an evil grin.

"Sure, we'll give you a lift. But we don't take this bird along."

"Of course not. He's staying here. He's got to make a train."

"I'm going with you," Howard told her. Train or no train, gun or no gun, he couldn't leave her with these men; if they were undertakers Howard Peters was Al Capone. . . . Her gray eyes were pleading with him—

FROM the darkness a car suddenly shot into the lamplight—a green state police car. Three men in uniform jumped out, guns in their hands. Curses from the hearse; then the roar of the engine died away, four pairs of hands went up in the air. Clarissa squeezed Howard's hand.

"It's all right," she whispered. Then—"Wait! Maybe it's not."

One of the policemen climbed on top of the hearse, where he could command the men on the seat; another came up to Howard and Clarissa.

"Body of Jacob P. Schmulz?" he asked, nodding toward the hearse.

"You know it is," she said. "Didn't you get the tip-off?"

"Uh!" He eyed her speculatively. "So that's it! Well—" His eyes surveyed the deserted platform, the dim-lit Wiskonka local on the side track a hundred yards away. "We'll look and see. . . . But not here," he decided. "Down the road a piece. And you come along."

She started toward the police car. Howard caught her arm.

"Clarissa! Stay here! I don't like the look of this."

The man in uniform whirled about, his gun covering them both.

"I don't like the look of it either!" he snarled. "Clarissa? I thought your name was Marie—Marie Pedler." She laughed contemptuously.

"I don't have to use the same moniker all the time, do I?"

"That's up to you. But—" He looked at Howard. "Who's this?"

"Only a working sap that tried to pick me up. He's harmless."

"He comes along," the man in uniform decided. "And listen, guy—you make a wrong move and I rub you out. This ain't tea at the Ritz."

At the point of the gun Howard got into the car beside the driver; the other man and Clarissa climbed in behind; they drove off, following the hearse. Howard took a last look at the dim lights of the Wiskonka local on the side track; he'd be aboard that train, asleep, if he hadn't been distracted by this insane interest in a girl of the underworld.

For obviously that was what she was; a confederate of these men whose police uniforms no longer deceived even Howard. . . . Well, she'd tried to keep him out of it, turn him back; if he never got to Wiskonka it was nobody's fault but his own. But that was poor consolation. . . .

Two or three miles from the station the cars turned into a side road screened by trees; the police car turned around, facing the highway.

"Leave that engine runnin'," ordered the man beside Clarissa. "We don't know who might come along. . . . Lights out; we'll use flashes. Everybody get out, now. You birds"—he turned his flashlight on the four who descended from the hearse—"open up that box!"

Sullenly they took it out, laid it by the roadside, pried off the top. The man in uniform chuckled, regarding a rich rosewood casket.

"You waste a lot of jack on your front, don't you? . . . Ain't there a lid you lift up, so the friends can take a last look at the deceased?"

The driver of the hearse raised the upper half of the casket lid; against a lining of crinkly white silk Howard saw a waxy face, shoulders clad in black—

"Old Jake Schmulz to the life," said the man in uniform. "Just as we all remember him. . . . Well, Jake, come out of it."

He leaned forward, took hold of the black-clad shoulders. Howard shivered—then swallowed a hysterical laugh. It was only a wax bust, clad in coat and shirt. The man in uniform flung it into the road; in the casket, row on row of little tins lay revealed.

"Dope!" Howard whispered in the girl's ear. "Damn you, did you know that?" In the darkness her hand found his, clung to it.

"Oh, no!" she breathed. "I thought it was liquor. I never dreamed of this." His heart pounded with relief; she wasn't utterly bad. . . .

"That's what we wanted," the man in uniform was saying cheerfully. "All right, you birds. Close up the box; shove it back in the hearse."

Three of them moved to obey; the fourth turned on him, hysterical.

"Do it yourself!" he shrieked. "You're goin' to give us the works anyway, when you get through with us. Do it here and leave us lay!"

"Give you the works? Boy, state police don't pull that stuff."

"State police? You think we didn't hear they'd lost a police car and three uniforms from the Bardlesville post, even if they did keep it out of the papers? You're Smoke Girty and his mob, that's who you are!"

SUDDEN silence, except for a scuffling as the men beside him fell out of the way of the expected shot. Smoke Girty held his flashlight full on the man who had named him; the two other men in uniform were intent on what was happening. Just for an instant they forgot Howard Peters, who stood beside the car—with its engine still running.

He stooped, seized Clarissa about the waist and knees, flung her into the car. Before the thud of her fall drew attention he shoved Smoke Girty, tripped him, sent him plunging headlong into the group of men. The flashlight dropped, went out. Howard leaped into the car and started it, bending forward as shots banged in the dark, bullets whined over his head. Clarissa huddled at his feet, half stunned by her fall. More shots; behind him a light flashed out at last—but by now he had turned out of the side road and was tearing down the highway.

He thought he was safe; it would take time to turn the hearse around for a pursuit—and the hijackers who had got what they wanted wouldn't find pursuit worth their while anyway. But he kept looking back; he had gone miles before he felt sure they weren't followed. By that time the girl was seated beside him, her hands groping about.

"Looking for your gun?" he asked. "I'm sitting on it."

"Oh." She was silent a while; then—"Where are you taking me?"

"Back to Ridge Junction, to put you on a train. Any train."

"You happen to be going away from Ridge Junction," she said. . . . So in his excitement he'd taken the wrong turn out of the side road.

"All right," he told her grimly. "We'll go wherever this road takes us. . . . I hope you're not frightened. There's no need to be."

"Oh, we women of the underworld are used to being mere prizes for the strongest," she sighed. He looked at her suspiciously.

"I can't understand you. Why don't you get out of this sort of thing while you can?"

"I'm not at all anxious to get out of—this sort of thing," she said dreamily. Her wind-tossed hair was faintly bright in the starlight; he was aware of an elusive scent, of the warmth of her body—

"Go ahead!" he said. "Use your sex appeal—you've got plenty of it. But I won't let you get at that gun." She laughed lazily.

"I'd forgotten I ever had a gun, my dear."

HE LOOKED into her shimmering eyes. . . . With a startled thrill he realized that he had taken her away from another man; she was his—

"See here!" he said hoarsely. "This sort of thing's out of my line. I make speeches and organize committees; I never bumped into—reality till tonight. I was always afraid of it." Again she laughed.

"Why should you have been? I've never seen a man so thoroughly able to handle everything that came along—except me. . . . I mean—" she gasped in confusion. "I didn't mean—"

He stopped the car, snatched her up, kissed her. Her hands might have got the gun while he held her; but they didn't try; they only drew his face down to hers. . . . Suddenly he let her go, started the car.

"I'd like to keep right on going," he said. "Just you and me—wherever this road takes us. But I've promised to make a speech at Lake Wiskonka tomorrow. So let's watch the signposts for the Wiskonka road."

"You're not taking me to Wiskonka?" she gasped. "Oh, you can't! I promised to do something too—and for a couple of minutes I forgot all about it." He drove on in silence. "You ought to have taken the first turn on the left for Wiskonka," she said. Still he drove on. "Anyway," she told him desperately, "they're mending this road a little farther on; you can't get by. Please turn back now! It's important!"

"It seems to be," he said dryly.

"Listen!" she said. "I'll tell you the truth—"

"You've done that already—three or four versions of the truth. How do you expect me to believe another?"

"But, please!" she insisted. "It's terribly urgent!"

"Turn back and run into Smoke Girty's mob—three guns to one?"

He was bitter; a moment ago he

(*Continued on page 44*)

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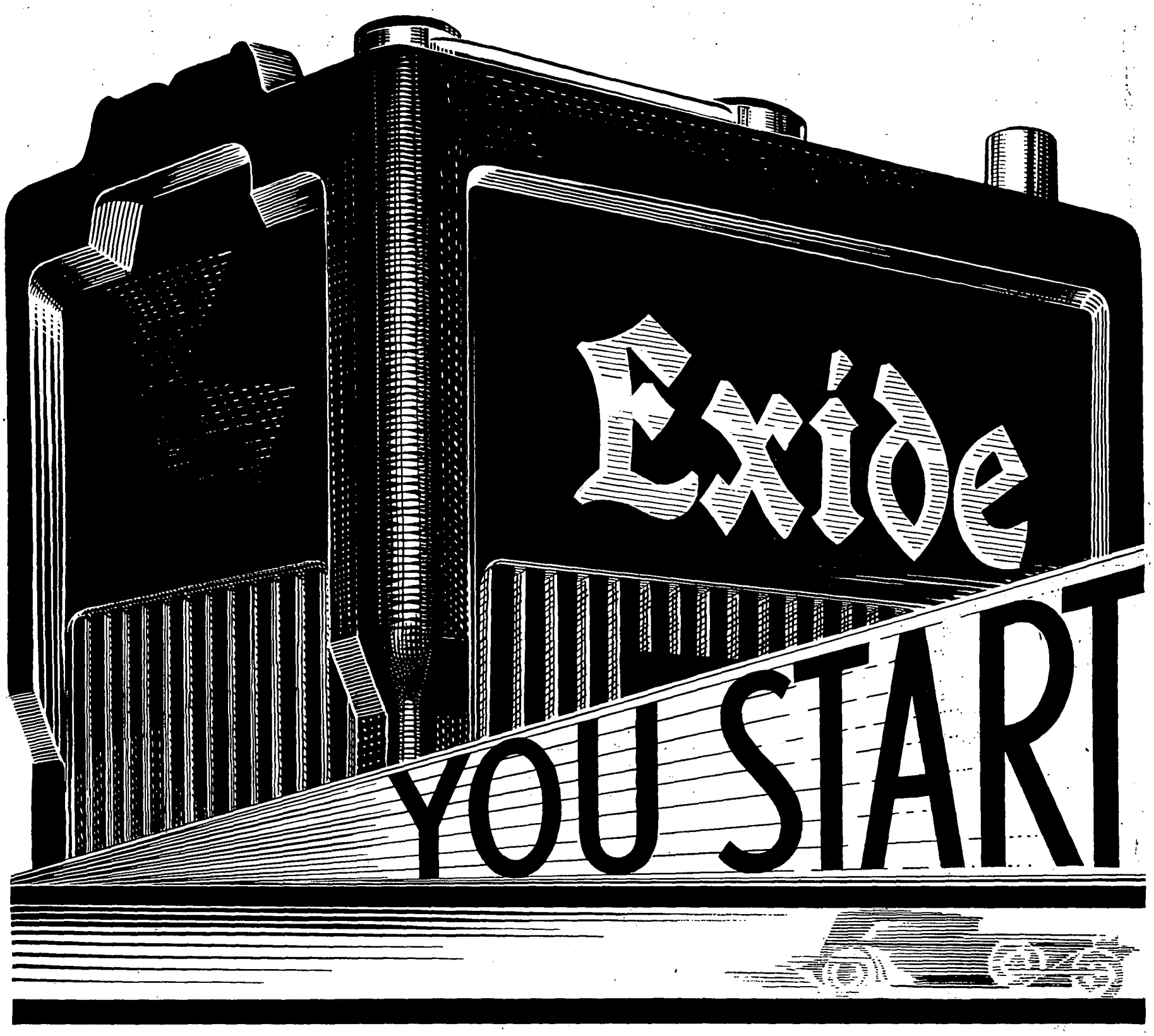
WHEN IT'S AN...



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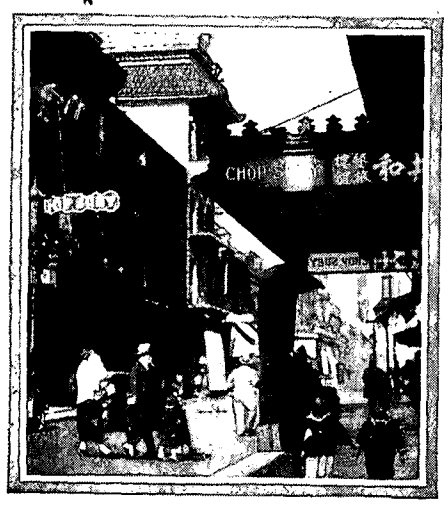

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Mr. Peters makes his Train

Continued from page 42

thought she'd given up Smoke Girty. But you couldn't trust women of her type. . . . He jammed on the brakes as the car rounded a curve; ahead, the road was dotted with red lanterns.

"See?" she said. "I told you we couldn't get by. So please turn back. For me. It's desperately important—"

"No doubt," he said icily. He slipped the gun in his pocket, got out of the car. "Get out," he said. "Let's see if we can't get by."

She rose, started to get out; then—"Look!" she gasped.

He followed her pointing finger, saw nothing. He whirled around, saw her arm upraised; then something struck him, terrifically, on the head. . . .

He came to in silence and darkness, his head aching terribly; he was lying on the grass beside the road, looking at the red lanterns; the car was gone. . . . He owed her something for leaving him here, instead of taking him back to Smoke Girty. . . . He got up unsteadily. High up across the valley a column of single lights moved along a road; he heard the distant sputter of motorcycles. Police? Real police, this time? Some of the lights were turning down the slope; he wondered if they'd come near enough for him to attract somebody's attention. . . .

Another light flashed down the valley, picked out the signpost of a railroad crossing a hundred yards away. The light vanished, flashed again—the headlight of a locomotive rounding a curve; the train that would reach Wiskonka at 8:37 tomorrow morning. . . . Howard Peters was himself again. Two minutes later the Wiskonka local pulled up at a crossing where a man—bruised, hatless, begrimed—was waving a red lantern.

LAKE WISKONKA shimmered in the morning sun. As the 8:37 pulled in, a bareheaded young man rushed up to Howard, his hand thrust out.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Peters. Ward is my name—director of publicity for the conference. . . . Why, Mr. Peters, what happened to your head?"

"Bumped it on the upper berth," said Howard curtly.

"Ah, yes. It's a bad roadbed. . . . We'll go right to the inn and join the managing committee of the conference at breakfast—"

"I've had breakfast. I'd rather be alone, if you don't mind."

"Just as you like, Mr. Peters. . . . You've copies of your address, of course, for the newspapers?" (He'd heard that Howard always had.)

"Unfortunately I'm speaking without a manuscript this morning."

"I'll have our stenographer take your speech. But I'm afraid, Mr. Peters, you won't get the headlines today. The governor's arriving by motor from the capital in an hour or so and he's promised to spring a good story for us—the setting up of a state crime commission."

"State crime commission? . . . They need it," said Howard.

"He's planned it for some time," Ward went on, "but he's been busy investigating rumors that the state police had turned to hijacking. But that's all cleared up now. Big round-up last night near Ridge Junction; Smoke Girty's mob were all caught, in stolen police uniforms, and some fellows they'd stuck up. The governor's feeling pretty good about it."

"So am I," said Howard. "I mean—any good citizen would. . . . That is—Who were they? I mean— Were there any—any women?"

"Not that I heard of. Just a bunch of gunmen. . . . Here's the inn, Mr. Peters. The conference opens at eleven. If you'd like to go up to your room and get some rest—"

"Yes, I would," said Howard. "I didn't get much last night."

He didn't get much that morning, either. He was trying to think about his speech; but all he could think about was shimmering gray eyes, an elusive fragrance, blond hair tossed in the wind. . . . So she'd escaped arrest. Good, that far—but what was to become of her now? And what difference did it make to Howard Peters, who had lost his job on her account? He ought to think about what was to become of him. . . .

He still didn't know what he was going to say when he went up to the platform of the auditorium and shook hands with the chairman of the meeting; and with the governor, who started to congratulate Howard on the noble work of the Gosler Foundation, and looked surprised when Howard cut him off with a curt—"I've resigned." The chairman claimed the governor's attention, then. Howard sat down, looking out at the filling auditorium—and there, alone at one end of the front row, sat a blonde in white. Clarissa. . . . He went straight down to her.

"You do look well in white," he said. "But— What are you doing here, you idiot? Haven't you any more sense—"

"You said last night you were going to take me to Wiskonka with you," she said meekly. "I—I had something else to do first, but I got here just as soon as I could. . . . How's your head?"

"All right," he lied. "But look here, you might be recognized—"

"I'll risk it. . . . I'm awfully sorry I had to hit you. I tried everything else first, didn't I? And"—she smiled—"I'd learned in the club car that your head's pretty hard. . . . Get back up on the platform; they're waiting for you, to open the meeting."

Bewildered, uneasy, he went back to his seat, listened to the chairman's fulsome introduction of him—and then got up with no idea of what he was going to say and made the best speech of his life. He talked of justice—no mere abstraction, but something needed by living people, by undeserving as well as deserving cases; of the need of distinguishing between the hardened criminal, cold and merciless, and the innocent who had been drawn by circumstance into a career of crime.

THEY cheered so long and hard when he had finished that Howard was flustered; he didn't notice, till the governor's speech had begun, that Clarissa was nowhere in sight. His eyes searched the crowd, in vain—

"—Not yet ready to announce the members of the crime commission," the governor was saying, "with one exception. As secretary I have appointed Miss Clarissa Vandivier, formerly of the Evening Star. We owe the brilliant stroke that rounded up two bands of criminals last night, and cleared the name of the state police, entirely to Miss Vandivier's courage and shrewdness. She first suspected that a clerk in the state house was withholding police messages and relaying them to criminals. She went to New York, got into communication with the gang, and at constant risk of her life decoyed them last night into the cordon of police that had been drawn around Ridge Junction.

"This brave girl—whose modesty, I note, has led her to leave the hall—was actually kidnapped by one of the criminals just as she was about to slip away and serve as guide for the police. But she watched for her opportunity, knocked the scoundrel out with a wrench—"

The audience stood up and cheered spontaneously; Howard stood up too, hands clasped to his head to hide a lump that felt as conspicuous as a watermelon. . . . He leaned over, whispered to the chairman:

"Apologies to the governor. Feel sick. Got to get out."

HE HUNTED her all over the grounds, in vain—till at last, as he went down to the lake shore, he saw her coming out of the bathing pavilion, in a scanty swimming suit of blue. He ran toward her, calling her name; but long before he reached her she plunged off the diving board, swam out into the shimmering lake. A quarter of a mile away a pine-clad point thrust out into the water; she was heading toward it—

When Howard Peters started anything, he finished it. In three minutes he had rented a bathing suit and was swimming after her.

She sat under a pine at the water's edge, her arms clasped around her knees, her gray eyes brooding as he climbed out of the water.

"You look well in sun tan too," he said. Then—"Clarissa, my head *is* thick. Why didn't I trust you?"

"I ought to have known enough to trust you," she said. "Especially after you'd lost a job on my account. . . . You know you almost spoiled it. A squad of police was waiting down that side road you wouldn't take— I made them come back and look for you, as soon as they'd rounded everybody up; and you weren't there. I felt horrible, for a minute or two—and then somebody remembered that they'd seen the Wiskonka train flagged at the crossing. So I—I had an idea I'd find you here. When you start a thing you finish it, don't you? . . . Or do you?"

He took her in his arms. . . .

"But this is only starting something," he told her presently. "It won't be finished, ever at all. . . . I'm not sure even yet whether your name's Smith, or Schmulz, or Pedler, or Vandivier. Peters isn't the best name in the world, but—" She wriggled out of his arms.

"My dear!" she gasped. "Here comes a whole boatload of people—"

It was the governor and his party, in a big motor boat that ran up to the point, stopped, let the governor out. . . .

"Sorry to—to intrude on you, Mr. Peters." The governor tried to look politely unaware of what he had intruded on. "But I've got to get back to the city, and before I go— It was a great surprise to learn you'd left the Gosler Foundation. But that speech you made just now impressed me immensely. It was so full of broad humanitarian feeling—and at the same time it showed such a thoroughly practical ability to grapple with realities— It struck me that you're exactly the man I want for director of the state crime commission. . . . That is"—the governor cleared his throat—"provided Miss Vandivier thinks she could work with you harmoniously—"

"I don't know how harmonious we'll be," said Clarissa, "but I have an idea I'd like to have him around anyway. I've never met a man, Governor, who seemed so thoroughly able to handle anything." And she added in a soundless whisper, for Howard's eyes alone—"Even me."

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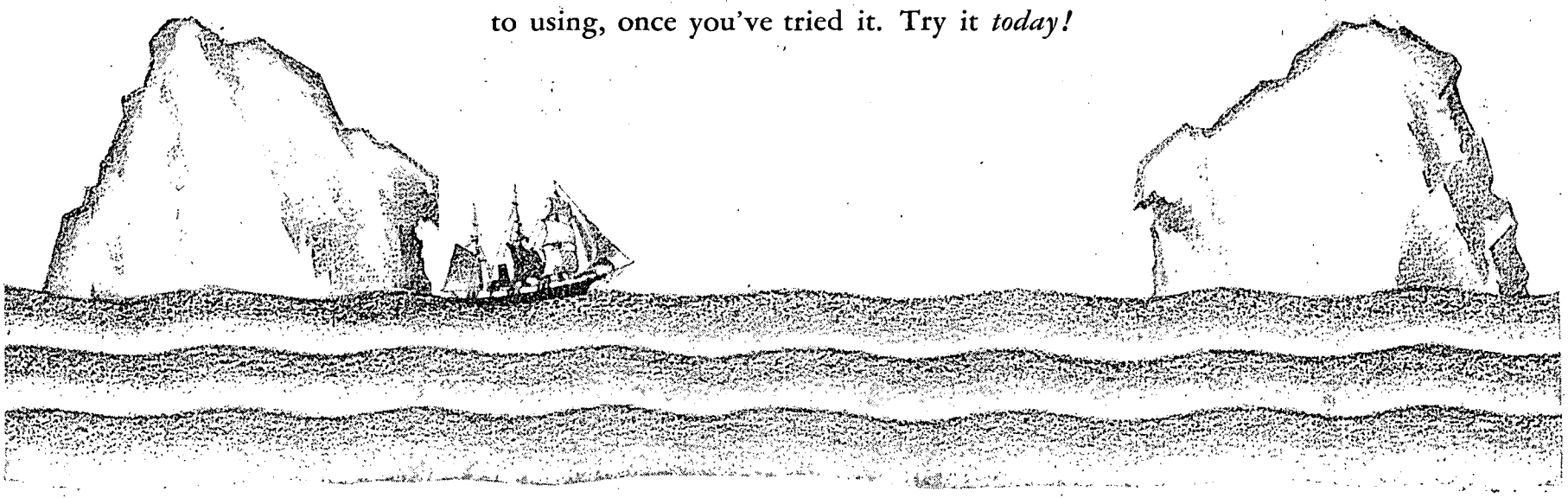

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Beginner's Luck

Continued from page 12

razor as well as sleeve guide, along with the carved pipe and the Golfers' Own, into an unused library closet and upon them profanely turned a vigorous key.

Came the morrow, and an unturning of the key. The razor, viewed in the light of a new day, didn't seem so bad. The pipe seemed somehow to have lost its original flavor of a furniture store. The leather sleeve, when worn in the yard with plenty of swinging room, gave hint of new golf horizons.

G. Wetherby placed the new little razor in his shaving compartment alongside the time-valued, open-faced one. Into various pockets he put the pipe and a double handful of Golfers' Own and the open-knuckle gloves and the leather sleeve, and, the parcel post having arrived, he donned a crinkly new linen cap; a cap with a ventilated top. A congratulatory letter accompanied it, and though the cap proved to be a size too small, this was compensated for by a canting over one eye, and by the letter.

This was the second congratulatory letter that Mr. Wetherby had received. People didn't send out congratulatory letters just to pass the time of day.

"Maybe there is something to this hole-in-one stuff after all," he said.

AT THE first tee that afternoon Golfer Wetherby, cap over eye and sleeve-equipped, with gloves on and pipe in mouth, hit a ball such as only professionals are supposed to hit. Followed it up by hitting another. And then . . .

Well, what does it matter if he did miss the next five? If he did blow up like a barge loaded with powder? Didn't he get in a corker on the seventeenth, and how about that last putt? He came in with a score of a hundred and fifty and the memory of four perfect shots, and he found awaiting him on his library table a sweater that a Pawnee Indian would have shied at.

No shying for Gilead Wetherby. He put the sweater on. He loaded up the Hole-In-One pipe. He seated himself before three magazines, golf magazines, purchased within the hour, and, humming what might have passed for a jazzy tune, he leafed the magazines over until he came to the article entitled How the Professional Goes Around in Par. Still humming, he began to read.

But the full blooming of Gilead Wetherby did not occur until the next week. Then there arrived a thin book, the Year Book of the One-Shotters of America; and there, thanks to the speedy work of the young man of statistics, crowded in at the last moment among the W's, stood the name of Gilead Wetherby. Stood the catalogued name:

"Wetherby, Gilead. Fairview Country Club. Fourteenth hole, one hundred and twenty yards."

There it was sandwiched for all time between the names of Westonby, Claude. Chumawickawallis Country Club. Fourth hole, one hundred and eleven yards; and Wettenstein, Julius. Chicago City Links. Ninety-eight yards.

Wetherby, Gilead. The owner of the name, the one-time manufacturer of stoves, took a deeply satisfied breath.

And somewhere down within him a button seemed to have been pressed, starting a strange new motor, making a strange new man.

From then on Gilead Wetherby put in all his spare time at the club. Having given up stove making, he had lots of spare time.

Within the week the club was climbing to the top of the mantel and fuzzing out its tail and spitting at Gilead Wetherby whenever he appeared. Which made it a rather continual performance.

"Something's got to be done about this!" cried the club. "A hole-in-one . . . crazy bull luck and nothing else but . . . and the old fool thinks he's done something important. Talk, talk, talk, morning, noon and night. And we got to handle him with gloves!"

That was the worst of it. Emphatically they would have to handle him with gloves. For within the week Gilead Wetherby had become the rich uncle of the club. Did it need anything? Redecorating, something new in lockers, improvements here and there? Just let Gilead Wetherby know and he would write the check.

"Wonderful, wonderful," thankfully murmured the club, and writhed. Ooh! There he went again, fastening himself on another victim, this time a club guest.

"Did you ever make a hole-in-one? Well, I never had until the other day. I was playing with Jenkins. Do you know little Jenkins? Mighty pleasant little chap even if he isn't much of a golfer, and we came up to the fourteenth hole. It's a hundred-and-twenty-yard one, and tough? Say! I'll have to take you out and show you that hole. A tough cookie. But I just stepped right up and let the ball have one on the nose, and she gave one bounce on the green and fell smack in.

"Grand sensation, I tell you, to make a hole-in-one. And these little tokens that they give you. Yes, this sweater and these gloves and this pipe and I don't know what else. And you get your name in the Hole-In-One Year Book. I've got it right here in my pocket. Just a minute. . . . Thin little book, isn't it? Just shows how few golfers made a hole-in-one in the last twelve months, and yet, think of the millions that play the game. Here I am: 'Wetherby, Gilead. Fairview Club. Fourteenth hole, one hundred and twenty yards.' Yes, sir, I just stepped up to that ball. . . ."

"Stop him!" howled the club. "What's it going to be like when the Ockepockee Club comes to play us for the annual city championship? Think of him loose among all those strangers!"

"What's this I hear?" asked Gilead Wetherby. "A tournament? Sure I'll play in it. And, boy, won't we take that crowd down the line!"

THE club rolled right over and died. But it couldn't stay dead long. Not with the Ockepockee committee coming across town to confer with the Fairview committee on selection of contestants. The Fairview committee, still wall-eyed, managed to shove the Ockepockees into a side room without running afoul of Gilead, and sat down to the annual task of pairing off players for eighteen holes of match play, scratch player against scratch, and so on up the handicap list. The Fairviews, had they been less intently listening for the Wetherby voice outside the door, might have noted that the Ockepockee committee similarly had something depressing on its mind.

When all contestants of known handicap had been told off two by two, like the animals in the ark, there fell a strained silence, with much clutching at kneecaps and swallowing.

The Ockepockees were the first to break under it.

"We . . . ah . . . uh . . . There's just one thing more. We've got a player at our club—and a mighty nice old chap he is, too—who wants to play, but he's so terrible that we haven't been

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able to give him any handicap. We don't see how . . . And yet at the same time . . ."

The Fairviews jumped as though jabbed with pins. For an hour they had been sweating, wondering how to present the case of G. Wetherby.

"What's that?" they demanded. "What's that? You say you've got a player who's so bad . . . Why, now, ha, ha, isn't that funny? We've got one here in this club who's exactly the same sort and we were kind of wondering how . . . just wondering, you understand . . ."

Life came back into the Ockepockees, and into the Fairviews. And so Gilead Wetherby and the terrible-awful of Ockepockee were matched.

"Now," broadcast the Fairview committee, briskly rubbing its hands, "all that we have to do is to let it percolate into old Wetherby that a hole-in-one means less than nothing, and teach him four thousand and eight other things, and there we are."

"Yes," agreed the pessimists. "And there we are!"

YET it was done. Cheops finally got the pyramid built, the Panama Canal was dug, the stock-market crash was stopped—anyway, partly stopped. Men can do things. Using as many words as the Congressional Record, and thrice the guile, the Fairview Club engulfed Gilead Wetherby. What chance had an old gentleman who had once made stoves? One after another disappeared the knuckle-breathing gloves, the ventilated cap, the sunset-and-lightning sweater. Vanished the leather swing-straight sleeve and the One-Shotters' Book of Books. Last went, on the morning of the Ockepockee tournament, the carved Hole-In-One pipe. And died all words of athletic prowess.

The conversion was complete. The Indian was back on his reservation; the cannibal had gone to gathering roots and herbs.

The successful Fairviews snapped down a needed drink and turned to greet the Ockepockees, who, clubs a-rattle and handbags a-clink, were falling out of their cars with loud cries. This was the annual big day in a year of big days for those fortunate enough to be Fairviews and Ockepockees, and nobody intended to see that it was overlooked. The club steward ran his shoes off his feet answering the bell.

Then, with greetings behind them, the Fairviews and the Ockepockees settled down to the serious good time of licking the stuffing out of the other fellow.

"Now," said the Fairview board of strategy, intent on leaving no stone unturned to make the Ockepockees regret that they had ever come, "we've got to play heads-up golf every minute. These birds are going to be hard to take. So, among a hundred other things, will somebody again tell that old Gilead Wetherby to quit making his practice tee shot so close to his ball? It looks just like he'd made a real swing and missed, and if the old buzzard that's playing against him knows even the kindergarten rules of golf, he's going to call him and call him plenty. Now let's go take their shirts."

The process of shirt-taking, and losing, raged all day. The Fairviews lost practically a whole case of shirts when their scratch man, who knew his home course like the back of his hand, must have mistaken his hand for his foot; and several of these valuable articles of wear were regained when a number of lesser-known Fairviews rose to dramatic heights. The club steward wore out his second pair of shoes bringing reward and anodyne to the wearers of the laurel wreath and sackcloth.

So the day waxed and began to wane. The scratch pair had been sent out first, so were the first to check in at the victor's board and the wailing wall. The lesser lights followed; hour succeeded hour; the club score tilted this way and that—a win being worth a point, a tie half a point. Now Ockepockee was ahead, and then Fairview had closed the gap. As the shadows were beginning to lengthen they were running neck and neck, with only a few pairs of players left to come in.

Ockepockees and Fairviews, by now hard-breathing and flame-eyed, quit the score board and the nineteenth hole and surged beyond the clubhouse to the eighteenth green. The Fairview clubhouse stands on an elevation. The eighteenth green is set just below it, part way down the slope. This final hole differs from nearly all other golf course final holes. Whereas most final holes are an endurance test, stretching out a quarter-mile or more in length, the final at Fairview is a one-shotter.

But what a one-shotter! The weary finisher stands on one eminence and shoots across a valley of despair to the small green hanging suspended on the farther slope, hedged about with yawning sand-traps and tall, thick-trunked pines. The slightest deviation from accuracy, and there are only bubbles left to mark where the poor body went down.

Around this green island of hope in a sea of despair gathered Fairviews and Ockepockees and watched their remaining champions make hacking swings from the tee and come staggering down, across and up.

Wild yells from Fairview. Their man had done it! They were ahead. Ensuing screeches from the Ockepockees as the next two Fairviews made ghastly failure in their own sand-traps.

Ockepockee was ahead. How much ahead? How much? By half a point. Half a point! Ahead by half a point and . . . And all the players were in.

Ockepockee had won!

But wait. Wait! Wasn't there someone else? . . . Weren't there other players? . . . Hadn't someone been overlooked?

Yes! Gilead Wetherby and the terrible-awful of Ockepockee.

Oh, m'God! For the championship to hinge on them!

They were still out somewhere on the course. Or had they checked in and been overlooked? A wild scramble to the score board. No sign of their names.

No, they were still out on the course. Or maybe they had quit. Wild hope from the Ockepockees, being ahead. Agonizing despair from the Fairviews, being behind.

A voice, announcing that they were still going at the fifteenth. How'd he know? Because one of 'em had sent a caddie in for a dozen more balls.

"Which one of 'em? Which one of 'em?" rose clamor.

"Both of 'em," was the answer.

ANOTHER wait. And then, across the vale, through a copse of small oaks beyond the sunset-shadowed last tee, figures approaching. Figures approaching the last tee. Still playing!

An Ockepockee onlooker, unable to endure the strain, dashed down across the vale and up to the tee. He made whispering demand of a caddie:

"How they stand?"

"All even."

The Ockepockee messenger made wig-wag back to the green. All even! All even and one to go.

A rustling sigh went over the gallery. A sigh that broke into a hundred component parts—mutters and moans and mouthings, gurgles and grunts and growls.

The Ockepockees did little step-dances of joy. If their terrible-awful only tied

(*Continued on page 48*)

235 with a brassie

won't help a bit about "Pink tooth brush"

MAYBE you shoot in the seventies . . . maybe you're so healthy from months on the course that you don't know what it is to have an ache or a pain. But you're just as likely a candidate for "pink tooth brush" as though you'd never heard of a green.

Your *muscles* get plenty of exercise—but your gums get next to none. Modern foods are soft foods. Lacking proper stimulation, your gums are growing flabbier, lazier, more tender with every day of your life. Sooner or later—"pink tooth brush."

And while a first tinge of "pink" on your brush needn't upset you, gums which continue to yield a trace of red are willing victims to various gum troubles such as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even to the less frequent but dreaded pyorrhea. And "pink tooth brush" may eventually lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest teeth . . . which means, of course, you run the risk of losing the teeth!

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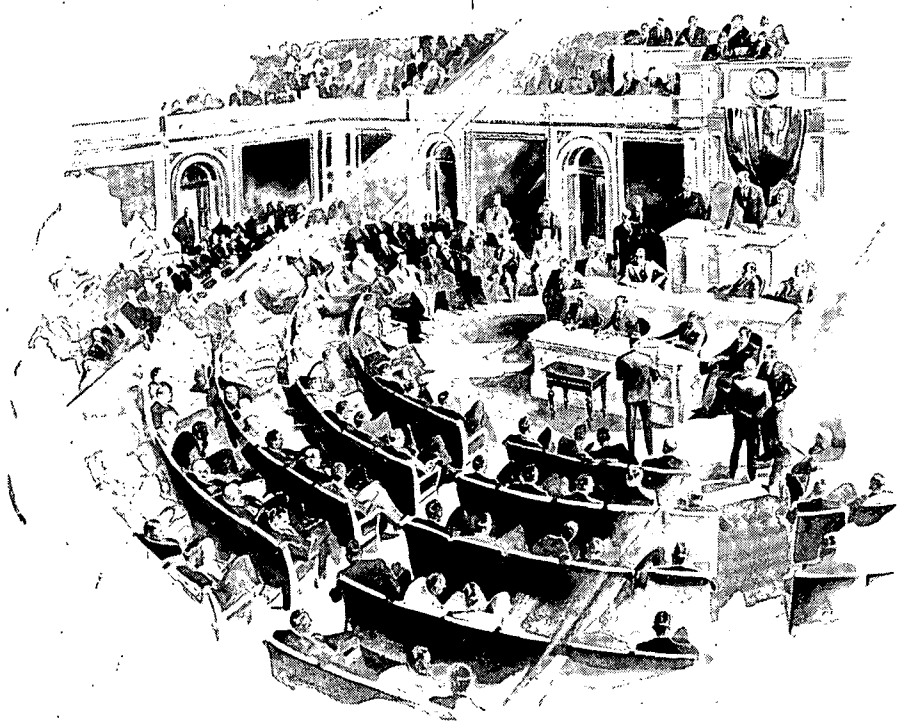

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Gillette

RAZORS — Gillette — BLADES

(*Continued from page 47*)

—did no more than tie—they would win!

The Fairviews staggered on funereal feet. Not a chance, not a chance! Unless their man won. And that man was Gilead Wetherby.

A player took stance on the tee across the vale.

"Which one is it? Which one is it?" rose a loud demand.

It was the Ockepockee standard-bearer. Terrible-awful indeed had this gentleman been for all of seventeen holes, and the searing memory of those holes was with him as he took stance on the eighteenth tee. One chance left, and he'd show 'em. He'd show that crowd waiting over there, and he'd show his opponent. Nice old chap, this opponent from Fairview, this Gilead Wetherby, but one who should have been licked long ago. Now for it!

INTO this one shot the terrible-awful gentleman put all that a man should put. And the result was a Frank Merriwell. Across the vale the ball sped, high and true, to drop down, down upon the green so cruelly hedged about with trees and sand, to strike upon smooth greensward, to bounce, to give spent kick, to die. To stop dead a few spans away from the hole.

The Ockepockees broke into a roar, which they instantly stilled. It was over. A miracle had happened. A cinch two. If the Fairview old man could tie that with an equal miracle, just let him! Miracles don't happen twice.

So, Gilead Wetherby stepped to the tee.

Gilead Wetherby had carried the Wetherby Stove Company through the panic of '93 and the ensuing hard times, when everybody else said it couldn't be done; and he had come through the smash of '07, when for a while it looked as though he wouldn't have two dimes to rub together. But this golf tournament had been too much for him. More nightmarish things had happened during it than during all the rest of his life put together. It was his first tournament, and it would be his last. The game should have been over hours ago. How he had hung on this long he had no idea.

Well, it was over now. His opponent's ball couldn't be two feet away from the hole.

He took his regular preliminary swing. He settled himself and drove. And the drive was exactly what would have been expected of a tired, tired old man. It was awful.

It did get off the tee, and it did go out across the vale. But it went obliquely, and the farther it went, the more oblique did its course become. Never had there been a more terrible slice. With hollow, soul-shattering sound it struck a tree far to the right of the green. In horror the tree shook it off; sent it hurtling away. Sent it hurtling down toward the green. Past the green.

There it struck another tree. The second tree, outraged at also being a target, bounced it toward the ground, and here the human element took over the burden.

The ball, in its despairing flight, came in contact with an Ockepockee shin. It was good, hard-boned shin, and the ball caromed therefrom with just enough life to hop onto smooth, close-cropped greensward, and there to roll feebly. To roll down and down and down. . . .

To roll into the hole.

Hole-in-one.

The yell that went up from the Fairviews could have been heard in the next county. The silence of the Ockepockees could have been heard into eternity.

Gilead Wetherby, standing on the tee beyond the vale, saw the ball roll into the cup. Heard the roar. Hole-in-one!

For a single, fleeting instant, there welled up in him the fiercest, wildest joy that he had ever known. Another hole-in-one! The Indian was off the reservation; the cannibal was out for human flesh. He would get another ventilated cap, a size larger this time. He would specify the sort of leather in the new knuckle-breathing gloves. He would get a sweater not quite so rich in color, yet at the same time having . . . And if the Hole-in-One pipe could be carved just a little less boldly. . . . And that Year Book . . .

The fleeting instant was gone. He pulled himself back from the brink. With clear eyes he saw all.

He saw how right the Fairviews had been. Luck. Nothing but blind bull luck to a hole-in-one shot. They had talked to him as brothers about it. At first he had resented such talk, but they had merely turned the other cheek and talked the more. And now the truth of their words stood in ghastly clarity before him.

Never had there been a finer example of what a hole-in-one really was. One club, two trees, one onlooker, and a hole-in-one. And what had his opponent gotten for his perfect pitch shot to the pin? Nothing!

What would the brotherly Fairviews think of him now? Old show-off. Old grabber of cheap trophies. And doing it before all these strangers.

Wasn't there any escape? Couldn't he get out of it somehow? Illumination came to him. He clutched at a straw, and in his hands the straw became a plank.

Even as the terrible-awful opponent from Ockepockee dazedly extended a congratulatory hand, Gilead Wetherby had his escape-answer ready, and gave it.

"What?" said the other, mouth agape and chin on chest.

"That's right," said Gilead Wetherby.

"But!" said the other.

"No buts!" gruffed Gilead. "Let's get over there."

He grasped the Ockepockee opponent by an arm, and together they crossed the swale and toiled up toward a madhouse green.

"Well," resolutely announced Gilead Wetherby, "pretty good hole-in-two, eh?"

"*What?*" screeched the madhouse.

"Yep. That first swing I took might have looked like a preliminary, but it wasn't. I missed the ball entirely. Two strokes. Hole-in-two."

IT TOOK five minutes to clear the green so that the terrible-awful gentleman from Ockepockee could putt for his tying two—and for Ockepockee victory. All that he had to do was to shut his eyes and tap it in.

And it was here that the Ockepockee gallery made fatal error. It was their own fault and they had no one else to blame. Had they told him to shut his eyes; had they told him that his putt didn't matter; had they made screech and shout during the stroke, they would have won. Instead, they told him that the outcome of the tournament depended on him, and then froze into waiting silence that would have made the dropping of a pin sound like the booming of cannon.

Small wonder that the Ockepockee standard-bearer, when he was finally able to address the ball, made pottering dab at it with locked wrists, and that the wretched ball, instead of going for the cup, skipped crazily past his left toe.

And the silence this time could have been heard beyond the stars.

Gilead Wetherby, and Fairview, had won.

Gilead Wetherby is the most popular member of the Fairview Country Club, but to this day he still has a hazy idea as to the real value of a hole-in-one.

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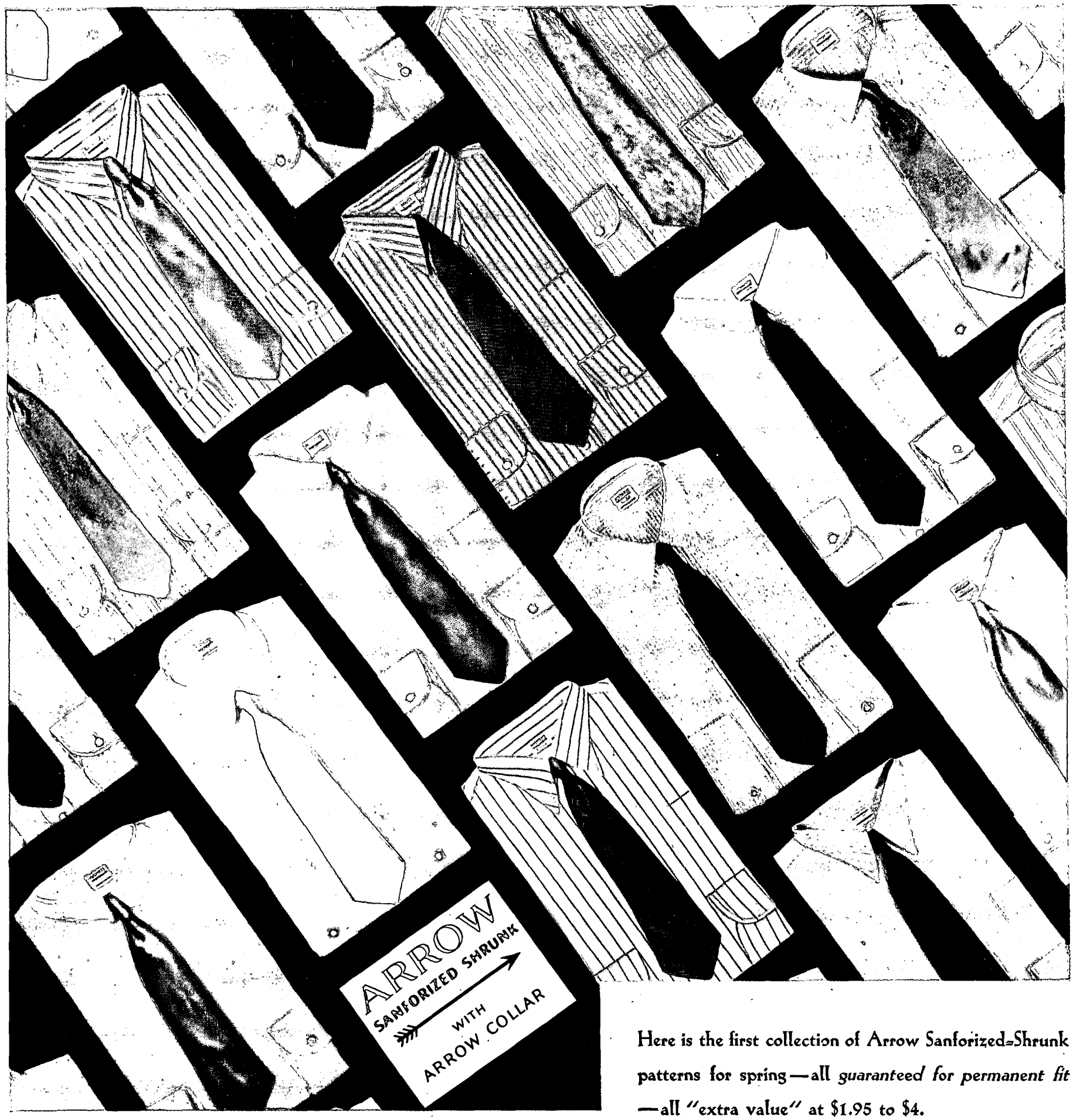

ARROW

SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

SHIRTS

Here is the first collection of Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk patterns for spring—all *guaranteed for permanent fit*—all "extra value" at $1.95 to $4.

NEW Sanforized-Shrinking apparatus has enabled Arrow not only to make millions more of the famous broadcloths, but to treat also this brilliant new collection of patterns by Arrow's new patented process so that the collars are guaranteed not to bind after washing—the sleeves and body guaranteed to stay put—the Arrow guarantee backed by a firm promise of your money back.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

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What the New CHAMPIONS mean to your car's *Performance*

Few motorists ever think of heat range in connection with spark plug performance or engine performance. Yet heat range is the secret of both. The broader the practical heat range of a spark plug the better the performance. The new Champion Spark Plugs have a breadth of heat range that is without equal. They do perform better. They do make your engine perform better. They are so far superior that they will quickly repay the cost of installing a set of them in your engine right away.

NEW CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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Through Russia without a Guide

Continued from page 22

For Soviet Central Asia—once known as Russian Turkestan and now called Uzbekistan—and Turkmenistan—is forbidden to the foreign traveler.

In view of the fact that every non-Russian newspaper correspondent who had asked for permission to visit this section had been refused—up to the time of my visit a year ago—I decided to risk no refusal. I merely decided to go. There was no malice. It was no secret mission. I was curious in the name of American newspapers. So I started out to see what would happen. Nothing happened. Nobody shadowed me. Nobody stopped me. The agents of the government itself—not the police, of course—didn't even know that foreigners were forbidden to visit Central Asia. They aided and abetted me. The state tourist agency, *Intourist*, was willing to sell me a ticket. Station masters, even in the forbidden area, showed me favors. After all, who could bother with a nosey reporter when there were new hydroelectric plants and serpentine bread lines of hungry folk to be worried about?

To be sure, I took no unnecessary chances. I did not register at inns, for the G. P. U. scrutinizes the inn and hotel (the term hotel is used out of courtesy) registrations carefully. And I was forced to keep my clothes on for thirteen days at a stretch. I did hear in Tashkent that I was to be arrested the "next day." But the next day I was on my way to Samarkand.

His Country Gone

It is a box car with three tiers of wooden shelves all crowded and colorful with none-too-fragrant humanity. The dirty boots of an Uzbek on the top shelf dangle before my face. My feet, in turn, almost touch the succulent Persian melon which the Turkoman below me is guzzling. The floor of the lurching box car is also covered with sprawling tribesmen from Central Asia—bundles, babies, food, vermin, baggage, daggers and varicolored robes and there rises a babel of Asiatic tongues, with occasional Russian.

And then the tattered traveler on the opposite shelf reaches out toward me with a crust of black bread and a withered apple, the best he has, and says in Russian: "You have nothing to eat, comrade. Take this." So we talk. Seeing that I am a foreigner, despite an unkempt beard, nurtured especially for travel in the Soviet Union, the generous companion asks me if I speak German. And when I reply that I do, his eyes light up with a strange look and the flood of fifteen years' suppression comes pouring out.

He is an Austrian, he tells me, from Bohemia. He was captured fifteen years ago in the Great War and has been a prisoner in Central Asia ever since. Thousands were brought here to work. Five hundred are left, forgotten by the world. Why does his family not write him? Why does his government not save him? Why does he have to live like an animal, discriminated against, unwanted in a strange land that will grant him neither equality nor freedom? Why does he get no mail? He knows. The government allows him none. And he may only move about in certain restricted parts of this nethermost corner of the great domain of Bolshevism. For we are passing through the foothills of the Tian Shan Mountains along the very trails of Alexander and Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. Over the hills lie Yarkand and Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan. Over the Pamirs lies India and south of the Oxus is Afghanistan. But I am roused from these glamorous musings by the Austrian.

Tell him of his homeland? I try to explain to him the dismemberment that followed the war. I try to tell him that Austria-Hungary is no more. He mutters, uncomprehending. How can one's fatherland vanish? Even the old world of his memories is shattered. Despair seizes him.

"I will never now be saved from this place, nor will my companions," he says. And I think he is right. But he haunts me. I have a smudgy photograph he gave me of his first wife, who died in Austria. He wanted me to take it.

It is a little later on the same train. We have been sitting for an hour on a siding in an oasis in these rolling wastes waiting for a freight train to pass us, for freights have the right of way over these so-called passenger trains in this part of the world. There are a dozen trees here, a well, three mud buildings and near by an encampment of nomads with their portable *yurts* and their camels. The freight train passes. Then another train passes. The cars are like box cars with small windows, all barred. Faces peer through the grating, inscrutable faces. It is a prison train. One sees them in all parts of the country from here to the wild region north of Manchuria, at least 7,000 miles by rail. Who are these prisoners? Probably political offenders. They may be bound for the remotest parts of Siberia. Siberia is still a place of exile. But the tables are turned. For political dissenters there is no more liberty than under the czar. Does not the government teach the words of Marx—"the revolution is a whirlwind that sweeps before it all that lies in its way?" And these people are the chaff. The offenses may vary from openly defending Trotzky, or saving money, to propaganda against Communism. Active opponents of the government are shot.

To the Tune of American Jazz

To cheer ourselves we produce our portable phonograph. Awe conquers our fellow passengers. They crowd around to listen, to touch, to examine. Finally one young fellow, a Communist party member, proclaims that he can Charleston. He saw it in an American movie, he says. We play a Charleston. He performs creditably, despite certain Central Asian variations. Marvelous! How new-world culture penetrates! Officially the Bolsheviks frown upon American ballroom dancing as capitalistic decadence. Sometimes they even seek to discourage folk dances. Dancing is too frivolous when a new humanity is in the making. But there are many things the Bolsheviks have not yet accomplished. One of these is to prevent young Russia from going wild about "jazz-bands" and "fox-trots" which they pronounce in their own particular style. Perhaps young Russia can't see why American technique and tractors should be good and the music bad. In any case, many an otherwise good Communist is infected with restless toes when he hears the coaxing strains of American jazz.

The ardent young apostle of Communism in the car cross-questions us vigorously on our political outlook. It is the same old story. He asks us about

(*Continued on page 52*)

Shave this way free for 7 days

. . . see coupon

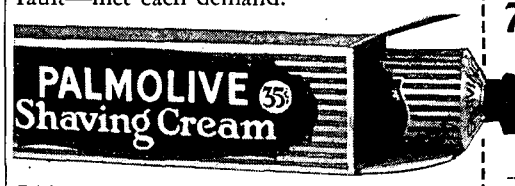
We make this offer to win new customers to Palmolive Shaving Cream. Today, it outsells all other kinds.

GENTLEMEN: We never have believed in exaggerated claims and promises in advertising. So, in introducing Palmolive Shaving Cream, we have an iron-bound policy. Our product must stand or fall by its own merit and not on high-powered selling claims.

We say: "Accept a supply of our shaving cream to try. You be the judge." If you are disappointed, then we lose. Because 86 out of every 100 who make this test remain our steady customers, we venture the belief you'll be quick to change from other ways to this.

We asked 1,000 men

We were asked many times to make a shaving cream before we did. Finally we had 1,000 men write down where other kinds had failed. Then, one by one, in 12 months' time, we overcame each fault—met each demand.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Through the olive oil principle we know so well, the finished formula possessed five unique advantages:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

Please write

Palmolive is the world's largest selling shaving cream. It wins men by sheer merit. That's why you owe it to your face to send the coupon now. Do not delay.

NEW! Palmolive Shaving Lotion.

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

7 SHAVES FREE

And a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1148, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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(Please print your name and address)

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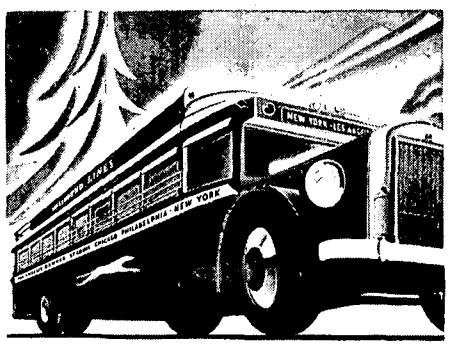
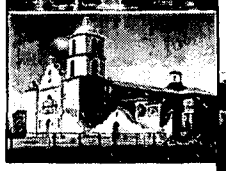


A wonderful new kind of Vacation

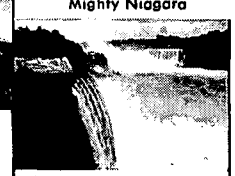
WHILE you are planning the spring or summer outing, make this practical test: Take the next business or week-end trip by Greyhound bus. Mark the saving in dollars—the unusual comfort—the thrill of new scenes that unfold only along the great highways. Then you'll decide on Greyhound for the vacation trip, too! These blue and white coaches reach every desirable playground in this big nation . . . National Parks, North Woods, Great Lakes, Pacific Coast, the Rockies, Atlantic beaches.

Northern Lakes



California Missions

Mighty Niagara



Atlantic Beaches

The Greyhound agent in your city will gladly give you full information about vacation trips, frequent schedules, low fares, stop-over privileges.

Write nearest Greyhound office (Dept. C), for Scenic Highway folder and any desired information.

CENTRAL-GREYHOUND
E. 11 St. & Walnut Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
PENNSYLVANIA-GREYHOUND
Broad St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa.
PACIFIC-GREYHOUND
9 Main St., San Francisco, Calif.
PICKWICK-GREYHOUND
917 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.
NORTHLAND-GREYHOUND
509 6th Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.
SOUTHLAND-GREYHOUND
Pecan & Navarro Sts., San Antonio, Tex.
EASTERN-GREYHOUND
8th Ave. & 51st St., New York City
CAPITOL-GREYHOUND
Second Nat. Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.
RICHMOND-GREYHOUND
412 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.
SOUTHEASTERN-GREYHOUND
67 Ellis St., Atlanta, Ga.
PROVINCIAL-TRANSPORT
1227 Phillips Square, Montreal, Que.

GREYHOUND Lines

(Continued from page 51)

America and then answers himself, for he has been educated in Moscow—the fountainhead of all wisdom, the seat of the world's strongest dictatorship, which can do no wrong.

But there is fire in this young reformer, this missionary of a régime to the backward peoples of Central Asia. Fervently he tells me of the accomplishments of Bolshevism, of the need of rousing old Russia from its torpor, of stirring the masses who never knew what freedom meant (and don't yet). Enthusiastically this youth tells of the compulsory education for children of eight to ten. It will soon be in effect. And the next year it will be extended to children of eleven. He explains that there have not been enough schools to accommodate the children, so it has been futile to have compulsory education laws heretofore, but now . . .

It is only a beginning, he knows, but a beginning in educating the masses of one-sixth of the area of the world. And education in the U. S. S. R. means reading, writing, and Communism—with the accent on the latter.

Soldiers Turn Hosts

With the zeal of an American go-getter, this passionate Communist tells me of the Five-Year Plan, the great factories going up all over the union, the hydroelectric plants, the cotton growing in Uzbekistan, new railways—the Turk-Sib, joining Central Asia with Siberia, the workers' clubs, sanitation. His enthusiasm for these things I can understand, for I have seen them. He has but heard of them.

Suddenly the young Communist says to me: "You wouldn't be able in America to tell about what you saw here." Vainly I remonstrate. The powers of Moscow have done their work well with this young follower. He firmly believes that all other parts of the world are as Russia used to be—and still is—a country where one risks his well-being if he attempts to express thoughts that do not harmonize with the rulers' wishes. There is less freedom in the Soviet Union today than in any other country in the world, albeit the dictatorship strives for the good of the people. Yet loss of the sacred privilege of making mistakes irks many an inhabitant.

It is impossible to convince a young Communist in the U. S. S. R. that one may freely describe in the capitalist press of the United States anything he sees in the Soviet Union. There is no reciprocal freedom. It is under Moscow that the "whole truth" is suppressed and that only such parts as are desired are printed. The little fellows don't know this. The big ones admit it, but they justify their absolute control as a dictatorship working for the betterment of the people. Whether they are right or wrong, they are sincere. There can be no doubt of that.

Russian soldiers, with the emblem of the hammer and the sickle on their caps, suddenly fill all doors of the station at Samarkand. Their bayonets glisten. They shout to the crowd, almost entirely composed of Orientals, to produce documents for inspection. Everyone must show his papers, his reason for being here. My heart pounds. I am here in forbidden territory. My imagination runs riot. What will the soldiers do to me? At last one of them takes my American passport and looks at it, puzzled.

"From where do you come?" he asks.

"America," I answer. My hand trembles.

"*America!*" he repeats in friendly amazement. It is one of the surprises of his life.

He summons his pals. They forget their round-up. Their eyes glisten. They deluge me with questions.

"Have you been in New York?"

"The high buildings must be wonderful."

"Are you married?"

"Why did you come way down here?"

"Have you seen Samarkand?"

"You must."

And then these soldiers, who should have arrested me, a transgressor with papers out of order in a forbidden part of the country, actually turned hosts. They were a kindly lot. They cared for my baggage. They took me to a great red German motor bus (shades of Alexander the Great!) and sent me to see the glories of old Samarkand.

And then, when it came time for me to leave, they achieved the well-nigh impossible stunt of getting a ticket for me and saw me off with all the good will in the world.

That was my gruesome experience with "red terrorism" in Central Asia.

It is 3 A. M. in the railway station at Samara on the Volga. I have waited in line eighteen hours for a ticket and have not received one. Others ahead of me have already waited three days. There are no tickets on some trains, one or two on others. I have not slept for two days. The one inn is full. One does not wish to stay in Samara. One cannot get out. I saunter to the door of the porters' room. One of them invites me in. He sees that I am an *inostrantsi*—foreigner.

Some of the porters are sleeping. Some are arguing. One is studying the A B C of Leninism. I have a copy in German which I have just purchased at the bookstand to pass the time away. I produce it. The comrade is entranced. He opens his book and mine to page 27 and compares the German, which he cannot read, with the Russian. He asks me whether I am a party member. I make evasive reply.

He says "because in America you would be—" and he makes a motion with his hands of placing a noose around his neck. Vigorously I deny his pantomime. I reply that we have a Communist party in America, but that it is small and totally without importance. He does not believe me. He insists that a Communist in America would be lynched or shot.

In vain do I try to convince him that the Communist party in America prints newspapers, books, pamphlets, and sends them through the mails; that the Daily Worker is for sale on New York newsstands; that the party enters candidates in elections and holds meetings. My efforts are useless. He has been fed with the lies of the governmental press monopoly which colors all news of the outside world to suit its propaganda purposes. He is sure that America is tottering on the brink of a Bolshevik revolution, but that the organization is all underground and that the police (Cossacks, he calls them) mercilessly beat down all known Communists.

Communism Has Its Hitches

And then he drops me as a bad job and turns to several of the other porters to try to interest them in his A B C of Leninism. Most of them are frankly disinterested. One of the scoffers afterward comes out of the porters' room and tells me that he thinks Communism is foolishness. He points to the wretched folk sleeping about the station floor, to the queue that has waited three days for tickets.

"Comrades, comrades," he says, mockingly, and then spits toward them in contempt. It must be much better in America, he thinks. I would not have to wait so long for a train there, would I? He asks me what workmen earn and what bread costs. I tell him. He is impressed. One hundred dollars a month in America! Scarcely believable. Many a Russian worker is lucky to earn thirty to forty dollars a month. And when I tell him that white bread in America costs half as much as black bread in the Soviet Union and that an American can purchase as much as he wishes without even standing in line, he is flabbergasted.

And then this porter gets a written order from the station master ordering the ticket clerk to give this wandering American the first ticket available. That is the eternal deference of the Russian to the foreigner—especially to the American. So a few hours later I get a ticket, the only one on the train, and leave the poor, patient natives to wait another few days.

Communism does have its hitches. Sometimes they are funny. Walk into a once comfortable apartment house on the Street of Old Horses in Moscow. The door sags on broken hinges. The elevator rests in the bottom of the shaft with the cables coiled on top of it like great snakes. So, after I have walked to the seventh floor with my Communist host, I ask what is the matter with the elevator.

"It was broken during the revolution," he replies.

"But that was a long time ago," I remonstrate.

"Yes," he answers, "but, you see, we run this apartment as a coöperative. We have talked about fixing that elevator for twelve years. But the people who live on the lower floors always vote against it because it would cost too much. Those on the top floors, where I live, can't get a sufficient majority, and so it stays broken."

The Army for Trotsky

And before I leave Moscow I discover that the society of the city is still far from reduced to a common level. There are exclusive coöperative apartments (far below Park Avenue quality, however) and inferior ones. There are people with servants who would never be able to hire servants in America. And, although the servants are protected by the government with all sorts of legislation and by their unions, they still slave as no servant in the United States would dream of drudging, and for less than the greenest immigrant maid would work for in America. . . .

The moon is full and frosty over the pines and the birches. The moon path glistens over the eddying waters where our paddle wheels have walked. Occasionally we catch the odor of smoke from our oil-burning giant. Brilliantly lighted but half-deserted is our half of the boat, for it is late in the season.

Poorly lighted and crowded is the lower deck, where filthy peasant families, teapots, food, bags of potatoes, freight and everything imaginable lie sprawled in a great conglomeration.

This is Soviet Russia, supposedly with "no classes, no aristocracy," but the poor still ride like swine and the rest of us still ride in maple-paneled cabins with soft beds and with saloons, pianos, crystal lights, writing tables. And, strangely enough, when the "citizens" from down below come up to the dining-room like hungry children, wanting to buy meals, they are unceremoniously kicked out by the "citizen" waiter. "Citizen" and "comrade" are the chief forms of salutation. "Mr." and "Mrs." have gone completely.

Next day a Red Army officer of high rank said to me as we became friendly over a glass or two of vodka:

(Continued on page 54)

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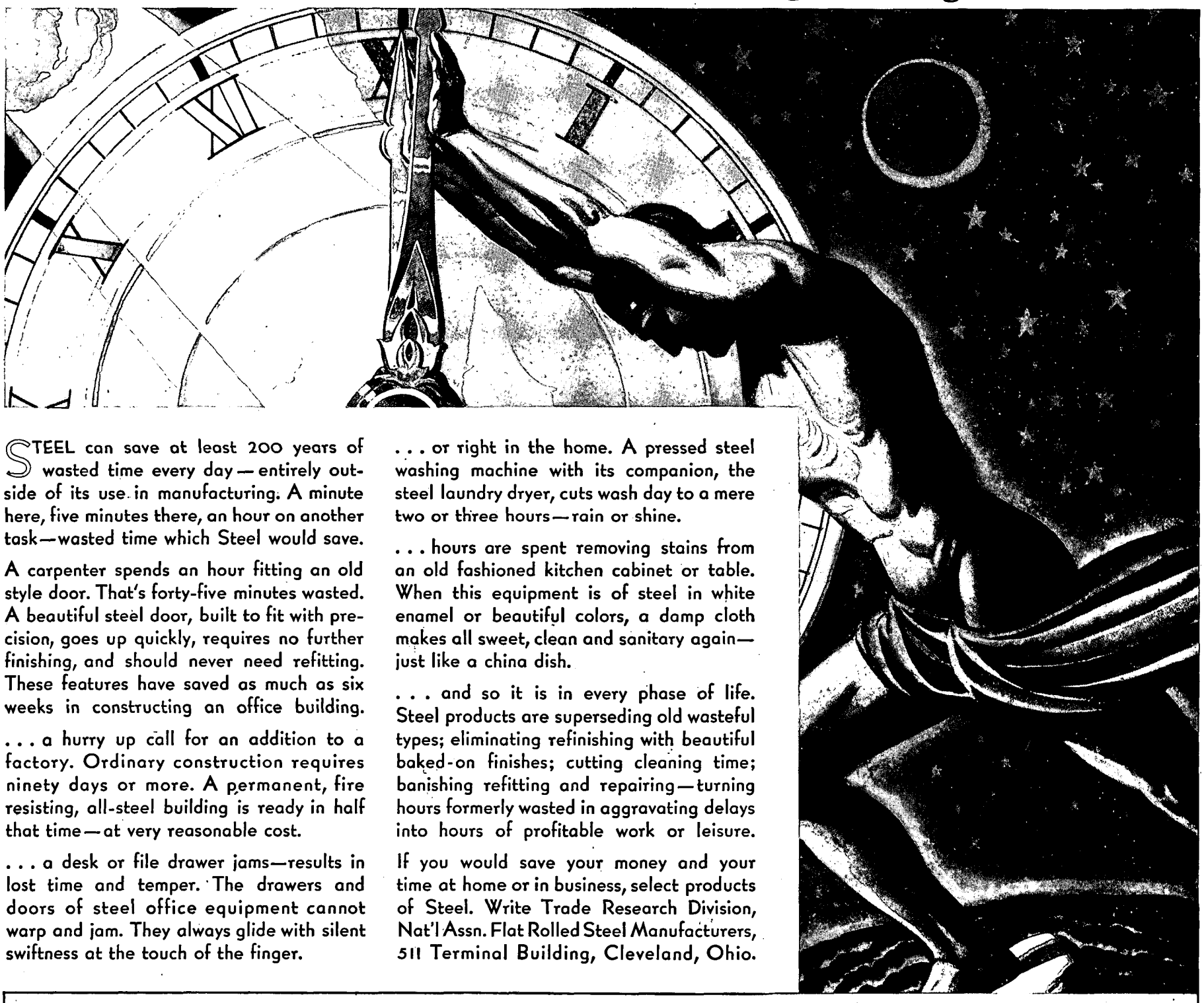
WASTED TIME

200 Years Every Day



STEEL can save at least 200 years of wasted time every day—entirely outside of its use in manufacturing. A minute here, five minutes there, an hour on another task—wasted time which Steel would save.

A carpenter spends an hour fitting an old style door. That's forty-five minutes wasted. A beautiful steel door, built to fit with precision, goes up quickly, requires no further finishing, and should never need refitting. These features have saved as much as six weeks in constructing an office building.

. . . a hurry up call for an addition to a factory. Ordinary construction requires ninety days or more. A permanent, fire resisting, all-steel building is ready in half that time—at very reasonable cost.

. . . a desk or file drawer jams—results in lost time and temper. The drawers and doors of steel office equipment cannot warp and jam. They always glide with silent swiftness at the touch of the finger.

. . . or right in the home. A pressed steel washing machine with its companion, the steel laundry dryer, cuts wash day to a mere two or three hours—rain or shine.

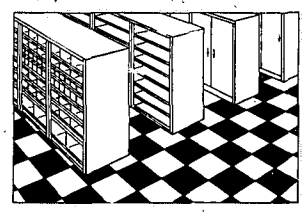
. . . hours are spent removing stains from an old fashioned kitchen cabinet or table. When this equipment is of steel in white enamel or beautiful colors, a damp cloth makes all sweet, clean and sanitary again—just like a china dish.

. . . and so it is in every phase of life. Steel products are superseding old wasteful types; eliminating refinishing with beautiful baked-on finishes; cutting cleaning time; banishing refitting and repairing—turning hours formerly wasted in aggravating delays into hours of profitable work or leisure.

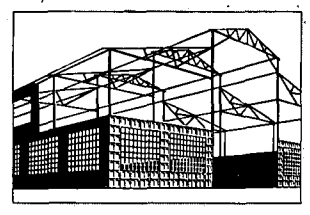
If you would save your money and your time at home or in business, select products of Steel. Write Trade Research Division, Nat'l Assn. Flat Rolled Steel Manufacturers, 511 Terminal Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Save TIME with Steel

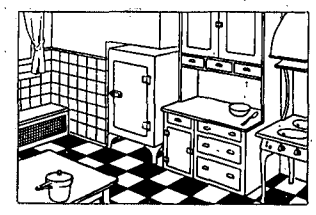
Steel desks, safes and files save valuable time. Drawers and doors never warp or jam.



Steel shelving and bins save hours of searching—add one-sixth to storage capacity.



Steel buildings and building materials save construction time; never start or feed a fire.



Steel furniture, refrigerators, cabinets, wall tile, washing machines, save precious hours.

There are over 5,000 different steel products—saving life, fire loss, drudgery, health, upkeep, depreciation, money, dirt, weight, space or time. Make use of these savings. Buy it in STEEL.

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RUGGEDNESS—the ability to withstand the strain and shocks of constant usage—that is the supreme test of battery value. Prest-O-Lite batteries meet that test every day—on millions of cars.

If you want a truly dependable battery—get a Prest-O-Lite. Ask your dealer or service station.

Prest-O-Lite

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Sales Corporation
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Through Russia without a Guide

Continued from page 52

"Trotzky? Ah, yes. We in the army are all for Trotzky. We cannot understand what Stalin is up to. He is cutting them all down—the great men of the revolution. Trotzky he has exiled. Bukharin and Tomsky and Rykov he would like to put away. What does it mean? Does he want to be emperor? Yes, we are all Trotzky men. He made the army. He led us against the invaders. He led us to victory. Perhaps it is Stalin's anti-Jewishness—and he is a jealous man, too."

And that was not the first time I had heard the same thing. Although it may have been but a remarkable coincidence, I never talked to any casual traveler about Trotzky that he did not voice the same reaction—a great pity that Lenin's true partner should be put away by Stalin, who could bear no rivalry for power.

Fear of Bombs

He was a traveling salesman for one of the government trusts. He stood with me on the deck at the muddy port of Ulianovsk. He had been tippling all day with increasing volubility.

"Ah," he sighed with mock reverence, as we approached Ulianovsk—birthplace of Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov, better known to the world as Nicolai Lenin.

"Whenever I come to this city I drink a toast of vodka, but when I leave (hiccough) the damned hole, I drink three."

And there was the doctor whose wife had come from Esthonia, part of Russia before the revolution. His daughter wanted to visit her mother's people. The government would not let the girl go unless the father paid $150 for a passport. The poor man had no chance to earn that much. As he talked his wrath grew. The pent-up hate of years came gushing forth.

"There is but one way to get rid of the damned scourge—these Bolsheviks who rule us—we must fight as they fought, murder as they murdered. It is the only way. Some day . . ." and his voice choked. I looked about me, alarmed. To be heard, to be seen with a man talking like this! I was uneasy.

On the other side was the Uzbek lad on his way back to Kokand. He spoke Russian with difficulty, for he had just learned it in Moscow where the new government had been educating him to carry Communism among his people. Had not the new government opened his country to the light of modern times? Had it not educated him? He seized my map, found Moscow and then Kokand, and then kissed both fervently.

How many are behind the Soviet government? How many are against it? Only a fool would say.

Yet there is opposition enough to justify the intense fear of counter-revolution which characterizes the attitude of the government. One is driven off a boat deck as it passes under a railway trestle. One might throw a bomb. No one is allowed in the vestibule of a train, or to have a window open in his compartment when it passes over a bridge. Again a bomb might be thrown. I suppose the Bolsheviks are haunted by their own past and the past of czarist Russia with its Nihilists, Anarchists, Social Revolutionaries and their frequent bomb-tossings. Indeed, Stalin himself was one of the most effective young terrorists in the early days of revolutionary struggle in the Caucasus region. Heavy garrisons through Central Asia indicate the uneasiness of Moscow over these alien parts of the union, one of the reasons for not wanting foreigners to visit them.

"Tell me, my friend, where are we going?" a disillusioned man who had fought for the revolution asked me. He was tired of standing in line for bread thirteen years after the promises of Red October. And he told me a story of the show put on at Samara for a group of influential American business leaders who stopped there, escorted by the government, in the summer of 1929.

"The day before the Americans arrived," he said, "we had white bread in the stores of Samara for the first time in many months. Maybe it was an accident. But the day after the Americans left we again had no white bread." No doubt the man's story was true, but the widespread belief that visitors are shown only what the Soviets wish to show them is utterly ridiculous. If the visitor has the enterprise to go off through the country alone he may see what he wishes. I have traveled 14,000 miles in the U. S. S. R. with never a guide at any time.

It is Sunday—that is, it would be Sunday for the religious folk if the Bolsheviks hadn't adopted a new five-day calendar with no Sunday in it. The many great churches of Irkutsk, in far-away Siberia, house remnants of congregations. They are old folks, for the most part. They bow and cross themselves ceaselessly as the priests intone the old Slavonic chants. They drop a few kopecks in the beggars' hats as they leave the churches.

But where are the children? One finds them marching with the Pioneers (junior Communist organization) singing rousing revolutionary songs. Or one finds them on playgrounds near the churches, having athletic drills directed by young Communist leaders. Stop to chat with them. They flock around a foreigner with childish curiosity.

"Do they believe in God in America?" one asks.

"Well, most people do," is the evasive reply.

"But why?" query the children, almost unanimously. They are big-eyed with wonder. "Why believe in God when there isn't any God?"

And the tone conveys the impression: "Of all places to believe in God—in America, the industrially advanced."

"How about your parents?" I ask. "Do they believe in God?"

"Certainly," is the reply, "but they are old-fashioned and don't know any better. They don't count."

Changing Human Nature?

And the children, in those words, voiced the spirit of new Russia. Old people don't count. And the young ones are being shaped to order. Everything is focused on them. Radio, movies, press, poster—everything hammers in the new teachings of Marx, Lenin, Moscow. These children, whose conscious lives have been lived entirely in post-revolutionary Russia, are certainly like no other children in the world. To them the greatest sin in the world is to make private gain—to profit from the labors of other human beings. On them the Soviets depend for the stability of their new world.

"You can't change human nature," repeat the skeptics.

"We can," replies new Russia, "and what's more, we are doing it."

Are they?

Comrades, I have no idea.

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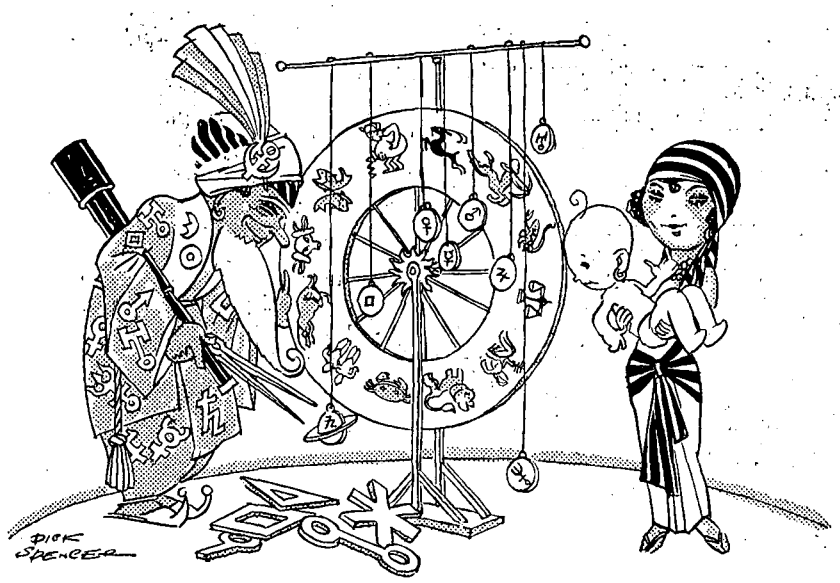


Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

The Parsees, a religious order living in and around Bombay, India, demand that babies be born on the ground floor of the house as their first act of humility, have their names and wedding dates selected by astrologers and practice benevolence so liberally that a beggar never has been known among them.

A black or silver fox pelt, one of the highest priced furs, will decrease 50% in value if not removed from the animal within 5 days after it reaches its maximum gloss and thickness, due to a brownish tinge which will appear by that time. —*F. G. Waterhouse, Intervale, Maine.*

A New York deputy prosecutor recently confessed that he had accepted 600 bribes to help "frame" 600 innocent girls on charges of immorality.

The Bibliothéque Nationale in Paris is the largest library in the world today, containing more than 4,050,000 books and a vast collection of manuscripts, incunabula, maps, plans and prints.

In suicide, men usually choose violent methods—such as shooting or hanging, while women take the more gentle methods—such as gas and poison—with the one puzzling exception of jumping from buildings and bridges in which they exceed the men by 90%.

Paris, famed for its quiet, leisurely art of dining, is swarming now with bustling American automats in which the nerve-rending din made by the machines and dishes often is enhanced by a competing bluster from dance floors and Harlem jazz orchestras.

In Kibero, a unique village of Uganda, East Africa, the dusky ladies completely own, manage and work the one industry, salt-making, while the gentlemen gather firewood and run errands to earn their salt, the medium of exchange.

Foot ailments afflict two women for every man.—*L. C. Larrabee, Binghamton, N. Y.*

In England and Germany, a "billion" units is a million million, but in the United States and France, it is only a thousand million—or 1/1000 as much.—*H. E. Kleiman, Passaic, N. J.*

One of the most ingenious ways that a war spy ever carried invisible ink, his most important accessory, was by having it mixed in a cake of toilet soap, the lather of which contained enough of the fluid to write a message.

Copenhagen, Denmark, now has a three-piece orchestra that uses "soundless" string-like instruments played by stroking the air close to their wires which causes the oscillation of valves in an electrically connected sound box and produces musical notes through a loud speaker.

One of the world's strangest and most ornate buildings is the Konarak or "Black Pagoda," an ancient and now deserted temple of the sun-god in the Puri district of Orissa, India, the exterior of which is a mass of countless richly sculptured figures of animals and human images, the latter being shown in the act of committing virtually every sin known to mankind.

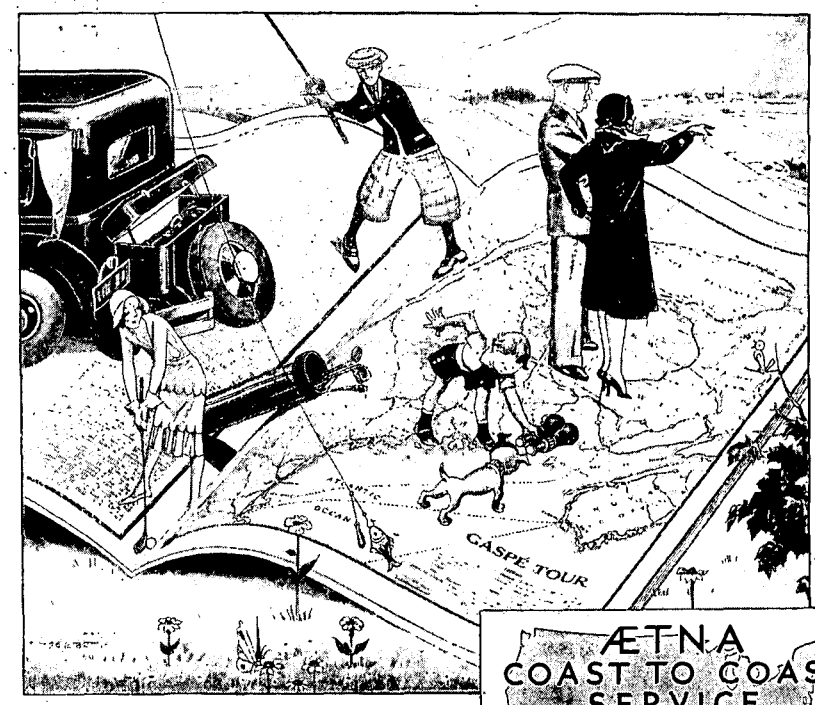
A recent Kansas medical racket, carried on by a physician who owned not only a radio station but an "association" of druggists selling prescriptions made from his formulas, consisted of three daily broadcasts of free medical advice to unknown patients who wrote to him, in which he usually prescribed from 1 to 4 of his medicines, each sale resulting in a fee for his "association."

Aërial photographs have been taken distinctly at a distance of 270 miles from the subject.

In America today, 88 of every 100 persons live in states that inflict death as the penalty for murder—66 being in states using electrocution and the other 22 in states using hanging, shooting or lethal gas.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Now! Another Ætna Service for Motorists!



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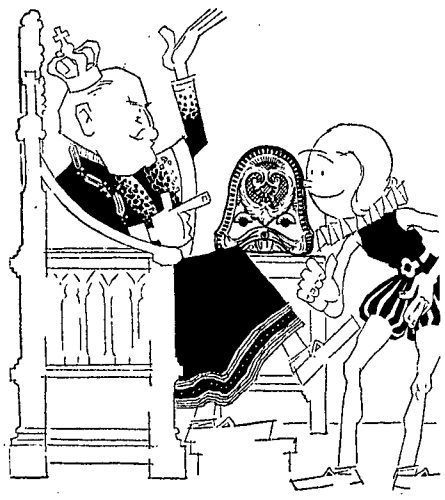
Famous Anachronisms No. 3



"Gadzooks"

said King Arthur

"I would dance at my Feast

Tune in yon CROSLEY!"

THE Connecticut Yankee played havoc with established customs in the Court of King Arthur. He even installed a radio. Artie stayed home for dinner after that and every evening bellowed forth the order: "Get that Savoy orchestra. *I want to be there with my Crosley.*" And Art was there as no king before him had ever been — as no king since has better been.

These Anachronisms are the basis for an interesting radio program from WLW, Cincinnati, (700 KC., 428.3 Meters) every Wednesday night at 8:30 E. T.

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Home of "*the Nation's Station*"—WLW

Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Cincinnati

YOU'RE *THERE* WITH A CROSLEY

CROSLEY RADIO

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 21

when everyone but Stephen Sessions and Clay Hughes was gone, he spoke again, his voice harsh and low.

"There you have it," he told Sessions, "plain and square in front of your eyes! Now you know what would have happened to Dick, and will yet, if ever he gets into Earl Shaw's hands!"

Stephen Sessions shook his head slowly, and that weary, infinitely exasperating smile of his crossed his face.

"You're illogical, Oliver. An hour ago you were asking me to think that Walk Ross got Tanner killed. Now Ross comes back with a different story, and you want me to believe that! Why, Oliver, that man would be discredited as a witness in any court in the world."

"What can I say to you," said Major with repressed savagery, "if you can't look at a man and tell when he's telling the truth? Why do you suppose Walk came back here if he isn't on the level?"

Sessions shrugged. "I suppose he came back because he was run out of Adobe Wells. Speaking of questions, how would Earl Shaw know that Grasshopper Tanner knew anything to begin with, unless from Ross?"

"Maybe he found out from Grasshopper himself."

Sessions threw up his hands.

"I suppose," said Major slowly, "that you think Walk's story about the posse coming out here is pipe smoke too."

"No; I'm afraid that has the look of truth. What would you expect, Oliver? You've held back from the sheriff the very men he has to question in the Donnan case. Ask yourself what would become of the law if that sort of thing was tolerated? Alex Shaw has to come here and get his men if it takes twenty men to do it or fifty. You ought to be able to see that."

"He won't get 'em, Steve!"

"The trouble with you," said Sessions, "is that you're living in the past. The old shoot-out days are gone."

Stephen Sessions made a vague, uncomfortable gesture. Then suddenly he turned to grip Major's shoulders with his big pale hands. "Drop it, Oliver!" he urged. "Man, man—don't you know when you're licked? Take Dick and hide out until this thing blows over. Pull out and go over the line, and I'll—"

"There's no hope in that," said Major in a dead voice. "Do you think I've put my life into the Buckhorn, just to turn tail now? What's left? A riding job, some place, under a different name? I'm too old for that, Steve."

"THEN, for lord's sake, let Shaw take and question Dick and Hughes. If your son comes to trial I'll defend him myself, and clear him, too! But for the time being—"

"I'd as lief kill him with my own gun."

"But you damned old fool," cried Sessions, his voice rising nervously for the first time, "what can you gain?"

"Listen," Major commanded. "Theron Replogle is a crook, but he's not equal to murder for common profits, and that's what this is. I'll stand and fight until he opens his eyes! And when he does, by God, you'll see me clear—"

Stephen Sessions threw up his hands. "I've done all I can," he said shortly. "What happens is on your own head now."

"What are you going to tell Replogle?"

"The only thing I can tell him: that an old fool who's trying to live in the past will probably have to have the obstinacy knocked out of him!"

"*For God's sake, Steve,*" cried Oliver Major, "*can't you see what you're doing?*"

"There's no earthly use arguing with you." Sessions turned away. "I may just as well be starting back."

Major's voice was low again, but very bitter. "You guess you will, do you? You'll be starting back! No, not yet, you won't!"

"What do you mean?

"You're staying here, Sessions."

"Why, you can't hold me here!"

"I can't? I'm doing it though! Governor's observer, is it? By God, I'll give you your belly full of observing. Hughes! See that this man doesn't leave the house!"

"Right," said Hughes.

IF STEPHEN SESSIONS were to remain at the Lazy M, there were others for whom Oliver Major had other plans. José and the three or four other Mexicans were first to go, fired outright with a paternal warning to get out of the troubled range while the getting was good.

Major called his hands about him. "Maybe some of you boys aren't going to like this," he drawled. "No cowboy ever yet knew what was good for him, I suppose. You all heard the word that Walk Ross brought. Sometime before tomorrow noon hell is going to bust. Naturally, I don't want Sally and Mona on hand for that. I'm going to send them across the Gunsight, then westwards and up-country across the state line. There's a brand over there called the Pot-Hook—just a little broke-down, two-man spread, but they'll be with friends. Now, for all I know, the Shaw men have closed the Gunsight by now."

He hesitated. Hughes wondered if he was going to say what must be in his mind—that Mona, whose affair with Hugo Donnan had led Dick to threaten Donnan's life, could certainly be made into a powerful witness against her brother, if ever her testimony could be drawn from her; and that the Bar S might be eager to hold her as such. Major made no mention of this, however, as he proceeded, talking slowly.

"I'm sending enough of you to force that Pass. After that it's a four-day pack, more like five, but I don't want to see any of you come trailing back; you're to go on with the girls to the state line."

"Who's going?" Canfield asked.

"I'm sending Bob Macumber; and you, Tom; and Harry, and Jim; and while I'm at it, I'm sending Rowdy Lee."

The men whose names had been called off looked stunned.

"Why, Mr. Major—" said Tom Ireland at last, "why, Mr. Major—"

"I know," said Major. "It's the harder job, Tom, in a way."

But if Major met reluctance on the part of the men, he met open rebellion when it came to Sally. Mona assented listlessly; but Sally exploded in her father's hands.

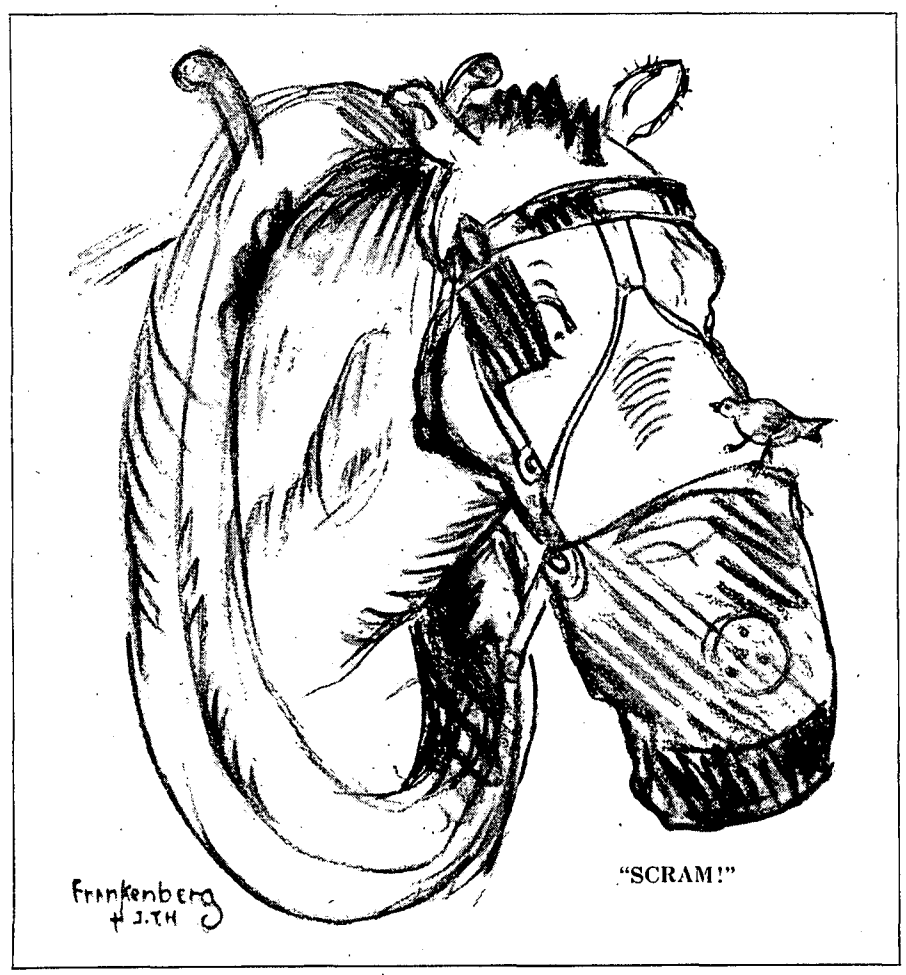
"It isn't right, it isn't fair," she declared. "I belong here as much as anybody else does, and I won't go! How do I know that I'll see you or Dick, or anybody else here, again?"

IN THE end not even her tears moved the old range wolf's decision. "If you won't go willingly, you'll go tied on your horse. Child, I'm asking you not to force me to that."

Thus, when shortly after dusk the trailing pack train pulled out of the Lazy M corral, Sally mounted with the rest. At the last moment Clay Hughes went forward to the stirrup of her pony. "Set easy," he said, taking one of her hands from where they lay folded lifelessly upon the horn; "and I'll be seeing you."

The nigh stirrup leather creaked as she swayed toward him, as if even yet she would swing down and refuse to go out with the pack train. But in the end she only gave his hand a quick pressure and turned her horse.

Major snapped into motion again.



"SCRAM!"

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"We'll get fixed to hold the pump house," he told the others. "We can't hold the main house against a swarm like the Shaws will bring. They'd cut off our water, first thing. Gustafson, get back on top of the house and watch the road. Keep your ears open! The rest of us will move bed-rolls, rations, and all the arms on the place to the pump house."

"How much grub you want?"

"Not much. A few days. This game is going to turn one way or the other very soon. We'll hold three, four ponies inside. Who's staying with Walk Ross?"

"Dusty Rivers."

"Go tell him to put out the light in that window. A man could put a rifle shot in there from pretty near a quarter mile."

THEY went about their work almost silently. The building that was now the pump house was very old; it had been Oliver Major's own house when the Lazy M was new. Besides a shackling lean-to it had but two rooms, the larger of which was now occupied by the gasoline pump that lifted the Buckhorn water in dry season. In spite of its age, that first little house was very rugged and strong. To prepare it for defense was a work of hours. Morning was near before they were done.

Oliver Major turned to Clay Hughes. "From now on Dick will keep his eye on Sessions. You go and get Walk Ross moved. He ought to be feeling all right by now."

Bart Holt and Dusty Rivers were in the room where Walk Ross was lying. An argument that was going on there checked as Clay Hughes pushed in, but picked up again before he could speak.

"Walk," Bart Holt was insisting, "you're absolutely the only man from here that's been to Adobe Wells since Tanner spilled his story. You must have dropped some word. It's up to you to figure out who you dropped it to."

"I never so much as—" began Walk.

"I tell you you must have," declared Bart Holt. The room was very dark. Hughes could hardly make out the figures of Holt and Dusty Rivers, and the dim outline of the man on the bed.

Dusty stirred restlessly. "Oh, leave him alone, Bart!"

"The old man wants you to move to the pump house now," Hughes told them. "You need a hand, Walk?"

The figure on the bed raised itself slowly and for a moment sat head in hands. "I sure feel goofy," said Walk's voice. "Just a minute. . . . Just a minute."

"Here, catch hold of him on that side, Dusty."

Walk Ross suddenly sat bolt upright, and his voice snapped out sharply: "Wait! I got it! By God, I know what it was!"

He heaved to his feet, so that for a moment Hughes saw him outlined, a black swaying figure, against the starlight of the window. Then the silhouetted figure disappeared as if a trapdoor had opened under it, as Ross lost his balance and fell forward to hands and knees. Springing forward to assist him, Hughes found that Ross was stripped to the waist; his skin was so hot that it almost burned Clay's hands. They put him on the bed again, where he sat braced unsteadily on his good arm.

"Good God, I've sure been a fool." His voice came dimly through the dark. Then more sharply, as he tried to rise again, "Quick, I got to see the old man! I tell you, I see through it all!"

"Set easy," said Bart Holt, holding him down.

"Maybe he's gone delirious on us," suggested Rivers.

"Delirious, hell!" Ross declared. "Let me go! I got to—"

"I'll get the old man," decided Bart Holt abruptly. "Here, keep him where he is, Dusty!"

"I got him."

Bart Holt swung out of the room. They could hear the pound of his feet as he ran stiffly down the tiled hall.

"What is it? What is it, Ross?" Dusty was demanding.

"It's my own damn' fault!" Walk's tormented voice sounded very loud in the dark. "If I had any sense—"

"Walk, what is it?"

"I know how Shaw found out Grasshopper knew something! I—"

At the window the black outline of the casement seemed to bulge and close slightly, as if by a trick of the eye. Then from the shadow at the window's edge burst a red flash and the smashing concussion of a shot, unexpected as a dynamite blast. Walk Ross jerked convulsively, and fell sideways, face down upon the bed.

Dusty Rivers, jerking out his gun, fired twice through the window into the empty starlight. Hughes, however, checked the streak of his hand to his gun. He caught up a chair, and with it smashed out the wooden window bars. Dusty Rivers, whimpering curses, launched past him toward the opening he had made.

Hughes caught at Dusty's arm. "Wait! Not yet!"

His fingers slipped their grip as Dusty sprang to the four-foot window ledge and drove through the shattered bars. Once more a gun spoke, this time beyond the massive walls. Dusty Rivers crumpled in the act of leaping to the ground, pitched forward heavily, and was lost to view.

Clay Hughes set a foot on the window ledge and counted five. Then, and not before, he sprang to the ground across the body of Dusty Rivers. Once more a gun cracked, the bullet droning over his head. A black hulk was turning the corner of the house, to the frantic hoof-drum of a viciously spurred animal. Hughes fired once at the vanishing shape; his bullet clipped the corner of the adobe; and he heard the brief explosive growl of the ricochet as it hurled itself into space. Running to the corner of the house, he fired twice more as the running animal disappeared into the night beyond the cottonwoods. He heard Gustafson's gun speak twice, slowly, from the roof, as he holstered his gun and ran back to Dusty Rivers.

DUSTY spoke in hoarse gasps as Hughes bent over him. "Clay—quick! Find out what Walk knows! If he cashes in—"

Hughes obeyed. He went in through the broken window bars again, and bent over the figure on the bed.

"Walk! Can you hear me, Walk?"

Walk's chest labored under Clay's hand, but he did not speak.

Now lantern lights showed outside the window, as Bart Holt and Oliver Major came up from the pump house on the run.

"It's Dusty!" came Major's voice. "Dusty, have they got you?" Rivers did not answer.

"Where's that damn' Hughes?" snarled Bart Holt.

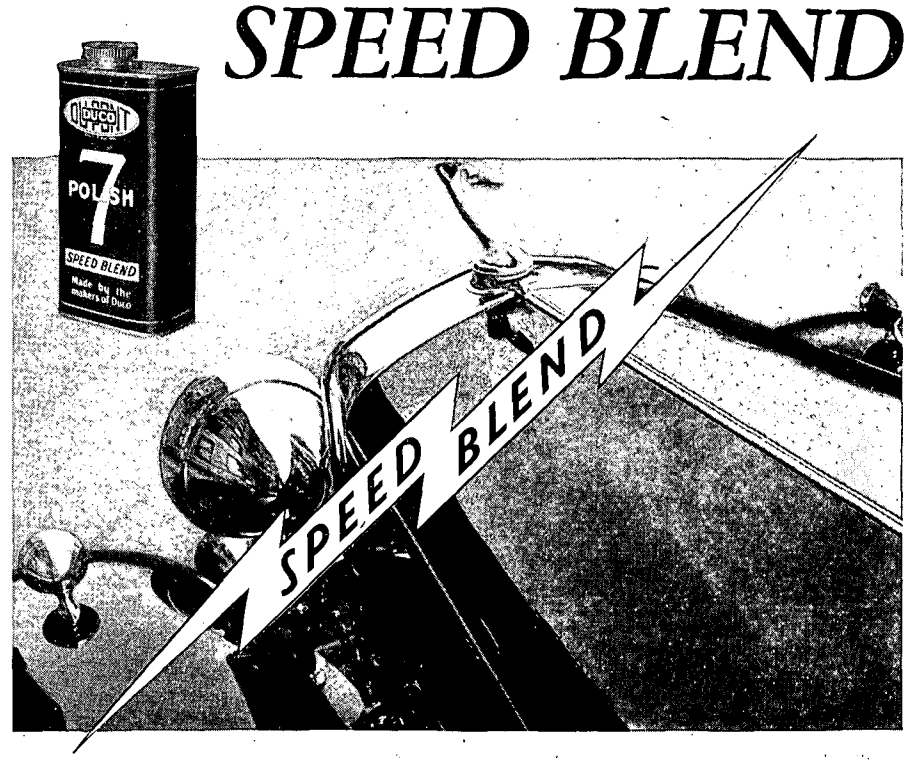
"Here I am," Hughes sung out. "Somebody got Walk and Dusty! Get a light in here!"

There was a sound of ripping wood as Major tore a shutter down. "Get Dusty onto this, and carry him down to the pump house. Here you, Steve Sessions, lay a hand here!" Major climbed stiffly through the window and his lantern filled the room with light.

The first shot, they found, had gone high and to the right, saving Walk's life. As it was, he had no worse than a

(*Continued on page 58*)

DU PONT ANNOUNCES *SPEED BLEND*



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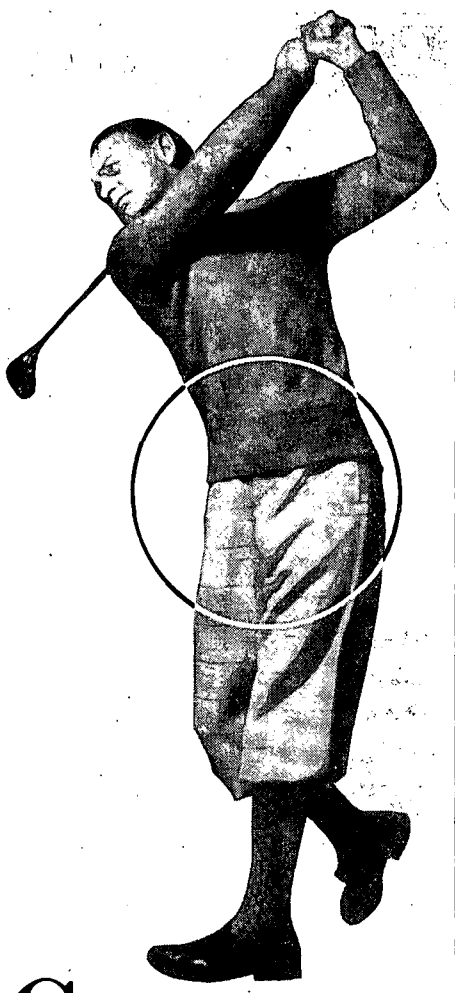

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(Continued from page 57)

smashed shoulder, but the wound was bleeding fast. Oliver Major snatched up a pillow and tore open a seam with his teeth. He pulled out of it a huge handful of feathers, and with them packed the wound of the unconscious man.

Now the broad shoulders and big shaggy head of Chris Gustafson were thrust in through the broken bars of the window.

"Somebody's got Walk Ross and Dusty Rivers," Major told him shortly. "Dusty's hit awful bad. Now get back up on that roof and stay there!"

"I GUESS I seen the feller that shot 'em git out of here," said Gustafson, in his deliberate, heavy way. "At least, I seen a man on a horse go tearing out of here right after the shot, and somebody was shooting at him when he went."

"And you never threw down on him? Why, you big—"

"Yeah, I took a wham at him," said Gustafson. "The light was awful bad; but I killed his horse. The feller got up and ducked around a shed. I don't expect we'll ever git him."

"We'll have a try at it anyway," said Major. "Now you better get up on that roof again, Chris."

"What I come down to say," said Gustafson, "was that they's lights on the Adobe Wells road."

Major roared, "Why didn't you say so before? How close on us are they?"

"I doubt if they're any closer than twenty-five miles, where the road makes that bend this way. There's an awful mess of 'em; hard to say how many, the way the lights double in the ground mirage."

"Well," said Oliver Major slowly, "that gives us between half an hour and an hour, anyway. I reckon we won't take time to look for the gun-throwing *hombre*, though. One more or less isn't going to make much difference, I guess. I sure would have liked to know who he was, though."

"Then which of us is missing?" Hughes suggested.

Major considered for a moment. "Ain't all the boys here?" he said.

"Where's Art French?"

IF THERE were any doubts as to the identity of the man who had fired upon Walk Ross and Dusty Rivers, it fell away when Chris Gustafson had walked out to look at the horse he had shot from under the fugitive.

"You're right sure that's Art French's saddle?" Major questioned him.

"I've ridden alongside that saddle too many times, Mr. Major, to make any mistake about it now."

"I wouldn't have believed it," Oliver Major admitted. "He was a wild, crazy rider, Art was; but I never thought— It was his own horse, I suppose?"

"No, Mr. Major," said Gustafson, "that was a funny thing. It was a mule, the mule we always called Henry Milligan."

"A mule named Henry Milligan?" asked Hughes.

"That's what we always called her," Major corroborated. "She was the smartest mule in the Buckhorn. She could take short cuts like a man would be afraid to take on an ordinary horse, and fast, too. But lately I didn't realize she was around."

"She come wandering in yesterday morning," said Chris Gustafson. "I seen her standing by the hay gate, and I hazed her off. Looked like somebody been using her for a pack; there was a saddle gall on her, just a couple days old."

"So it was the voice of Henry Milligan I heard that night Hugo Donnan was killed!" said Hughes.

"What makes you think so?"

"It was something about a mule that was worrying Grasshopper Tanner. Ask yourself why French rode off on Henry Milligan instead of taking his own horse."

For a moment Bart Holt seemed to forget that he had never been wholly convinced of Hughes' innocence. "By gosh," he put in, "I think he's on the trail of something there. A man on the Milligan mule—especially this wild-riding Art French—could get up onto the rim and down again in a hundred places that no sober man on an ordinary pony would ever think of trying."

"Is this any time to be making a lot of crazy guesses?" demanded Dick Major, "with the Shaw posse almost on us?"

"What else can we do but wait?"

"Wait, hell," Dick's voice sounded as if it would crack with nervous strain. "Throw a car across the road where she crosses the Buckhorn! We can lay back and pepper hell out of 'em as they come up. Let 'em once get in among the adobes here—"

"No, that won't do," said Oliver Major wearily. "We could give 'em an awful raking there, right where you say. But it would put the governor where he wouldn't dast turn and call off the dogs, if we was to ambush the posse and kill a bunch of 'em before they ever opened with a shot."

Stephen Sessions spoke for the first time in a long while: "You still think Replogle will turn?"

"By God," said Oliver Major, a deep stubborn conviction in his voice, "I'm thinking it'll be the end of him if he don't! The old cattlemen won't stand for it. The newspapers didn't amount to much, Steve, in the days of Black Plains and Tonto Basin; but they amount to something now. Within two days there'll be headlines all over the Southwest—all over the country, Steve!"

"'Two Killed As Posse Takes Gunman,' maybe," said Sessions contemptuously.

"You'll soon know," Major told him.

It had been shortly before three o'clock when Gustafson had first reported headlights upon the Adobe Wells road. At 3:18 he brought word that he could count at least eight or nine cars. One car appeared to have drawn some distance ahead of the rest.

The earth curve and the faint roll of the valley floor still concealed the headlights from the watchers on the ground at 3:35 when Gustafson reported that the main body of the approach had lost itself to sight at Twelve Mile Corral. Either they had gathered there to wait for daylight, or else they were approaching without lights. The lead car, proceeding with full lights, had done a peculiar thing: it had turned off the road at the Twelve Mile bridge, and was swinging out in a wide circle through the sagebrush.

It was still dark as the intention of the far-flanking car became plain. It had swung wide of the headquarters buildings of the Lazy M, and now its dimming tail-light could be seen twisting its way northward along the horse trail to Gunsight Pass.

"He thought of that too late," said Bart Holt. "He's putting a bunch there to cut us off from the Gunsight, for fear we'll sneak out the back way and get across the state line, like we sent the boys with Sally and Mona."

"We could get out plenty other ways," said Bart Holt.

"Naturally; but I wouldn't doubt he'd rather take a chance of running us down after we was busted up and scattered in the rough country, than try to catch us from behind on an open trail."

Now the cars which had stopped at Twelve Mile Corral once more proceeded with lighted lights. The distant flash of their head-lamps could be seen by them all now from the ground; though it still required elevation to count them correctly: there were no less than nine.

Then, as the people of the Lazy M watched the approach of the cars from Adobe Wells, their attention was diverted by the approach of a furiously running horse. They looked at each other.

"Watch what you're doing now," Major cautioned as the hard-ridden animal drew near. "Keep your guns in their leather. I guess I can take care of one horse-load of enemy, all right."

A FROTH-LATHERED pony burst into the far-reaching white light of the gasoline lantern, and was jerked up, open-mouthed, upon its haunches. The rider was Bob Macumber.

"Is she here?" he yelled at them, without concealment of the panic in his voice.

"Who?"

"Sally! Ain't she here?"

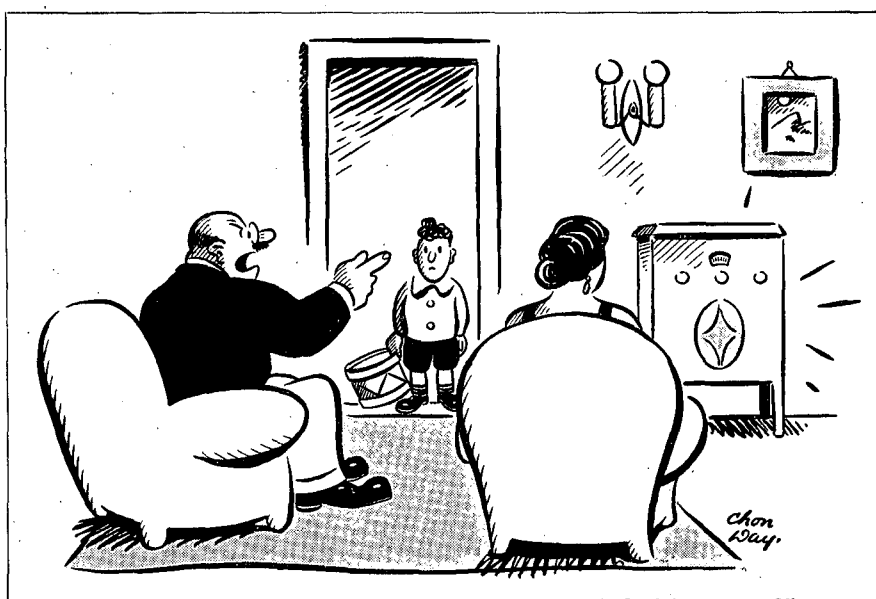
"No, she isn't here! Where— Have you—"

"She must be here! She's got to be here!" insisted Macumber crazily.

Oliver Major cried out, *"If you've lost that girl—"*

Hughes, perceiving Macumber's instant intention, sprang forward just in time. Bob whirled his pony with a savage wrench and struck in the spurs as Hughes seized the reins at the bit and, with all his weight in the ground grip of his high heels, dragged down the pony's head.

(To be continued next week)



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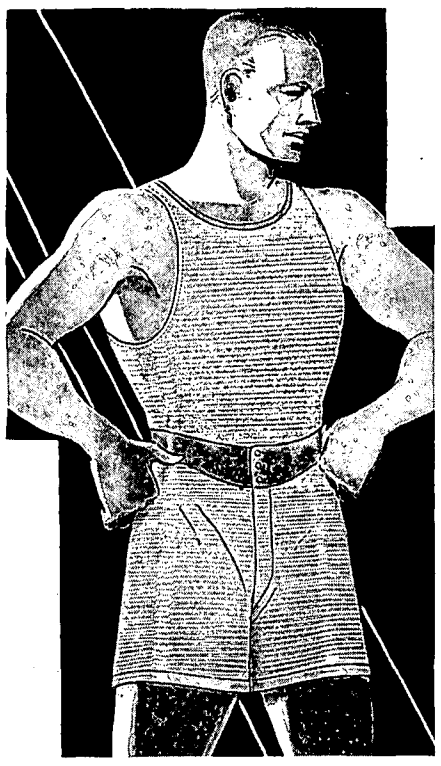

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Where do we go from here?

Continued from page 10

concoct a soldiers' and sailors' compensation scheme that would be a system to end systems. Much thinking was indulged in and many inquiries, foreign and domestic, made. And whole rooms full of general officers were waxing enthusiastic until someone cited the failure of the War Risk Insurance idea to be the last word.

In 1917 these war-risk insurance policies (term insurance then) were regarded in Washington as the answer to the pension conundrum. They were thus explained to us by our brothers in arms who, having been in the insurance business before being inducted into service, were detailed to instruct us as to the nature of the policies. But soon after the war it was observed that the vast majority of the policies were permitted to lapse, that most of the men did not convert the term insurance into life and endowment policies or, if they did, they soon ceased to pay premiums.

The Scheme that Failed

As it is now, only about 650,000 of the policies are alive, aggregating in value about $3,100,000,000. And you can't impute the wholesale lapsing of these policies, or the failure of ex-service men to convert them, to carelessness or improvidence. Hundreds of thousands of veterans were financially incapable of carrying them.

The least Washington expected of this insurance scheme was that it would take care of the immediate relatives and dependents of the man who was killed or who died in uniform. Such survivors of the dead man would thereby be taken care of definitely, even generously. But it was soon discovered that these same survivors were not wholly satisfied with the proceeds of the insurance (the policies ranged in value up to $10,000) and they joined the big push for pensions.

To this end legislation will be introduced to pay widows, children and other dependents of service men, whose death has no connection with their service, at least twenty dollars a month plus at least six dollars for each surviving child. Such a bill, but not including childless widows, was before the late Congress, which expired before the bill could be brought to a vote. And it would have passed had not the increased loan bill, making a vaster sum of money immediately available to a droughty country, taken so much time. Then, too, the loan legislation created so much furor that Congress lacked the energy for the smaller garnishing bills.

But it will appear in the coming Congress. Accompanying it, and possibly superseding it, will appear a more liberal pension bill which will frankly demand pensions for veterans that can be passed on to their widows and children. Or their "next of kin." Not that this will be the only point of attack by the pension seekers. But we shall go into that too, presently.

Of course there will be attempts to carry this pension legislation to such lengths that even the professional veteran will rebel. As a product of the envy of the non-service man, there has arisen considerable talk about extending all the veteran's privileges to every man whose name was registered with his draft board. The argument is simple. That a man should have registered himself with his local draft board as available for service indicates, they argue, that he was perfectly willing to bear arms and would have done so had he been called. Therefore, they continue, he is as deserving of free hospitalization, government insurance, adjusted compensation certificates and pensions as his neighbor who, by fate's nod, became a soldier or a sailor.

And then there is that considerable number who are advocating legislation which would make the civilian service workers—Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Board, the War Camp Community Service, the American Library Association, and so on—including professional entertainers who went across seas to sing, dance and act up generally for the edification of the soldiers—eligible for a veteran's reward. These proposals give a fair view of what Congress is going to be asked to consider.

Of course some of it isn't going to get farther than a congressional committee room. Some of it is going to have the quiet opposition of the American Legion and the other service organizations, although the American Legion in convention last year voted against the fifty per cent loan idea only to have its executive committee assume the responsibility of advocating the measure when it observed the direction of the wind. But the important point is that these general demands for veteran privileges are going to make the going harder for legitimate legislation.

When I spoke of this to one of the veterans' lobbyists in Washington he admitted that I was right but that the organized veterans had the inside track and would hold it.

"You are going to find less enthusiasm for your program in the coming Congress," I told him.

"Maybe so, but we are going to crowd bills upon Congress while the crowding is good—that is to say, within the next five years. Within two years there will appear in Congress a bill making what you now call a loan, a gift."

"Playing Shylock"

"How?" I asked.

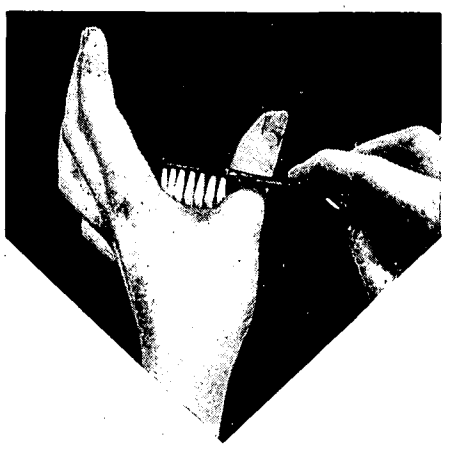
"Well, we take it for granted that upwards of ninety per cent of the borrowers will not repay the loan nor even meet the interest," he said. "If they don't do this the government is the winner. The interest on these loans will eat up the fifty per cent the vet can't borrow. See? We don't dare go before Congress asking that they increase the borrowing limit to one hundred per cent of the face value of the adjusted service compensation certificates; but we can ask Congress to cancel the loans and call everything jake.

"We can make much of the fact that the vet who doesn't pay interest on his loan will have only a few dollars coming to him in 1945—say from ten to seventy-five dollars. Therefore the government will have benefited to the extent of the difference between, say, the seventy-five dollars the veteran has left and the $500 or whatever it may be he would have been entitled to had he not borrowed. And if not the veteran himself, his widow—or mother, or children. See?"

"And we're going to get away with that?" I laughed.

"Why not, soldier?" he demanded. "Didn't they tell us back in the Coolidge administration that once the compensation—the so-called bonus—legislation was passed over his veto we needn't look for more? Well, this is heavier artillery than anything we could bring

(Continued on page 60)



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(*Continued from page 59*)

to bear then. The spectacle of the richest government in the world playing Shylock—"

"In my humble opinion," I interrupted him, "you've gone goofy."

"Oh, yeah?" he scoffed. "Well, hear me through. The majority of our House of Representatives comes from rural districts where the veterans and their friends (never forget that each veteran represents three or four sympathetic people who are apt to vote as they weep) can swing things politically. Well, in two or three years, or even ten, we can go before the people and ask them whether rich Uncle Sam is going to be permitted to withhold the balance of the adjusted compensation from the poor soldier just because, when times were bad and he was in need, he had to borrow. If you don't think that will fetch Congress you don't know that august body."

No Maker of Presidents

I can't share all his optimism. And, having looked the situation over pretty thoroughly, I think he is whistling for courage. He has a good job lobbying for organized veterans. He is paid by dues-paying veterans to put over such legislation as the increased loan measure for which he picked the well-known psychological moment.

But with the decrease in unemployment and the revival of business, his successes are going to diminish. However, his creed, like that of all other lobbyists, whether they represent former service men or aluminum, sugar or lumber, is simple: Keep going until they stop you. And he'll find himself stopped, at least temporarily, when business improves. He will have none of the political prestige behind him that lobbyists for the Grand Army of the Republic enjoyed in that noble organization's salad days. He represents a wide variety of political opinion and even he doesn't know which of the major parties gets the most votes from the men he represents. The G. A. R., being overwhelmingly Republican, elected Presidents, filled cabinets and controlled Congresses. The American Legion hasn't—and won't.

Nevertheless, the veterans of the World War have already received nearly three fourths as much as has been granted to the survivors of all our previous wars. Our part in the World War cost the United States about twenty-two billion dollars, which does not include the eight and a half billions we advanced to the Allies. That twenty-two billion dollars would have carried the Revolutionary War on for a thousand years. It is almost enough to have run the government from 1800 to the outbreak of the World War.

Since November 11, 1918, the United States has spent five and a half billions in its efforts to repay the veterans and their dependents for sacrifices made.

These disbursements have flowed through eight channels. They are (1) adjusted service compensation, (2) medical care and hospitalization, (3) disability compensation, (4) government insurance, (5) term insurance paid for permanent and total disability, (6) disability allowances, (7) emergency officers' retirement pay, and (8) compensation for death from causes directly connected with service.

It was in disability allowances that we caught the first indication of pensions to come. This phase of government relief grants a pension to a veteran for injuries incurred since the war. For example, if you, a veteran, fall downstairs and break a leg, you can be taken to a government hospital where, if they have a bed for you, you will be treated free. If that leg remains unsound after the bone has knitted, if it is less dependable, or permanently or periodically painful after you have been discharged from the hospital, the government will pay you so much a month provided the doctors testify that you are at least twenty-five per cent incapacitated.

Or if you suddenly develop an addiction to headaches which prevent you from pursuing your occupation with the same old productive zest and zeal, you may assume that it is the result of a blow on the head received in service and forgotten. It may be traceable to wear and tear on the nervous system on the firing line, which is just now manifesting itself. Or you may have a bad throat or suddenly discover a spot on your lungs. You may assume in your application for help that any of these misfortunes are the result of your service during hostilities; but you don't have to. You are not required to prove anything except that you are incapacitated. It makes no difference under the law whether you were struck by a taxicab in 1930 or by a machine-gun bullet in 1918. You get taken care of—hospitalized and pensioned.

Fraud is entirely possible and doubtless frequent. As the law exists, it is almost unavoidable. But what hurts the veteran most is the unfairness it breeds. Here we have a pugilist who was drafted in July, 1918. He did not get to France because, on his own application to his commanding officer, he was held in a Georgia training camp as a physical instructor. He was a young fourth-rater then, he is an older fifth-rater now. Nevertheless, he is fighting at the little clubs on the paluka circuit about twice a month, getting an average of two hundred dollars a fight. Between fights he does a bit of liaison work for a large beer-racket syndicate from which he gets enough to keep him interested, whatever it is.

But from the government he gets thirty dollars every month because he has lost the tips of the third and fourth fingers of his right hand and several small bones in his right foot are disarranged. How he came by his injuries is not quite clear, but it occurred one night last year, although not in the ring. But the disability charts in the Veterans Bureau contend that a prize fighter must have perfect hands and feet in order to follow his profession with success, and there you are.

And here is an orchestra leader who makes five times what he used to get as a violinist. He might have been a violinist yet were it not that an injury to his arm, sustained long after the war, awakened his dormant business sagacity. He could no longer manipulate a bow, entitling him to almost total disability allowance, but he could and does flourish a baton with the other hand. He too gets forty dollars a month from the government.

The Pension Reappears

What irritates me most about this is knowing a number of veterans who happened, only by the most unbelievable luck, to emerge from the war unscathed and who are now honorably and courageously fighting want, hardship and ill luck without a whine. Some are supporting families. Some are without jobs. Some are combating sickness but doing it with the same calm and independence that were their characteristics in uniform. Some of them aren't eligible for these pensions. Some are just a little too proud to parade their misfortunes. I am not seeking dramatic effect. I could set down their names if they would permit me to. And there are more of this kind than you think. They came in mighty handy when there was trouble.

Under the direction of General Hines, director of the Veterans Administration, a serious effort is now being made to codify all the pension and compensation laws—in fact, all laws providing for all surviving ex-service men of all wars and for their survivors. This commendable task will seek to show up the inconsistencies, the unfairnesses and the fraud-breeding statutes. Congress will be asked to eliminate these and consolidate the rest under one general head.

But one gets the impression, after wandering through the maze and talking to the authorities, that before such a desirable end is accomplished someone is going to rise in Congress and offer a bill eliminating everything except hospitalization and soldiers' and sailors' homes and substituting, for all the rest, a flat pension.

Certainly something radical should come to pass to eradicate the inequalities that our jumbled, patch-upon-patch veterans' laws have brought about. Why, for example, should a former officer, a captain in the quartermaster's department for two months during the war, and now working for the Veterans Bureau at an annual salary of $9,000 receive $187.50 a month disability allowance? At any rate he does.

He is a lawyer. Upon him falls much of the legal work of the Veterans Administration. He is suffering from chronic bronchitis and hernia. Under the emergency officers' law his medical associates in the Bureau were able to, and did, declare him permanently disabled. But not disabled enough to be incapable of drawing down nine thousand dollars a year from the government.

A Lop-Sided Law

One of the doctors on the staff which rated him into $187.50 a month caused himself to be awarded $125 a month—pronounced unfit for work and placed on the retired list. Yet he draws $5,000 a year as an examining physician for the Bureau. He too was an emergency officer.

Another doctor—an emergency officer—in the Bureau enjoys a salary of $8,000 a year. At his own request he was pronounced disabled and awarded $150 a month. These are three in a long list of such remarkable by-products of a law which clearly gives the former officer an unfair preference over the enlisted man. And curiously, of the six thousand former officers who are enjoying such benefits under the emergency officers' retirement law, more than one thousand four hundred are physicians. Practically all of these medical men are practicing their professions and, in addition, a considerable number of them are on the payroll of the Veterans Administration.

There is no fraud in this attaching to the Bureau. The law makes this possible and wholly legal. And with the end of such lop-sided legislation not yet in sight, the whole clumsy structure of veteran compensation is due to collapse of its own weight. Pensions would mean even greater appropriations, but the system, bad as it is, and provided that pensions took the place of all the overlapping and preferential monetary grants now in vogue, would be fairer. With more than four million former service men and their dependents eligible to pensions at the same rate the Spanish-American War veterans get, the government would disburse in twenty years just about as much as the war cost us—about twenty-two billion dollars.

"Well, there's this to be said in favor of that," said one of our more cynical congressmen: "it will keep us so poor that we won't be able to afford another war."

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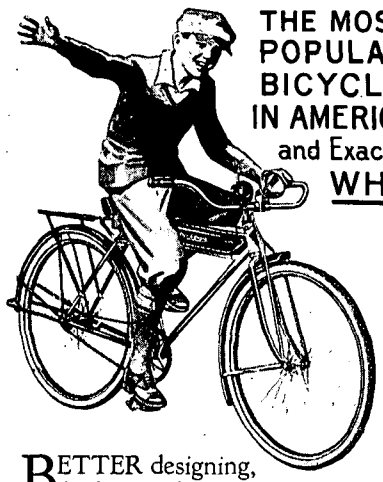

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The Sleeptalker

Continued from page 28

"I see how you figure it," I said. "You think that Klebo went and got the doll to take back to the little girl before he and Marla went to see Roscoe. After the shooting, he forgot the package and left it there. But I don't see that that proves anything. He might have been to see Roscoe and left the doll there any time before the shooting happened."

"No; it don't prove nothing," O'Malley assented, "but it all helps. We'll go and talk to Marla."

We went back to the station-house. The gunman was asleep and was talking in his sleep but he did not say anything intelligible. O'Malley awoke him and accused him of committing the killing in company with Klebo, but Marla merely grinned at him.

"I didn't think you'd wake him up, O'Malley," I said, after we had left him. "I thought you'd listen to see if he didn't say something about the shooting."

"A guy don't generally tell anything in his sleep that he wouldn't be willing to tell if he was awake."

"Don't he?" I said surprised. "I didn't know that."

"If you didn't know it, maybe Mike and Joe don't know it either. You had an idea there, even if you didn't know it."

We went into the captain's office and the captain sent two men out to bring in Joe Klebo, and O'Malley went to the captain's desk and began to write something. After he finished he read it over and then handed it to me.

"Does that read like Mike might have said it?" he asked. "You know more about that sort of thing than me."

I read it over.

"I understand," I said. "This is supposed to be something that Mike was saying in his sleep before we woke him up, when we went in there just now. It sounds authentic enough to me; as though he might have said it."

"That's a good word—authentic."

We waited an hour and the two officers brought in Joe Klebo.

"We got the goods on you, Joe," O'Malley told him. "You and Mike Marla done that Roscoe killing and Mike spilt on you."

Joe Klebo grinned at us derisively.

"That's old stuff," he commented. "You dumb cops are always trying them games on us poor boys; but Mike didn't tell nothing on me because he ain't got nothing to tell, and if he did have he wouldn't tell it."

"He told it, all right," O'Malley countered, "but he don't yet know he done it. You'd ought to have more sense, Joe, than to take a sleeptalker along with you when you pull a job."

"Better have Mike in too," the captain suggested.

An officer went and got Mike Marla and Mike grinned at Joe but Joe did not return the grin. His nostrils were white.

"You did some talking just now, Mike," O'Malley told him, "that you don't know about. I'll read it to you."

He went to the captain's desk and got what he had written.

"'Come on, Joe,'" he read, "'we'll get this money or else this guy won't ever have a chance to hold out on us again. . . . Better go up the stairs. . . . Hello, Roscoe, we come to get that jack. . . . What if you ain't got it? You can telephone and get it, can't you? We'll wait till you do. . . . We waited about long enough, Roscoe. How about it? . . . Let him have it, Joe. . . . Well, we both hit him. I guess nobody seen us come out either.'"

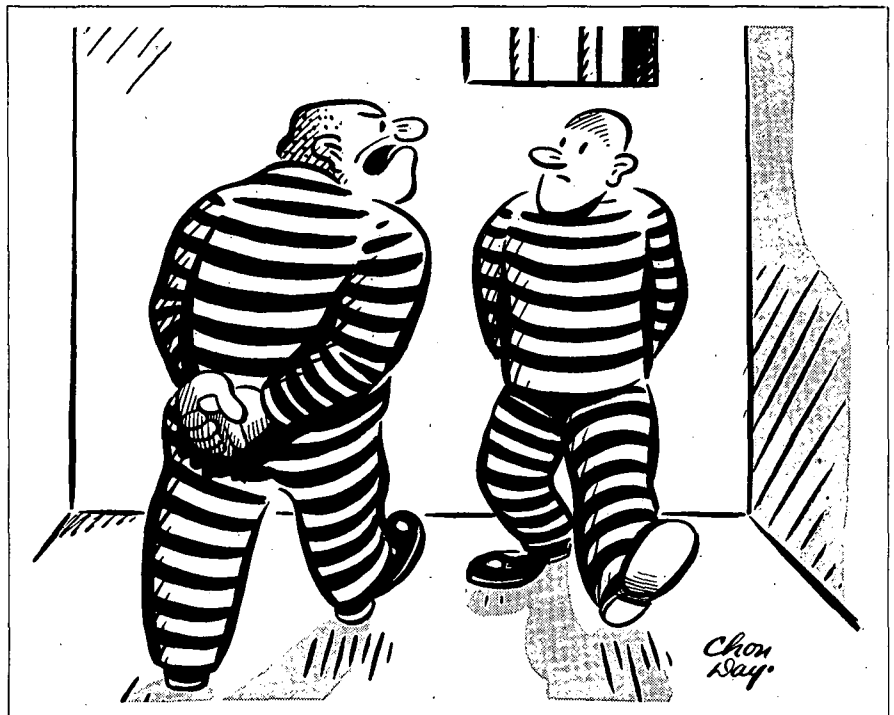
Mike Marla was white. It was plain he did not know whether he had said this in his sleep or not. Joe Klebo made a rush toward him but the officers grabbed him.

"I'd knock you off, you rat," Joe yelled at Mike, "if I had anything to do it with!"

"Honest, Joe," Mike whined, "I didn't know I said it. I didn't go to tell anything."

"THAT was sharp police work, O'Malley," I congratulated him after we had left the station-house. "But there's one thing I don't yet understand: When we went to see Mrs. Sunday she didn't tell us anything and yet you said she'd given you a lead. How did she do that?"

"You ain't exactly dumb," O'Malley decided. "It's just that you ain't observing. You didn't notice, when we saw Mrs. Sunday, that the dress she had on was made of the same stuff as the doll was dressed in. She'd made the doll clothes out of the pieces that were left when she made her dress."



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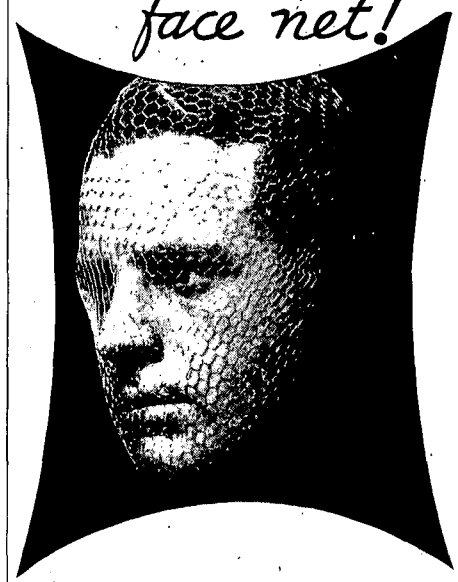

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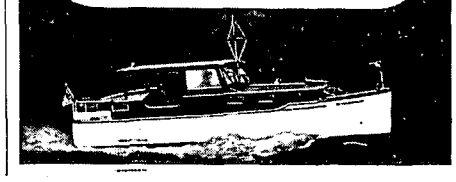

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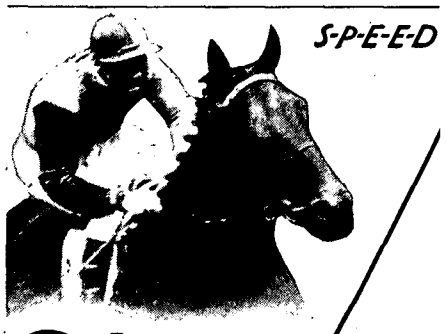

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A Way with the Women

Continued from page 15

his line. But upon investigation it had struck him as rather small potatoes for the risk involved. No, it was time to quit; turn respectable, and enjoy life.

He was only forty now. Three or four years in Europe would be pleasant and safe. He would never need money again; the bank roll was large and liquid.

And he would take this girl with him. It never occurred to him that she might not, after all, want to go. He flattered himself that his personal charm had always had more to do with his conquests of women than even his bank roll. If he had thought of Juan Gonzales at all, he would have thought of him, not as an obstacle, but with contempt as an insignificant little Mexican hoofer to be casually booted out of his way, as Red had booted many other people.

THE rose she had flung him lay on the table. He slipped it into his pocket. He flushed as he did so. "I'm getting soft," he muttered to himself.

But there was something about this girl, this particular girl. The big racketeer wondered at the intensity of his own emotions—he must be careful, he said to himself, with an inward laugh and an oath, or he would be offering to marry her.

And it had never been his custom to marry them; he rather prided himself upon his success in dodging matrimony. It was his nature, as well as a convenience in his business, to be footloose.

Thompson got up, lounged out of the dining patio, and went in search of her, since she had not reappeared among the performers in the gallery. She was not in the casino. He finally found her, still in her dancing costume, watching the swimmers disporting themselves in the big pool. They were mostly American women, and Juanita was wondering idly about them—what romantic lives they must lead, she told herself; always going somewhere in trains and cars and ships and airplanes, always spending money.

Red Thompson sat down beside her and took the rose from his pocket and began to talk. She looked up at him with a doubtful smile.

Juan had gone straight to the management and resigned; suddenly resolved never to give another performance before the patronizing eyes of these Americans. He would leave America, go back to Mexico, to his own country—for Juan thought of these border resorts as America, just as the Americans who came to them thought that they were seeing Mexico. He might not be able to take the girl back with him. but he would try; he would give her another chance.

HE HAD carried off the episode of the rose as a bit of comedy, although it was anything but comedy to him. He did not realize that it indicated little more in itself than the girl's impulsive reaction to his attempt to dominate her. He thought it possible that she had decided definitely to throw in her lot with this Señor Red Thompson.

He wandered about the great flamboyant resort morosely, and presently caught sight of Juanita and Thompson where they sat on a bench near the swimming pool, talking with animation.

Juan watched them from a distance for a while. Presently he saw Thompson get up, exchange a few final sentences with Juanita, and move away. Then Juan approached the bench and sat down beside Juanita.

"It is, perhaps, already arranged you shall go to New York and entertain Americans, more and more Americans?" he inquired politely.

"Perhaps," the girl said again. She had the instinct to tease him, to keep him uncertain. Juan was too sure of her, in her estimation. She smiled on him and decided to communicate a scheme that had been forming in her mind.

"When I go to New York—or if I should go to Hollywood and become one of the motion picture stars—you shall go with me and be my dancing partner," she said.

Juan stiffened with outraged dignity. Was it possible that she did not realize what Señor Red Thompson wanted of her, the price she would have to pay for promotion through his help? Was she as incredibly ignorant as all that came to? Or had she become cynical—so cynical that she assumed that he would complaisantly share in the benefits from that price?

"I do not dance any more for Americans," he said. He added after a moment: "Nor do I accept benefits from Señor Thompson."

"This benefit would come from me," she said, pained and puzzled. "Are we not friends?"

He was unable to believe that she was as ignorant as she seemed to be.

"Why is it," he asked her, trying to get on the inside of her mind, "that Señor Thompson intends to do these things for you? What is your notion of that?"

"Why, I think he likes me," she said, with the simplicity of a child. It was impossible to doubt her simplicity. It aroused in him the protective instinct. But he expressed himself in precisely the wrong way.

"You must not see him again!" he said, quivering with an internal excitement. "Not once! Again I tell you, I forbid it! Do you hear, I forbid it!"

She was very angry. But there were people all about them, at a little distance, and she could not utter the tirade which was in her mind—could not put him in his place, vehemently and decisively, as she was sure an American girl would have done in a similar situation. So she spoke quietly:

"I do not belong to you, and you cannot forbid me doing what I choose."

"Do you belong to him?"

"I belong to nobody but myself."

Then she added: "He has been very kind to me; he has offered again and again to help me. And on Sunday we are to have a talk and decide when I am to leave here. I am sorry that you will not share in my prosperity, that I will see you no more after Sunday."

"On Sunday?"

"He is to drive me in his car—that great swift car of his—to Ensenada, and we are to arrange about my future. To decide whether I am to become a star of the motion pictures, or to become a dancer in New York. We have not yet decided which it is to be."

"JUANITA!" He was stern. "You must not go with him, alone, in that car!"

"Yes—for you forbid that!" she said, got up, laughing, and left him.

He made a movement as if to rise and follow her and then subsided on the bench again. Presently he was lost in thought. To Ensenada? Sunday? This was Thursday. So absorbing were his thoughts that he did not notice that Red Thompson had returned to the patio and was looking about, as if seeking Juanita again.

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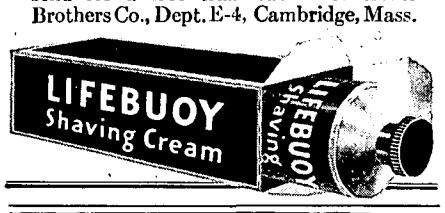

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The big, ruddy racketeer noticed him, however, and wondered casually why the swarthy little hoofer looked so somber. It did not enter his mind that Juan's reflections might have any vital interest for himself.

The motor road from Tia Juana to Ensenada on the coast is less than a hundred miles in length; but were it five hundred miles long it would have small influence on any large area of country —that is to say, only a mile or two on either side of it the country and the people of the country would be very little changed by its existence.

For no other motor roads cross it, to make a network of modern civilization in which to catch the inhabitants. The influence of a single motor road is chiefly linear and not lateral, especially when it traverses rough country. If you want to get into Lower California, the internal reality of the country itself and not merely the towns on its fringes which do not represent it, you must bid good-by to automobiles and take to the horse, the burro or the mule.

IT IS a great upland principality, a separate country in itself, seven or eight hundred miles in length, a hundred miles or so in breadth. Large grazing areas, bounded and cut across by enormous hills, alternate with barren stretches. Villages, tiny hamlets of not more than a dozen houses, cling among the hills or squat by the entrance to some pass that leads into a long stretch of upland plain; infrequent lonely ranch houses with their clusters of low adobe outbuildings are scattered here and there. There are as many sheep as people; more goats than sheep; more cattle than all other animals put together. The people know little and care less about the United States or the towns on the border.

By the time Juanita, on the following Sunday, had been driven seventy miles —and that took but fifteen minutes more than an hour, the way the racketeer habitually drove his powerful and glittering machine—she had become quite thoroughly conscious that there was something more than a mere liking behind Red Thompson's reiterated assertions that he intended to make her fortune for her. It was the first time they had been really alone together at any distance from the crowded resort where she danced. She began to realize, with uneasiness, that her coquetry, spontaneous and instinctive, had been understood by him as a complete acquiescence in his plans—whatever they were.

"If I were to go to New York," she said, "I should take with me a duenna." She spoke English correctly enough, but somewhat haltingly and with an accent which added to the charm of her utterance.

"What do you mean, 'if you were to go?'" demanded Red Thompson. "That's all settled. We're going—and on Tuesday we'll be on our way. First New York, and then Paris."

He had ceased to emphasize her professional promotion and was now dwelling on the good time he intended to give her in Europe.

"I am an artist," she said. "I shall have a duenna in my establishment, like Mercedes del Arroyo, the motion picture star, who lived at the hotel last month."

"What do you mean, duenna?" he inquired. "Some sort of a Mex maid? Well, I guess I can afford a maid all right."

He had slowed the car down from its breakneck speed, and now he stopped it entirely and tried to put his arm about the girl. She evaded him.

"You see," she said, "I very much need a duenna. You prove to me that I do." She was trying to carry it off with laughter, but there were in her the beginnings of a genuine alarm, and she wished that she were well out of all this.

He desisted, temporarily, from his attempt to make love to her—pausing and gathering his forces, as it were, for an advance which he intended to be overwhelming and determinative. To his mind this talk about a duenna was merely a bit of bargaining; the girl was being clever, fencing for terms. He could never have understood that in her former conversations with him she had really been essentially unsophisticated; he was not the man to understand that.

She had enjoyed the knowledge that she had attracted him, it is true; but she was only half aware that it was the allurement of her femininity which excited him and hardly at all an appreciation of her art. In so far as Juanita was capable of analyzing matters at all, she had ingenuously believed that this man intended to be generous because he was enthusiastic about her dancing and saw a glorious future for it, and also, as she had told Juan, because he liked her.

Juan's warnings she had taken as the anxiety of a jealous lover. Now she understood the extent to which she had inflamed Red Thompson. She had never been quite certain before whether she loved Juan—sometimes she had thought she did—but now as this other man tried to put his arm about her she was suddenly sure of it. She wished now that she had listened to Juan. She wished that he were here.

"I guess if you gotta have one of these duennas, you gotta have one." Thompson looked at her gloatingly, his florid face more florid and his slightly protuberant eyes a little bloodshot. "Where do we get one?"

She motioned, largely, with a sweep of her hand towards the Southeast in general, as if she actually saw beyond the barrier of hills the high interior of the land. And, indeed, mentally she did see it. She knew that country.

"I do not know that I shall become a dancer in New York, after all," she said, gravely. "In spite of your kindness, I am changing my mind about that. But if I should change my mind yet again and go to New York—without your help, Señor Thompson—I should take with me a duenna from over there." Again she waved her hand comprehensively towards the six or eight hundred miles of country he did not know. "Perhaps my Aunt Inez—it is an aunt, I think, who accompanies Mercedes del Arroyo," she concluded.

"Your Aunt Inez?" As he looked at the girl he was only half listening.

PERHAPS fifty yards ahead of the place where he had stopped his car a rough trail came down to the motor road. It was a pass, rocky and broken, which began a swift, winding ascent through the hills which guarded the interior. On the other side of the motor highway, at the place where the car stood, there was a descent even swifter, a descent down a shaggy hillside to the dry boulder-strewn bed of an arroyo.

"Yes," said Juanita; "she lives over there, my Aunt Inez."

Thompson looked towards the opening of the pass, which debouched upon the motor road like the entrance to a veritable canyon. "Well," he said, laughing, "is it your idea that we should go and get your Aunt Inez right now? How far is it to Aunt Inez?"

"But a little way," she replied. "Less than a hundred miles to the village where I was born. But I do not think you could go very far in your car."

"Suppose we just leave Aunt Inez where she is," he said, and made a movement towards her.

He was quick, for a big man, and he

(Continued on page 64)

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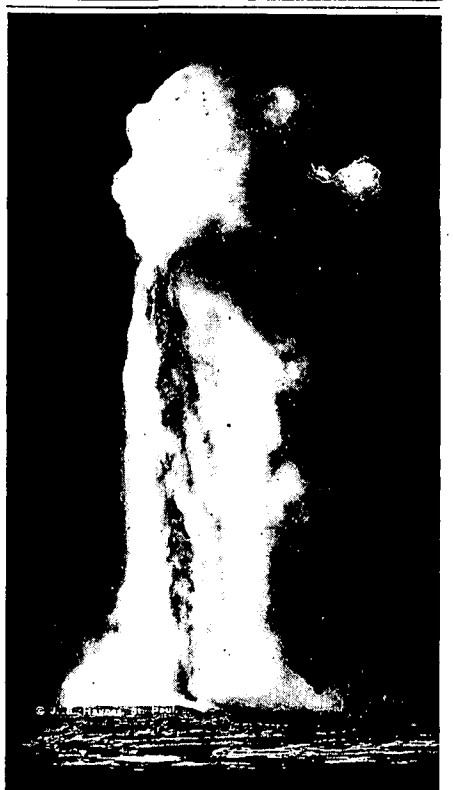

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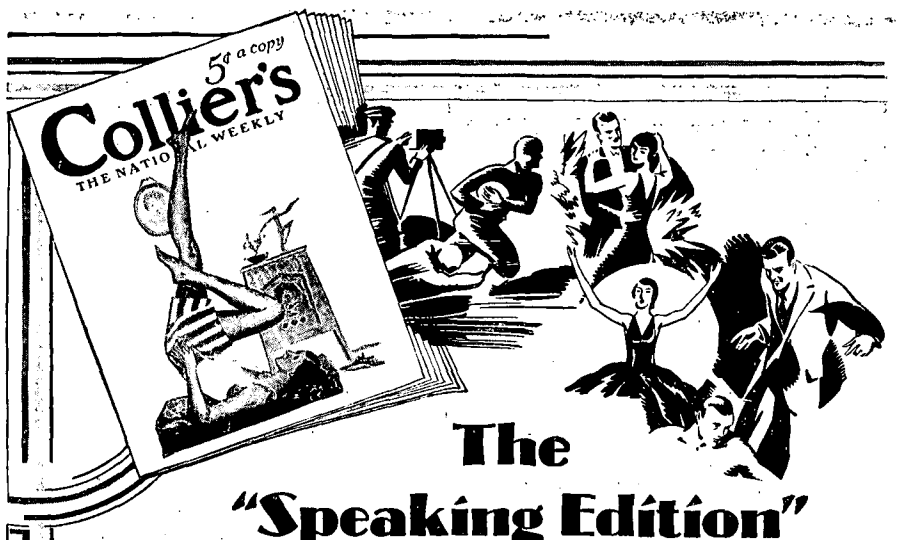

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(*Continued from page 63*)

did not expect any further serious resistance. The forces of his strength and his desire were surging high in him, and he was getting impatient of this talk about Aunt Inez and the village where she was born.

Quick as he was, she was quicker. She was out of the car, and facing him in the road, a dozen feet from the machine, before he had reached the ground.

"You going to walk home?" he said, grinning.

"It may be," she answered, not understanding the significance of the American slang. But she did not look back towards the border when she said it; she glanced again at the entrance to the pass.

She stood motionless, and so did he for a moment. He looked about him. There was no dwelling of any sort, no sign of life. He advanced a step towards her.

She retreated a step, and put her hand into the bosom of her dress. He wondered, if by any chance, she might be armed. He had heard that these Mexican girls sometimes carried a knife. He wasn't much afraid of that; he felt that he could handle her, knife and all, if she had one.

She had one, but she did not think she would be compelled to use it. Lithe and light, she stood poised as if to flee—or to fly. She gave a quick glance down at the arroyo, and another towards the pass. She felt sure of herself, safe again. Just over there was the beginning of her own country. Suddenly she laughed, as she thought of herself scrambling over the hills, quick as a goat, and of him toiling hopelessly after—how ridiculous he would look, if he was such a fool as to do that! That, and what she would say to him, would be better than the knife; she wished to humiliate him.

But she neither flew nor fled. Pat upon her outburst of laughter came two sharp reports. In a second they could hear air escaping from the two left tires of the car, could see them gradually beginning to subside.

"What the hell!" cried Thompson. The tires of a motor car do not suffer blow-outs when the car is standing still. These had been the reports of a firearm, and the ear of the big gangster instantly distinguished the sound. He had heard it often enough before.

"I think," said Juanita, casually, as if she were introducing two of her acquaintances to each other, "that is my Uncle Agustin over there."

Thompson followed the direction of her gaze. He saw a head and face slowly poked up from behind a rusty-looking boulder at the mouth of the pass, which struck him as quite unusual. The dark Spanish visage, with its high nose and narrow forehead, had just a tinge of the Indian Red. It was framed in a white beard which made it seem the more striking and vivid. But steel-rimmed spectacles were perched, with an incongruous look, upon the high nose.

UNCLE AGUSTIN, who was perhaps sixty-five, came out from behind his rock with a rifle resting easily in the crook of his arm, and disposed his lean person easily and youthfully against the boulder. He was dressed in faded finery with a quantity of tarnished silver lace about it, having evidently thought it the proper thing to dress up for this occasion; but he appeared to be a solemn and dignified person.

He spoke to Juanita with a grave courtesy, ignoring the existence of Thompson. "In the name of God," he said, "I welcome you back to your home, my daughter."

Juanita said, half to Thompson, and as if her statement explained everything: "It has been more than a year since I have seen my Uncle Agustin."

"Nearly two, my daughter," corrected Uncle Agustin politely. He looked down the road beyond the entrance to the pass, where he and Juan had disposed enough broken glass and nails to puncture a dozen balloon tires. But the car had stopped before it had reached them, and it had been stopped for so long that Uncle Agustin had become a trifle impatient of the delay and used his rifle.

"I am his favorite niece," said Juanita, speaking again as if she were explaining everything. She was shaking with a great inward laughter, but outwardly she was as carefully polite as if she had been a hostess ceremoniously welcoming a stranger to her home.

"What the hell!" said Red Thompson, again. He looked from one to another, and then turned to look at his car. He did not as yet take in the full significance of all this, but rage was rising within him.

"Something has gone wrong with your car, Señor Thompson?" inquired another voice, rather loud, but still pitched in the clef of courtesy.

THOMPSON turned from his flat tires to see Juan Gonzales emerging from the entrance to the pass. Juan, like Uncle Agustin, had thought it an occasion that one might well dress for. He was mounted upon a horse, and with his instinct for the histrionic he was clad in the brilliant costume he wore when he danced several of the numbers in his repertory, the boots with the high heels and silver spurs, the dashing bolero, the bright sash, the heavily ornamented sombrero, and all the rest of it. Latin, and an artist to boot, he had a picture of himself doing this thing in style.

"What kind of a holdup is this?" said Red Thompson, furious and glowering.

"There has been a holdup?" asked Juan, in polite surprise. "Why, no—I do not see that anybody is being held up. Señor Thompson is free to depart whenever and in whatever direction he wishes."

"To walk home," suggested Juanita, maliciously amused.

"Unless," amended Uncle Agustin, with a faint tinge of the sardonic edging his habitual grave politeness, "the Señor will condescend to honor my poor dwelling with a visit."

Blind with anger, an anger augmented by the sudden balking of his passion, Thompson made one of the few mistakes of his violent career—and the last one. He suddenly snatched the heavy automatic pistol which he always carried in a shoulder holster beneath his coat, and fired at Juan. He fired three times, but Juan was thirty or forty yards away, and the usual racketeer is not a good pistol shot at any distance; his favorite method of assassination is the close murderous contact of the gun muzzle with his victim's ribs.

Juan did not appear to move. But his right hand did. With a movement so easy and apparently so negligent that there was no air of haste about it he drew his revolver from its holster and fired—once—and replaced it again. Thompson stumbled, pitched forward, and fell, lifeless.

"It is unfortunate that he would have it so," murmured Juan, looking at the fallen man; "but I have felt for some weeks that Señor Thompson's destiny moved him towards no good end." There was a complete silence for a moment, while Juanita looked at the figure lying still on the edge of the road above the arroyo.

She did not regret his passing, for she had been ready to assist at it her-

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self if necessary. But there was something very like regret in the glance she gave at the big, powerful, glittering car. She would probably never ride in one of them again; she might never see one of them again where she was going.

"It might be better," suggested Uncle Agustin, who had his practical side, "if the car and the late Señor Thompson were at the bottom of the arroyo. They would not be noticed there for a long time; perhaps never."

He attended to this small detail himself.

"And now," said he, turning to Juan and Juanita, "we had better be going, my children. It is mid-afternoon, and we have far to go before we make camp for the night."

Juanita took a step towards the pass. She knew now that she loved Juan; he had delivered her. But she thought, now that she was out of danger, of the car that had gone crashing down into the arroyo hundreds of feet below, and of many other things that she was leaving. She hesitated; she stopped. She looked somewhat piteously at Juan.

"I shall have many children and grow thick in the waist," she wailed.

"That will be as God wills," said Juan, piously.

"I shall never dance again!" she cried.

"That is nonsense," he told her. "You have always danced. You will dance at *fiestas* for many years, and dance all the more beautifully and joyously because you are not dancing for the money of those Americans." He said "those," now; no longer "these." He got off his horse and put his arm about her.

"I do not altogether scorn money," she said.

"Money does not buy happiness," he said. He walked a little distance and picked from the roadway a bill folder which had fallen from the pocket of the late Red Thompson. That person always went about with a goodly sum of money on his person, sometimes fifty or sixty thousand dollars in bills of large denominations; his experience had shown him the advisability of having plenty of "get-away money" on hand. Juan took from the folder a sheaf of yellow notes which he did not even trouble himself to count.

"You see, this money did its owner no good, for he was a man of trouble," said Juan. He tore the notes across and cast the bits of paper fluttering down into the arroyo. "What did you say, my father?"

This last was to Uncle Agustin, who had grumbled something behind his white beard.

"I only remarked," said Uncle Agustin, "that perhaps it might not have been injurious to the family honor if a few pesos had been saved for the purchase of cartridges. I applaud the nobility of your gesture, but it has been my experience that a few cartridges never come amiss."

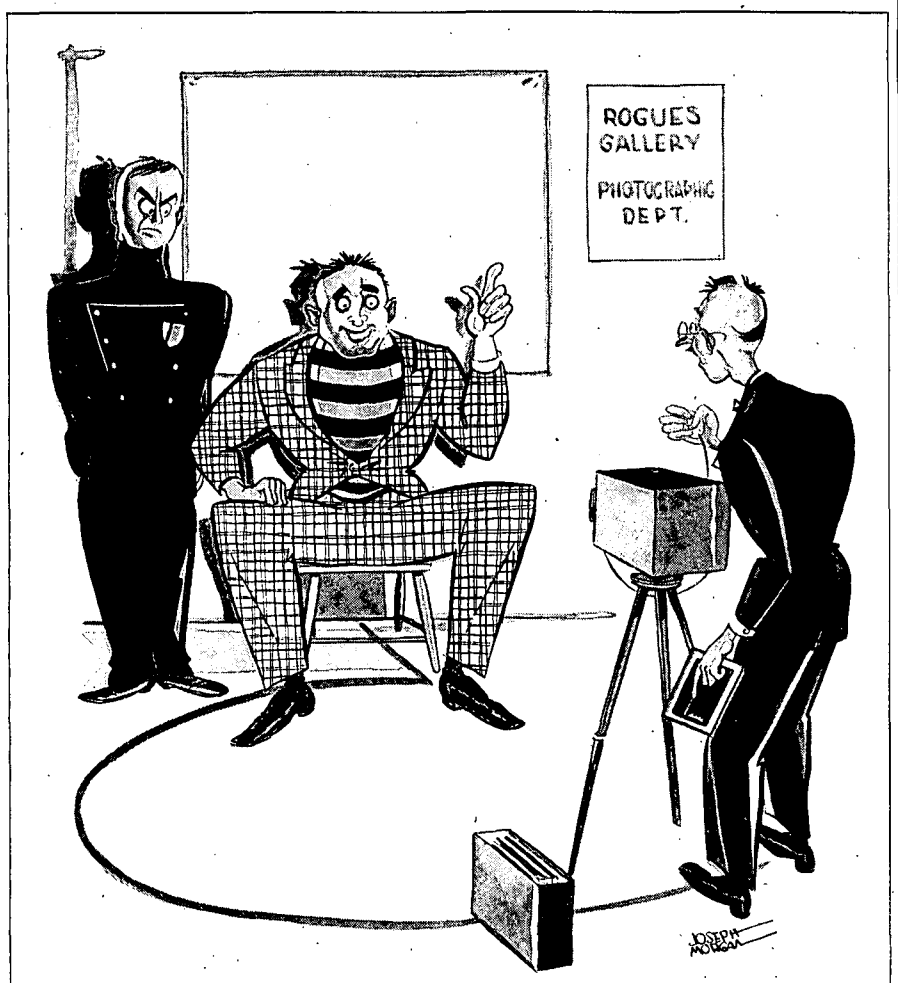
Juan shrugged his shoulders and led Juanita to a slate-colored mule within the pass.

"You may not realize it at this moment," he said as she mounted, "but your regrets are as nothing to the happiness which I confer upon you."

AS THE sure-footed mule began to pick its way up the rough trail, Juanita turned a wistful look northward—towards Honolulu and New York, wherever they were and whatever they might be.

"You journey towards happiness," said Juan.

Whether this is true or not only the years can tell. There was a latent something in the glance she gave him which might have meant that he had yet some arrangements to make before the happiness he promised himself and her should become ultimate and unbroken. For after all, Juanita had had enough contacts with the United States so that she might yet decide in favor of dangerous excitement in a glittering car to peaceful monotony on the back of a mule—and a trail which has been traversed in one direction can always be traversed in the other, no matter how rough.



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Ridin' on Rubber

Continued from page 19

between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Seaboard—substantially the territory traversed by our lines. It represents an investment of $19,000,000 in capital, does a business of over $7,000,000 a year, operates 425 busses, carries 3,000,000 passengers annually, for the most part over long distances."

Of course, there are lots of other motor coaches besides the great lines. There are in existence about 100,000 motor coaches. Half of these, however, are used in taking children to and from school. Perhaps another 16,000 are run by electric railways in local service or are used as sightseeing busses or for hotel shuttle service.

They're Regulated Too

About 35,000 are engaged as common carriers of passengers either in competition with the railroads or with the electric lines in suburban service. These busses last year collected in gross revenues over $400,000,000. This represents an increase of seventy per cent in five years. There are very few cities in this country with a population of over 10,000 which are not served by motor coaches and, as a matter of fact, at least 45,000 communities are entirely dependent on the motor bus for connection with rail transportation.

There is a notion that motor coaches are not subject to regulation. The demand of the railroads for the passage of a bill by Congress to bring automotive transportation under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission has perhaps led to the belief.

As a matter of fact, most of the motor coach traffic now is intrastate. And there is a wide variety of regulation in most of the states. Variety is the right word. We have now something of the condition which existed in our railroad world in the early days of the railroads when each state was handling the problem for itself. For instance, in New York State local bus lines must receive authorization of village, town or city authorities to run busses—must obtain certificates of public convenience or necessity. The bus company must deposit and file with the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles an indemnity bond or insurance policy for each vehicle in the sum of $2,500 for personal injuries or death and $500 for property damage. Corporations operating the busses are subject to the provisions of the Public Service Commission law and must file a similar bond with the commission. The commission can revoke certificates and has general jurisdiction over fares, rates, schedules, service and capitalization, and requires reports and a uniform accounting system. In other states the control is in the hands of the Railroad Commission and in still others the Public Utilities Commission. There is hardly a state where there is not some form of regulation, though of course the degree of regulation varies.

In one year more than 2,500 laws were proposed in the legislatures of forty-one states. This does not include the bills offered in municipal boards or in the national Congress. These laws proposed to deal with the sizes and weights and heights and speed of vehicles as well as with almost every conceivable factor in driving a motor bus or truck.

In Missouri a bill was introduced to prohibit the use of trailers. In California a bill was introduced to compel every motor coach to supply ash trays to its passengers to collect cigarette butts. In another state a bill was introduced, backed by the Painters' Union, to prohibit the use of spray-guns in painting busses.

There are in existence already all sorts of regulations governing the height, weight, length and the speed of trucks. To conform to these a truck engaged in interstate commerce would have to be not only collapsible but built on the telescope principle—three ways. The bus starts out from its home terminal forty feet long, one hundred inches wide and fourteen feet high. As it enters the next state the crew would have to push down the top to make it thirteen feet high. In the next state the bus would have to be squeezed to reduce its width to ninety-six inches. In the next it would have to be telescoped endwise to get it down to thirty-three feet. This pushing, telescoping, squeezing process would have to go on as the bus moved over state lines. It is very much like the track standards of the railroads in the old days when there were as many widths for tracks as there were roads and it was impossible for the cars of one railroad to run on the tracks of another.

There is a reasonable limit to the size to which busses and trucks should be permitted to attain. They do have a way of getting in front of private cars and imperiling the immortal soul of the driver who wants to pass but who can do nothing but cuss. There are reasonable requirements as to service, schedules, rates to which common carriers ought to conform.

And hence there is no good reason why motor coaches engaged in interstate commerce should not be regulated just as the railroads are. This principle is pretty well understood and accepted. But the regulation ought to be in the interest of the public and not in the interest of the railroads or busses.

Regulation of railroads was brought into existence when the roads were being run with little regard for the public, when rates for freight and passenger fares were tending upward and when the capitalization of railroad companies was proceeding upon the principles of a racket. Regulation was instituted to enforce competition, to end stock watering, to hold down fares and keep freight rates within bounds.

Certain railroads now want the busses regulated to put an end to competition, to revise fares and freight rates upward, to hamper and cripple bus and truck service. There is no doubt that the railroads have rights in the case which ought to be protected and that the bus operators have rights equally important. But so has the public.

Taking the Highway

Another popular complaint against the motor busses, and trucks too, for that matter, is that they enjoy the benefit of a free highway, while railroads must build and support their own highways at their own expense.

If this were true the roads would have a perfectly good case against the coaches and trucks. But it is not true. I knew that motor busses and trucks were heavily taxed, but I was amazed at the extent of the taxation when I looked into the subject. There are all sorts of taxes plastered against coaches and trucks engaged in public business. Here, for instance, is Mr. H. L. Spring, general manager of the Georgia Highway Express. This gentleman is figuratively standing in line to get his license plates and pay his other taxes on fourteen trucks and seven trailers in the state of Georgia. He has eight thousand dollars which he will have to hand over to the tax collector. The cost of license plates will be from $22.50 on a ton-and-a-half truck to $45 on a three-ton truck and $113 on a three-ton tractor and trailer. He must pay $25 on each vehicle to the Georgia Public Service Commission and $35 on the issuance of each certificate of convenience and necessity for each route.

Then there is a special mileage tax of two cents a mile on each vehicle and a gasoline tax of six cents a gallon. He must pay, he informs us, $572 on each vehicle, or four cents a mile for each mile traveled—sixteen per cent of his gross receipts. It is very hard to convince this gentleman that he is running his busses over a free highway. He thinks he is paying his full share for every square inch of concrete he wears out with his rubber-tired wheels.

Georgia is not alone. There are thirty-one states which have special taxes on trucks and coaches in addition to registration fees and gasoline taxes. There are coaches and trucks which pay in taxes in a single year as high as $1,100. Taking the average of all taxes in 1929, a five-ton vehicle of thirty horsepower, traveling 50,000 miles with a gross income of $12,000, would pay a registration fee of $129, a gasoline tax of $251 and a special tax of $223, or $603, which would be a little over five per cent of its gross income.

Who Pays the Road Bill?

The national and state and county governments are now spending about a billion dollars a year in road-building and maintenance. Automobile owners of all kinds are paying the following taxes:

Gasoline taxes	$525,000,000
Special property taxes	130,000,000
Registration fees	378,000,000
	$1,033,000,000

This looks like a pretty fair contribution toward that road bill. But it must be remembered that the automobile is not the only beneficiary of the roads. There are still a lot of horses and wagons using them and property values have been increased billions of dollars through the construction of roads, to say nothing of the business which accrues to hundreds of thousands of persons engaged in the business of servicing automobiles and serving automobilists.

And among those who have benefited by the roads are the railroads. It is a fact that American railroads have lost a million dollars a day in passenger fares largely through the automobile. But what has the railroad gained? Mr. Ralph Budd, the enlightened president of the Great Northern Railway, puts it thus:

"It is not fair to speak only of the loss to the railways by reason of automobile travel. I am of the opinion that the automobile industry has done more to benefit the railways than it has done to injure them and that the railways would suffer along with practically every other business if the manufacture of motor cars could by any stretch of the imagination be stopped overnight. The transportation of vast quantities of materials for manufacture of motor vehicles and for building highways, such as iron and steel, coal, lumber, rubber, copper, cloth, paint, asphalt, cement, gravel and sand must be considered."

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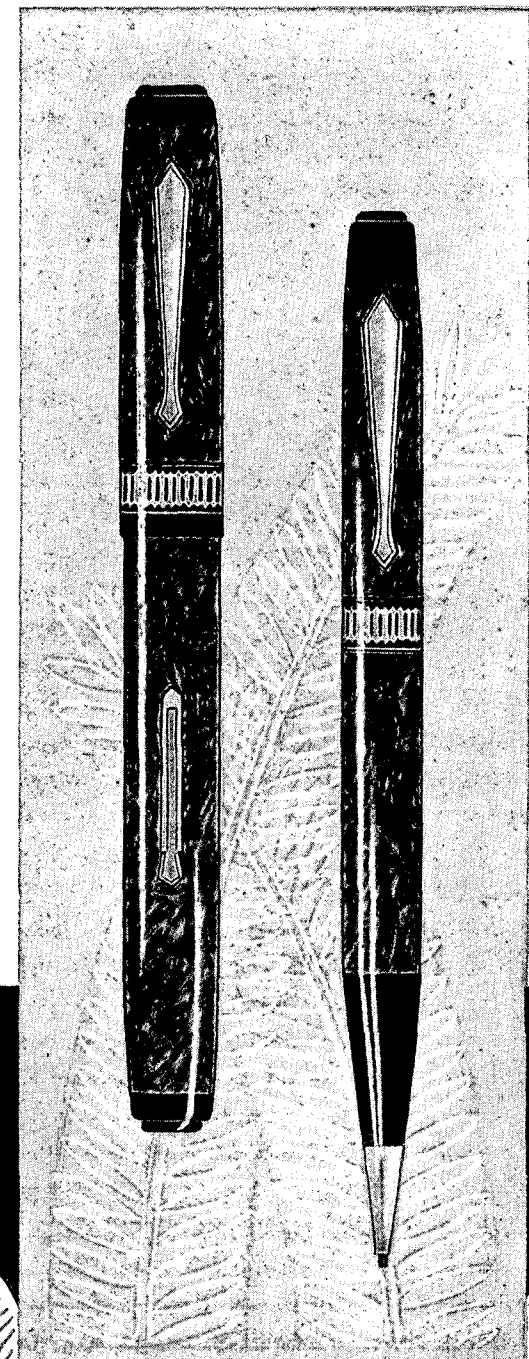

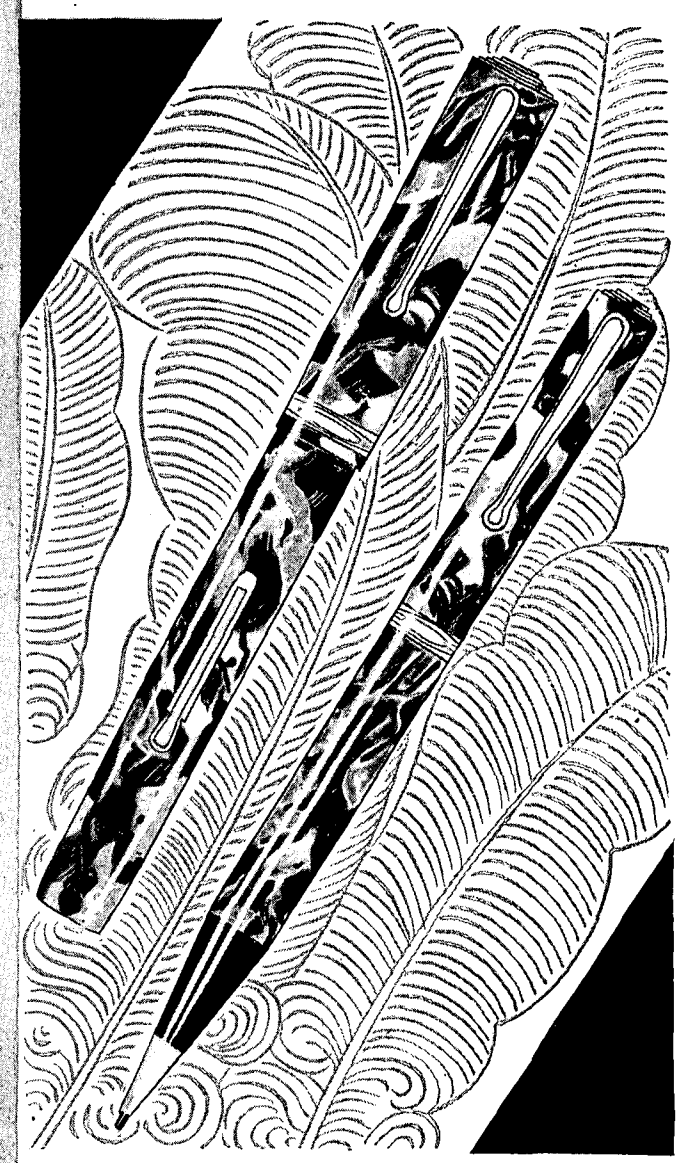

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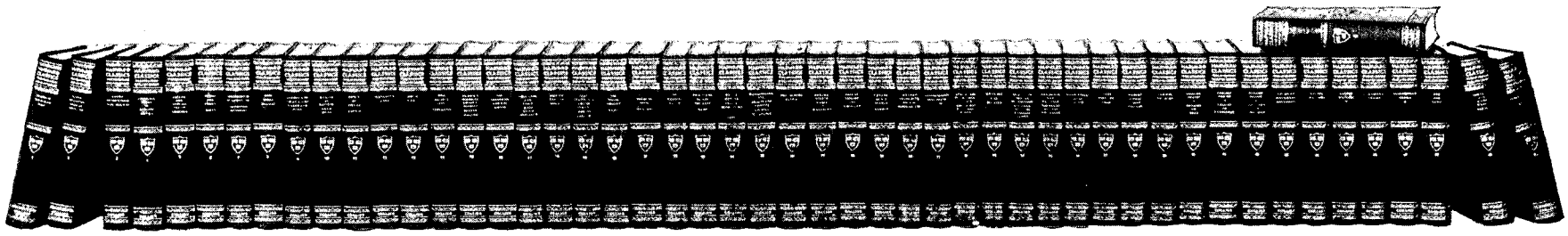

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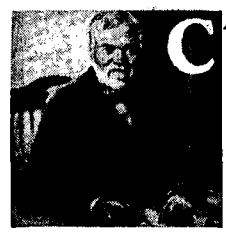

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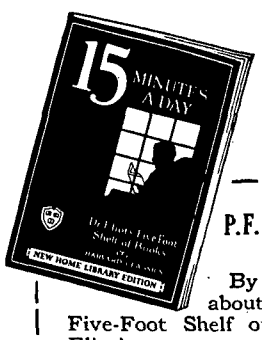

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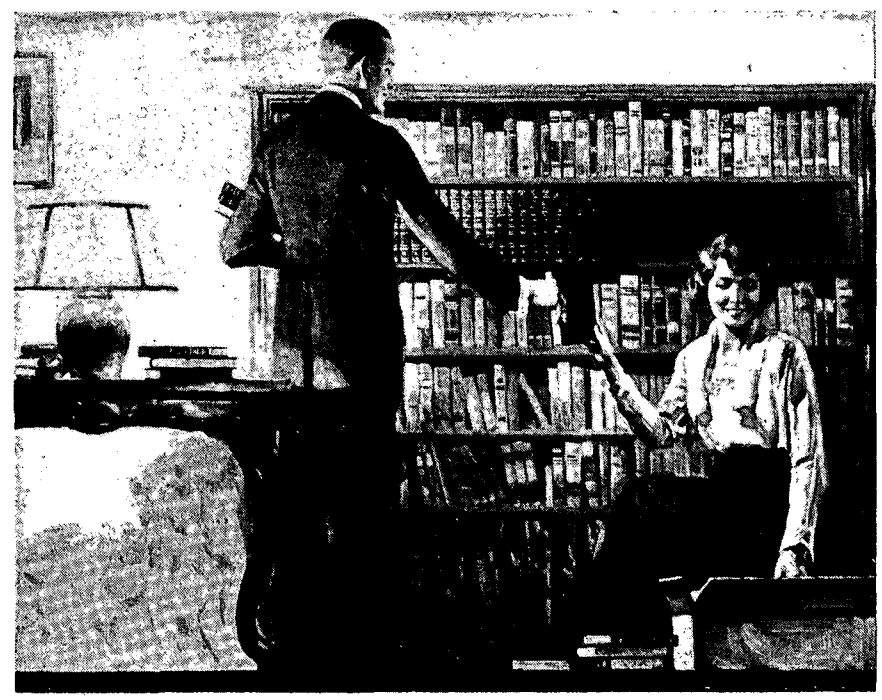

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How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North	
	S. A-Q-4-2	
	H. 6-5-4-3	
	D. 6-4	
	C. Q-J-9	
West		*East*
S. K-10		S. 9-8-6
H. K-7		H. Q-10-8-2
D. 8-7-5-3		D. K-J-10-2
C. 10-8-7-6-5		C. K-3
	South	
	S. J-7-5-3	
	H. A-J-9	
	D. A-Q-9	
	C. A-4-2	

THE above hand, given in last week's Collier's, is more an illustration of how luck runs in streaks than it is of any unusual features of bidding or play.

South would bid one No Trump at Auction and obtain the contract without any bidding complications. But at Contract South would be lucky in reaching a game contract. With a count of 17 he would be just one point short of an original two No Trumps and would call only one; fearing however that North, amply able to bid three over two, might not have strength enough to bid two over one. When South as dealer bids one with a 16-hand he knows North will pass with a count of 8 (if South had bid with a minimum 13, a jump with 8 might be expensive), and yet the combined 24 will produce game about seven times out of eight. But in this case North has the requisite 9 so he can jump as far as two; and South of course rebids, calling three. (North's presumable 9 plus South's 16 equals 25, which is one more than the minimum which may be counted on to produce three-odd.)

West started by leading the Six of Clubs, and Declarer, using the Rule of Eleven, could tell that there were five Clubs higher than the Six not in West's hand. Four of them were in the North and South hands, and therefore East had only one of them. North played the Jack and Declarer struck his second piece of good luck when East produced the King; this assured the Declarer three Club tricks. (West having led from Six-Seven-Eight-Ten, the Nine finesse was sure to win whenever tried.)

To trick 2 the Declarer led his only eight-card suit (Spades) and selected the Five instead of the Trey, in the hope that dummy's Four might be an entry on the fourth round. West played the Ten, North the Queen, and East the Six; this showed that unless West was false-carding he had held King-Ten of Spades and consequently that the King would fall under North's Ace.

Declarer did not continue the Spades immediately, but tried his luck with Hearts—and the luck held. Dummy led the Trey and South played the Nine from Ace-Jack-Nine. The Nine is the sound play with this holding because if the high honors are divided it will pick up a trick when the Ten is on the right.

West won with the King and led the Five of Clubs. Of course he knew that dummy would finesse, but it seemed to be his safest play as Declarer could take that finesse at any time. A Diamond lead might kill an honor in East's hand.

North won with the Nine of Clubs and led the Ace of Spades to test the Spade situation. South played the Spade Seven and West's King fell. With four Spade tricks assured, dummy led a second Heart and South finessed the Jack. West had won the first Heart trick with the King, but that did not mean that he did not hold the Queen; he might have been false-carding. Luck, however, held out, and the Jack won.

South's lead of the Ace of Hearts failed to clean up the adverse Hearts and make dummy's Six a thirteener; but that break was neutralized later.

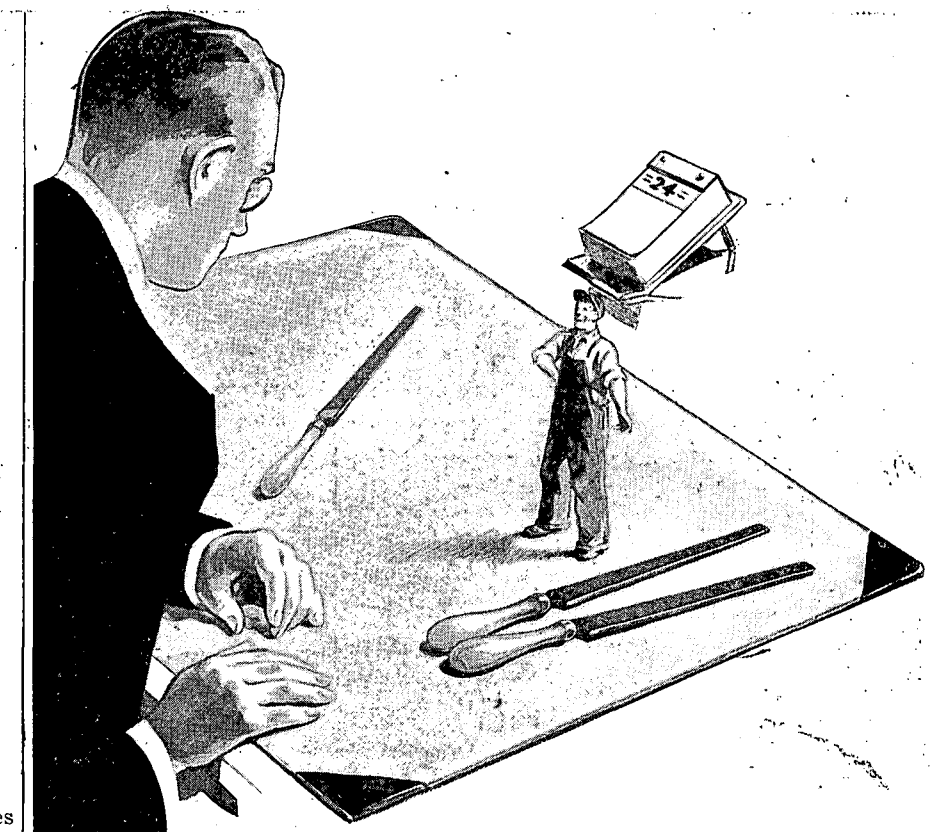
At trick 8 South cashed his Jack of Spades, West discarding a Club, and North playing the Deuce of Spades. To trick 9 South led his Trey of Spades and North was put in with the Four, showing that Declarer had used a little skill when he led the Five to trick 2.

Dummy now led a Diamond and South's Queen won the finesse.

To trick 11 a Club was led; North won with the Queen, and East, holding the King and Jack of Diamonds and the Queen of Hearts, had to discard a Diamond because parting with the Queen of Hearts would establish dummy's Heart and give the Declarer twelve tricks. However, when East played the Jack of Diamonds, South's Ace-Nine became winners, and Declarer made twelve tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North	*East*
S. A-9-5	S. 3-2
H. K-7-6	H. J-8-4-2
D. Q-J-9-2	D. K-10-6-5-3
C. 6-5-2	C. 9-4
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. 7-4	S. K-Q-J-10-8-6
H. Q-5-3	H. A-10-9
D. 8-7-4	D. A
C. Q-J-10-8-7	C. A-K-3



An Executive Close-up of

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

Rotten City Government

ONCE more abominable government is the scandal of too many cities and in New York Tammany has retrieved its ancient ill fame.

Actually Tammany is neither worse nor better than the political rings which rule other large American cities. It is merely more widely known than others, and bigger.

Richly has Tammany earned the obloquy with which it is now surrounded. After a brief spell of respectability during which the honest leadership of former Governor Alfred E. Smith was accepted, Tammany returned to the spoils.

The record exposed is worth considering everywhere because the methods pursued by Tammany are precisely those which during more than a half century have made city government the most glaring example of our failure to conduct our public affairs intelligently and decently.

Tammany has not yet recovered from the damage done its name fifty years ago when the Tweed Ring stole certainly $45,000,000 and possibly as much as $200,000,000. The Tweed crimes were a factor in the 1928 political campaign, although William M. Tweed died in prison fifty-three years ago. The present evils bring back all of that past and the intervals of honesty are forgotten.

Recent inquiries have centered on the police and the magistrates' courts and the story unfolded has been repellent. Minor judgeships apparently have been purchased. Magistrates' courts have been the hunting ground of criminals and parasites. Policemen have arrested women innocent of the offenses charged against them. Extortion and graft have been common. The innocent have been sent to prison and the guilty set free.

The present scandals differ from those of the days of Tweed in that important business men are not now involved. Tweed got his money by selling franchises.

No intelligent corporation head would dare to take part in such transactions as were exposed in San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago or New York a generation ago. Business men know that bribery pays no dividend and gives no assurance for the future.

So the contemporary corruptionists are compelled to look to gambling, vice and the bootleg traffic for their funds. The operators of these illegal trades must pay for protection.

If you want to learn what sort of gang runs your city, find out if the city government is on good terms with bootleggers and gamblers. If vice is tacitly recognized, the Tammany system is flourishing.

Every other branch of our government, except that of a few backward counties, is more honestly and more efficiently conducted than that of our cities.

The explanation is apparent enough. City officials are still elected by partisan political methods. Republican or Democratic principles have nothing to do with municipal government. We might as sensibly choose officials by the color of their eyes or hair.

And we insist on electing too many officials. Few of us know enough about the candidates we vote for, or against, to make any sane selection. We pretend to elect. Actually we ratify the choice made by some politician.

Only those branches of city government which are out of politics are well conducted. Where school boards, park commissions and road authorities are actually non-political, they do excellent work. The Chicago park boards have generally given much better service than any mayor. The Port of New York authority has been a model of competence.

Put municipal government outside the realm of party politics, employ professional city managers in place of political executives, limit the number of elective officials so that voters may at least have the chance to make reasonable selections, and the field of operations of the crooked, covetous politician will be vastly restricted.

No system of government is any better than the men and women who operate it but the rulers of our cities are worse than those they represent. Cumbersome political machinery makes thievery possible and profitable.

An answer to the open letter addressed to George W. Wickersham, chairman of the National Committee on Law Observance and Enforcement, in Collier's for March 21st

DEAR SIR:

You ask first, how did I "persuade a majority consisting of five men and one woman, each of whom filed an individual report recommending the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, to join you [me] in opposing a repeal of that Amendment and in saying nothing jointly concerning its revision?"

I would say that I did nothing of the kind. If you will look at the report you will see that beginning on page 80 there is a discussion of "Revision of the Eighteenth Amendment" which runs on to the end of page 82. The second paragraph on page 81 begins as follows:

"If there is to be a revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, the following requirements should be met:" * * *

And on page 83, under the heading of "Conclusions and Recommendations," is the following:

"All the Commission agree that if the Amendment is revised it should be made to read substantially as follows:" * * *

It is therefore quite apparent that your question is based upon an inaccurate assumption.

The following seven questions, embraced under the same heading "First," can best be answered by the members of the Commission concerning whose action you inquire.

You ask: "Why were the misleading conclusions and recommendations issued to the press four hours before the report which qualified them was released?"

I deny that there were any "misleading" conclusions and recommendations issued at all at any time.

The "Conclusions and Recommendations" contained in the report of the Commission, printed at pages 83 and 84 of its report, were printed on a separate leaflet for convenience of the press, and one copy given out with each copy of the report, there being printed at the heading of both the leaflet and the report the following:

"CONFIDENTIAL: To be held in strict confidence and no portion, synopsis or intimation to be published or given out until its delivery has been made to the Congress. Extreme care must therefore be exercised to avoid premature publication.

"GEORGE AKERSON,
"Secretary to the President."

"GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM,
"Chairman."

It is therefore untrue that these conclusions and recommendations were issued to the press four hours before the report was released.

These answers would appear to meet all of the questions which you included in your letter.

Very truly yours,
GEO. W. WICKERSHAM,
Chairman.

NOTE: The Conclusions and Recommendations of the Commission were, as Chairman Wickersham admitted in his Boston speech of March 12th, issued separately from the report. These conclusions were published before the daily press had time to digest the full report in which a majority favored revision. This vital fact was disguised in the published conclusions.

THE EDITOR.

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This Tainted Kiss Awaits Your Lips

On the lip of every soda fountain glass, past users have left their kiss—a kiss unseen and unfelt, but as real as though their lips touched yours. Only boiling water or scalding steam can remove this noxious taint. Yet at the crowded soda fountain, ruled by rush and hurry, you must drink from a glass that has had merely a quick dip in tepid water.

To protect you from the menace of unsterilized glasses, the better soda fountains throughout the country serve your drinks in Individual Dixies. Your lips are the first and the last to touch the dainty, rolled brim of a Dixie—for once used it is thrown away.

Sealed in their glistening glass tubes, Dixies are safe from the taint of dirt-laden air. A quick click of the dispenser handle and a beautiful white, pink or yellow Dixie—your own individual Dixie—drops into its waiting holder, untouched by human hands.

Dixies protect your health from the danger of a common drinking glass, not only at the soda fountain, but at practically every place you drink—in public buildings, theatres, clubs, movies, hotels, and even in your own home.

Authorities everywhere denounce the common drinking glass as an active spreader of disease. Fountains that serve your drinks in Individual Dixies deserve your patronage. They are doing their part (at additional cost to themselves), to guard you from the danger of the tainted kiss. Individual Drinking Cup Company, Inc., Original Makers of the Paper Cup, Easton, Pa. . . . *In Canada,* Individual Drinking Cup Co., Ltd., 100 Sterling Road, Toronto, Ontario.

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